THE BOOKMAN

NOTES FOR A BLUE WATER NOVEL

BY JOSEPH HERGESHEIMER

I

The old sailing passage for American vessels trading in the East Indies would be incomprehensible to anyone not familiar with the Geographer's Globe and the winds of the seas. It lay, apparently, in setting the course for every point of the compass, every port, but the East. And by the way cargoes would have been shipped and discharged on four continents and odd archipelagoes. The vessels themselves, it must be remembered, through the heroic period of the American merchant marine, were of small tonnage—full ships, barques, hermaphrodite brigs, only two and three or four hundred tons' burden. But they were full-bottomed, on the lines of the splendid French frigates, solid oak and copper, virgin hemp and cotton; and, with the heavy spread of the old single topsails, they carried large able crews.

It was a long voyage, a tremendous adventure and speculation: an early ship with a Salem house flag at her main truck leaving Derby Wharf would come up for the British Isles—the River Mersey, Liverpool and the Irish Sea, Point Linas, Holyhead, Cape Clear, past Madeira into the South Atlantic, the coasts of Brazil, Pernambuco and Bahia, doubling the Cape of Good Hope to the Islands of St. Paul and Amsterdam, through the Indian Ocean, the Sunda Strait at Java Head, the Java Sea and by Singapore to the Canton River. This was the main course, though there were an infinite number of minor deviations for immediate necessities. If the monsoon were unfavorable for the Sunda Strait a master could take his vessel by Timor and the Alice Strait; and other trading ventures found different ports.

It was, then, a problem of prevailing winds and weather. The passage to England offered a distasteful uncertainty, often a bleak business of incalculable gales, adverse or, it might be, out of the west and giving the ship, close reefed, a famous shove onward. Beyond Madeira the northeast trades were entered, and, past another unaccountable region at the equator, the southeast trades held along the South American coast and into the southwest passage winds which, hauling north, brought the ship by the Cape of Good Hope and, westerly, car-

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ried her out of the doldrums, the five thousand miles toward Australia. There, again meeting the southeast trades, she turned north into the sultry and treacherous area of the eastern tropics.

The crew for such a vessel—the first were under two hundred tons—might be the master, his mate and the second, who made and took in sail, a cook, a carpenter and cooper, a couple of ship's boys and thirty able and ordinary seamen. There were no uniforms; though while the master dressed as the weather and his taste dictated there was a certain habitual garbing of the crew in red flannels and blue dungarees. The vessel herself, fitted for long arduous months multiplying into years, was no more formal.

There was a pig pen forward of the main hatch and chickens in the long-boat; and when, for example, the anchor was raised at Anjar the deck had the appearance and sounds of a country fair. Later, bound home, it was turned into a menagerie, with big yellow Sumatra monkeys swinging through the rigging and rows of solemn or shrill parrots, mino birds and Java sparrows, crimson billed and white. Most of these, however, died before Martha's Vineyard was sighted; it was a hardy monkey or bird that survived to be carried ashore when the fasts were again secured to Derby Wharf.

This was no period of exact navigation, of chronometers timed to Greenwich with a constant checking of variation. Bowditch's Practical Navigator had not yet appeared; all that a master had was a Geographical Grammar with fantastic descriptions of the remote parts of the earth, uncertain lunar observations, a credulous mathematics, and the astrolabe. Dead reckoning had an amazing part—a margin of a month in the sighting of a landfall was no more than a cause of annoyance; a course would be laid about Africa by the color of the currents. These arts were supplemented by a picturesque body of superstition, the free reading of omens, a vigorous exercise of allied native shrewdness, fortitude and hardiness of constitution.

The convention of the literature of the sea, almost entirely English, has fastened on the American merchant marine a reputation for sodden brutality unrelieved by any human virtue other than an insane driving of ships. Joseph Conrad has assisted in this, Kipling added to its building, and a chorus swells the bitter disparagement. It may be that a service everywhere hampered at home by criminally ignorant and strangling laws has degenerated; perhaps in the sense of earlier days it has actually disappeared, but there was nothing sodden nor brutal in the accomplishment of our first merchant fleets.

The truth is that then, and into the middle of the nineteenth century, we easily surpassed the English on the sea, as the "Times" and Parliamentary reports clearly show. And one has but to turn to the logs of the masters of the "Aeolus", the "Hercules" or the ship "Fame" to realize the integrity these men laid as a foundation for what should have followed.

No more beautiful pages exist, illuminated by delicate drawings of volcanic cones, strange clouds and ports and proas, written with the direct simplicity and vigor of an absolutely pure prose:

> December 18, 127 days out. Wednesday. Commences with moderate breezes and pleasant winds. At noon the Cape of Good Hope bore ESE 2 leagues. Coasting along W side of Cape 4 miles from shore and at 5 P.M. came about at

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Greens Point. Wind blowing violently at SE. Saw a small American ship with Salem on her stern endeavoring to gain the Anchorage ground. At 1/2 past 5 P.M. the ship spoken of under sail bore up in a squall such as we soon experienced and which split our mizzen stay sail, Gibs, etc. It obliged us to ware ship with intent to keep under Greens Point to repair the Dammage, while the other ship continued to run before the wind. All the fore part of the night variable winds with scudding gusts from the tableland with short intervals calm—in a dangerous situation—left no means unimproved to gain an offin which we fortunately effected with much trouble and loss of sails. At 3 P.M. had a squall from off the land which nothing could have resisted. . . . Continued to steer to the west under short sail and at 10 A.M. bent another T.S. though the gale blue with unabated violence.

II

The succession of cargoes followed roughly the main progress of the voyage, and aside from what might be described as the Grand Tour of marine commerce there were shorter specialized trips—to Para in South America for rubber and coffee, cocoa and hides; to the east or west coasts of Africa, trading rum, gunpowder and tobacco for the gum-copal, ivory and dates of the former, the aloes and palm-oil of the latter. Pepper was carried in bulk from Sumatra, an anchorage without shelter where, back of all negotiations, a rack of muskets confronted an open show of native poisoned creeses.

The commerce with India, with Calcutta and Bombay was, too, mostly direct. At the first port American ships loaded with indigo in blocks 6 inches square, paying $100 a case, of which from 1 to 200 formed a cargo. Bombay and Madras provided the fine long-cloths and muslins and camel's-hair shawls, and India furnished the opium for the traffic mainly conducted with China, where the cargo of a clipper topsail schooner realized 330,000 pounds. A miscellaneous cargo from India had 1,031,484 pounds of sugar, 500 bags of saltpetre, 464 pieces of redwood, 3,900 hides, 709 bags of ginger, 830 bags of pepper and 22 chests of tea. The duty on this cargo was $24,222.65.

However, it was the voyage with China as an objective which exhibited the greatest variety, both in navigation and commerce. This might begin by sailing in ballast for Bermuda Hundred, Virginia, and then proceeding with flour and tobacco to Alexandria and on, about a hundred days, to the Ile de France. The vessel might continue to Sumatra for pepper, discharge this cargo in Manila, and load sugar there for Canton. Or she could carry sugar, coffee and tobacco to Copenhagen and Cronstadt, take on Russian iron for London, and call at Madeira for wine. With this she might fetch Rio de Janeiro and ladened with rubber and hides lay a course for the East; or, proceeding with the Madeira wine for Ceylon, reach that port after twenty days and go on to the Coromandel Coast, Pondicherry, Madras, and bear away for China.

There was, of course, the other lane and the other, the stormy, cape. After the Falklands and Lemaire Strait, avoiding the Cape Horn winter months of April and May, there were steady trades out to the Society Islands. A run of three weeks brought the volcanic peak of Manuoa Loa above the horizon, with the Diamond Head looming farther on, and Honolulu just beyond. Here the cargo was peculiarly Chinese—bêche-de-mer and sandalwood, tortoise-shell and birds' nests. Of the bêche-de-mer, a sea slug from which soup was made, there were thirty varieties. They were collected from the island beaches, roughly boiled and smoked, and carried in bulk, a filthy business and malodorous cargo.

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The dried birds' nests, brittle and wrinkled, were packed in bundles with split rattans through them; they were worth twice their weight in silver, and after extraordinary cleaning were stewed into a soft jelly.

Certainly tea was the principal cargo hoped for, but there was a picturesque and amazing number of supplementary exports. Bamboo and bamboo ware, cassia, cinnamon—sometimes imported in fragrant buds, but more commonly shipped plaited as a bark, and rolled into mats of a hundred pounds' weight; 37,170,000 fans were stowed at a dollar and a half a thousand; smooth rolls of gamboge for a pigment and medicine; glass beads; screens; vases; lacquers; nankeens; ivory in refined forms; slabs of red and blue marble; candied millet seed; a sauce of beans called soy; tortoise-shell ware; rhubarb; ginger; table, white and red Lien-tan floor and sail mattings; hemp; silk thread and silks; pongees; rice; teak timber and sapan wood; camphor boiled from its trees and evaporated in cakes and slabs of the Laurus Camphora. Pungent yellow cardamons furnished a sharp seasoning; agar-agar paste was used both as a filling for silk and paper and converted into candy; while arrack, a concoction proportioned in sixty-two pints of molasses, three pints of palm-oil and thirty pints of rice, established a slight countercurrent against the western rum.

The tea shrub, with its glossy dark green notched leaves and odorless pure white flower, was then an intimate financial preoccupation as well as an infusion of pleasure. A full cargo realized two hundred thousand dollars. The best green tea was grown on the Sunglo Hills and the best black in the Booc Hills. The first superior picking of the delicate leaf buds was an affair of middle April. Spread, gently rubbed, and dried on bamboo trays, it was dropped in small quantities on a red-hot pan, where, popping, it was swept into drying baskets over charcoal fires, tested with a loadstone for impurities, and packed in lead foil.

The highest grades came in small leaden canisters: Padre Susong if it were black, in half-pound cans. A Shang Heang Pekoe was yellow; and a Red Plum Blossom is no longer known. The bulk of the commercial teas was exported in whole, half and quarter chests with English labels bearing a general description and the name of the ship sewed in mats secured with rattans and again labeled.

III

Vessels arriving at Canton lay really in Wampoa Reach, twelve miles below the city, from where their masters and supercargoes were rowed up the river for all business with the Co-hongs. It was an anchorage of smoky, conical hills, vivid, paddy fields low by the water, a native Bamboo town of moored sampans in the thick yellow heat, and widely various western craft. A Salem barque would swing under the brass cannon of a frigate of the Honorable British Company Trading in the East Indies, or otherwise the John Company. The silvery note of the boatswain's whistle, the impact of the sharp orders and rhythmic flash of cutlass drill, the glint of gold-braided uniforms and formality of cocked hats, would descend to the sturdy, practical sweep of the American deck. Here were not an inch of braid, no towering carved and gilded poop, nor naval show.

A half-stripped able seaman might be washing his clothes in a soapy tub forward, with a snatch of chanty; a ship's boy, informal in the garb of the

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Salem water front, fishing at the bow; the "old man" shuffling about in carpet slippers. Not much to see beside the magnificence of the English "Kellie Castle" with her tight blue midshipmen and immaculate paint; yet something to mark and remember; such barques, early in the nineteenth century, had carried the American flag into every navigable water known and unknown; they had brought home to American wharves, to wondering New England towns, the traffic of the entire world. Feeling their way into strange ports and passes, lying off open beaches, weathering incredible storms, they were a symbol of the stoutness of men's hearts, of the supreme accomplishment of man over the mysterious, the perilous, the vastness, of nature. No petty nation nor thin civilization could have given birth to these shipmasters; no cheap nor disaffected labor could have built the vessels.

Shanghai was not open to the West until 1845, when British subjects were allowed to live there by the Treaty of Nanking. It had a difficult entrance, a channel scarcely a cable wide, with an anchorage at Wosung. The city was walled, five miles in circumference, without drawbridges or defenses, and had five entrances of two gates each. Connected by water with a third of China, it was a clearing-house for the country, but not in itself a rich district. Its staple then was a large white pea, ground in a mill and pressed for oil; useful for eating and burning; made into a cake, it furnished sustenance for pigs and buffalo, and formed a manure. A cotton district, there was little rice, coal was plentiful, and the principal articles of manufacture were white and yellow pongees, figured heavy serges, satins, mazarines and crêpe. Sugar, cotton, hemp, cocoanut-oil, sapan wood, hides, sulphur, ebony, redwood, wheat and lead were carried to Shanghai in exchange for the native products.

Above on the river lay Suchow, the most delightful city in China, known as Paradise. American mariners, however, saw little or nothing of this. They probably heard, without knowing it, the teahouse girls singing the Suchow love song. Sailors' heads, then, brought back the refrain of many strange ditties—the sultry drum and wailing of East Africa, the songs of Shao and the South, the monotonous measures of Alexandria bazaars, godless rhymes of the Waterloo Road, rich choruses of the Louisiana levees, French catches and Spanish Olé.

The ports of India offered a more catholic entertainment for western officers and men than China. Calcutta —with another dangerous entrance— was a glittering spectacle from the ships moored in tiers off the ghauts. The whole approach, to where the pilot brigs lying at the Sand heads were picked up, was set with variable winds and treacherous conditions. The Hoogly River was swift, shifting and thick, and outside Saugor Island lifted a lighthouse surrounded by a high iron fence against tigers, while the shore was built with rescue stations for the protection of shipwrecked men against the carnivora and snakes.

Finally at anchor, the Maidan spread its sweep of carriages and thronging color—rich baboos with outriders and running coolies, English carts and Portuguese merchants with sparkling shawled women. But it was among the sea islands that vessels from the bleak, stormy northern latitudes found their completest pleasure. Off Point Venus, in the harbor of Papatee—the spelling is Whidden's— a silver, crescent beach and purple

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water exploding in dazzling white on the outer coral reef, the deck commanded groves of oranges and breadfruit and burnished palms shading mingled French cottages and thatched native huts. The Kanaka girls wore hybiscus in their hair, and in the Place by Government House a band played through the evening. Afloat in a water like a more richly colored air, over sulphur-green and yellow and rose marine gardens, the thunder of the surf perpetually quivering on a breeze cool and perfumed, men from the rigor of Salem and Ipswich must have grasped eagerly at the happy abandon of sensuous idyllic weeks. After the frozen hell of the Horn, gales lashed with hail, and mountainous seas, taking in and making sail, sleeping and eating in an icy wash of water, the tranquil beauty of Otaheiti was like an Eden for faithful storm-weary sailors.

Rio, too, was a welcome port, its magnificent bay set in emerald islands and hills. In the evening the land breeze came off, holding late arriving vessels for the sea breeze of morning. Brief thunder squalls fell through the night, crystal downpours ruddy with lightning, clearing always for the refreshed dawn. The European ports of call were gay but dangerous for solitary or drunken seamen, knives were bright and adroit in Marseilles; Naples had a way of taking roving hearts to itself, of stilling them, never to deliver them again. Batavia, perhaps the handsomest city in the East Indies, possessed a famous hotel built by the Dutch Company. At Petersburg a shipmaster—in the necessary court costume of stock, suwarrow boots and cocked hat—might be presented to the Emperor of all the Russias. Manila offered stirring cockfights and dark ladies smoking the trumpet-shaped cheroots or occupied with areka nuts and chunam. Here, too, was the music of Lunetta park, and across the tropical foliage the serious bells of the walled convent at the mouth of the Pasig.

IV

The first trading was no more than a rude informal bartering, the historic exchange of rum for ivory and glass beads for gold, the crude materials of the Chinese arts and appetites for lacquered and scented luxuries. But as the commercial lanes were established, and merchants became successful, and added to their fleets of vessels, as ports developed a recognized entity, the casual air of earlier commerce gave place to increasing system, the business aspect of the ventures detached itself from the navigation, forming a separate, parallel development. Where the latter was formerly dependent on the master's judgment of his vessel's welfare the improving mechanics of navigation diminished the mysteries and perils, and with them the importance of skill and daring and heroic resolve; a mediocre standardization of profits and power, changing men into units of commerce, obliterated all else.

The supercargo first relieved the master—at times an indifferent accountant—of the growing pressure of business concerns. He was commonly regarded as the captain's clerk, but in reality he was floating agent for the ship's owners, a representative of the counting-house. Practically all transactions, after the earliest Odysseys and El Dorados, were conducted in Spanish or hard dollars. These were contracted for in Spain a year in advance of delivery, at a fluctuating exchange; a ship would sail very often with ready money in convenient kegs.

The office of supercargo had its dif-

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ficulties as well as those of the quarter deck. During the long passages at sea exchange would vary, wars and markets rise and fall, and quotations and instructions often be a year behind. A letter from Eben Francis to his young supercargo is dated Boston, 1805:

Mr. Augustine Heard,

Sir: Enclosed you have invoice and bill lading for ninety-five pecolls of pepper shipt on board the ship "Eliza", Capt. Charles Smith, bound for Leghorn and consigned to you, being on our joint account and risk.

In case you go on to India in any Vessell, you will take my part of the proceeds of this pepper with you and invest the same for my account—should you return to this country direct, bring the proceeds in opium or some other valuable goods that you think may produce a profit.

In case you go on to Calcutta in the "Hector" your privilege will be more than you will have funds to fill up with advantage. I authorize you to draw on me at 30 or 60 days sight for any sum not exceeding $5000, provided you can obtain Dollars at or under five per cent advance.

Your friend and well-wisher,

EBEN FRANCIS.

In 1810 Augustine Heard, sailing as supercargo in the brig "Caravan" for Calcutta, had in kegs of specie $10,000 shipped by William Gray, $4,000 of his own father's money, $2,209 for his brother, and other sums of $400 and $500. His charge for investment amounted in Spanish dollars and bills of exchange to $40,000, while the cargo out was valued at a like figure. Later, in 1816, supercargo on the brig "Hindu", the specie shipments were $131,000, of which a merchant had thirteen boxes holding $26,000.

With the oncoming of clipper ships, the cutting of the voyage between Boston or New York and Canton to under a hundred days, and the rise of consolidation, foreign factors were everywhere established, and even the supercargo was dropped in the rigidity of the schedule and orders by which shipmasters sailed. The element of speed now became paramount, breeding its own special manhood and ability for a short while; then the clipper ships, too, were cast aside by improvement.

At the distance from which these trading vessels and ventures are now regarded, they have taken on the beauty and romance of what was fine and has gone. The details of their traffic, even the old weights and measurements, have an air absent from the present logical systems—there are no longer frails of dates or peculs of pepper. There is scarcely a trace left of the more actual evidences of a commerce with the entire world that at its height discovered Salem a greater port than New York. The serried ranks of wharves, solid or cob built, lined with warehouses, under the charge of their respective wharfingers, have been destroyed or swept bare, their cracks grimy with coal dust. The harborside streets, once filled with the salty tang of sea life and necessities, burdened with the scents and cargoes of far aromatic islands and fragrant wilds, thronging with bronzed, swaggering, able seamen, are now sooty and broken down warrens for bleached factory workers. An oil-tanker, like a long metal whale, may be seen vomiting greasy smoke at a blackened wharf; a line of barges, sparless hulks, towed monotonously along by a shrill-screaming tug.

In the higher green reaches of Salem, on the common and elm-shaded

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streets, where the merchants and greater shipmasters had their homes, there is a corresponding but less objective decline. Here the great square white houses, with their captains' walks crowning the roofs, and elaborate pseudo-classic wood fences, slumber on lawns like still, opaque pools. The Ionic façades succeed each other steeped in memories of gay dinners and wines and cotillons, of wide crinolines and rich Eastern shawls floating behind lilac hedges, of exotic words and terms—a little breakfast becomes a *chota-hazri*.

This was a very special, luxurious and aristocratic period; the white-paneled rooms and arched hallways were filled with a formal beauty: Empire mahogany and teakwood—the proper teak, softly brown—waxed walnut, French ormolu and crystal, and Chinese peacock embroideries. Brilliantly colored French papers hung on the walls; Zuber's tropical Paradise, legends and oddly Victorian scenes and perspectives.

Some of the wall-papers have been preserved in houses fallen into the moribund condition of museums; the sweeping stairs with Palladian windows and delicate handrails, the dignified proportions of drawing-rooms and carved mantels, may still be observed by the ignorant, the vain or the regretful; the records of their zenith may be examined in an institute, an institute and a particular museum of blue-water memories. Here the charm can be perceived, the past momentarily regained; here are the programmes of old dances and the models of the ships lost under their last easting.

It was a great time, it was American, and it has gone. Improvement killed it. The tide of a gray level of efficiency swept over and inundated its individual brilliancy and beauty. It has become a treasure of the mind, a secret pride . . . where it is not forgotten. The dead, of course, are unimportant compared with the living; the emphasis must be placed on the future rather than any past. Slow-sailing ships were doomed, old abuses cried for curing, adroit inventive minds attacked the laborious stupidity of hand labor. One may see in present vessels the exhaust from a donkey engine led up through the foremast—admirable saving arrangement. Why not? The winds and time and space have been largely conquered at an insignificant expense. There are no longer khans in China, but civilized political parties and campaigns. Heathen customs have been reprehended, even rum and gunpowder as articles of exchange condemned. It was American, and it has vanished; in place of its idiom on Derby Street, where the ships once lay, there is the Slavic clatter of the alien factory workers.

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THE AMAZING STORY OF THE GOVERNMENT PRINTING OFFICE

BY HENRY LITCHFIELD WEST

[Editor's Note.—In the first article in this series, published in the December BOOKMAN, *Mr. West dealt with the extent and character of governmental publications and with their distribution. The facts and figures therein presented concerning the stupendous quantity of printed matter issued by the government were in the nature of a revelation. In the present article Mr. West finds in the formal language of official reports a scathing indictment of waste and inefficiency, and shows that for more than seven years there has been pending in Congress a measure designed to institute needed reforms and save the government at least $1,000,000 annually. A system which necessitates the selling of one thousand tons of books, printed and bound at the public expense, for waste paper in a single year, certainly demands revision. Mr. West expresses the hope that an awakened sentiment against continued extravagance will compel Congress to enact the proposed legislation.]*

THE OFFICIAL RECORD OF EXTRAVAGANCE AND WASTE

The fact that governmental printing is characterized by appalling extravagance and waste is not a matter of recent discovery. President Roosevelt, in his second annual message to Congress in 1902, made this statement:

> There is a growing tendency to provide for the publication of masses of documents for which there is no public demand and for the printing of which there is no necessity. Large numbers of volumes are turned out by the government printing-presses for which there is no justification. Nothing should be printed by any of the departments unless it contains something of permanent value and the Congress could with advantage cut down very materially on all the printing which it has now become customary to provide.

The suggestion fell upon deaf ears. Governmental printing increased rather than diminished. Two years later, in 1904, Mr. Roosevelt became more emphatic. His fourth annual message contained this paragraph:

> I call your attention to the great extravagance in printing and binding government publications and especially to the fact that altogether too many of these publications are printed. There is a constant tendency to increase their number and volume. It is an understatement to say that no appreciable harm would be caused by, and substantial benefit would accrue from, decreasing the amount of printing now done by at least one-half. Probably the great majority of the government reports and the like now printed are never read at all, and, furthermore, the printing of much of the material contained in many of the remaining ones serves no useful purpose whatever.

These were plain words. There was, according to Mr. Roosevelt, a mass of printing for which there was neither demand nor justification. In his judgment the quantity should be reduced one-half, and he appealed to Congress to limit the output. Sixteen years have elapsed since he urged this reform, but today the conditions which he so earnestly deprecated remain unremedied, except in a few fragmentary instances, and their evils have been accentuated by the developments of the passing years.

No one can review the history of governmental printing without being impressed by the utter disregard which Congress has manifested toward measures suggested for the purpose of remedying evident shortcomings. Altogether, there have been seventeen investigations by Congress and four by the executive branches of the government. The facts which have

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been disclosed reveal a national scandal. In one inquiry a second-hand book dealer in Washington frankly testified that many senators and representatives, as soon as they had been allotted their quota of government publications, sold them to the dealer and put the cash in their own pockets. One congressman, using a laborer in the War Department as a go-between, disposed of hundreds of Agricultural Yearbooks for five cents each, although they cost the government nearly a dollar apiece to print and bind. Let the testimony speak for itself:

THE CHAIRMAN—Is not the present condition about this? Under the law all documents that are a part of the quota of a member of Congress are practically his individual property for him to make such disposition of as he may see fit? The question as to how far they shall be distributed is simply a matter between him and his official conscience as to what is the proper performance of his duty?

MR. LOWDERMILK—I think that is true as to a large number of members.

President Roosevelt's criticism was uttered seven years after the enactment of the law of January 12, 1895, which was supposed to place public printing upon an honest and economical basis. The committee which framed this law entered upon its labors, according to the report which accompanied the proposed legislation, "with one chief object, which was the reduction of the quantity of printing and cutting down the cost thereof to the government". The committee added that it was "in full accord with the sentiments so often expressed by members of Congress and other intelligent persons, that there was too much printing being done".

With the laudable ambition of securing reduction in quantity and economy in cost, the law of 1895 was enacted. Ten years later, according to a report submitted by Senator Platt, of New York, the expenditures of public printing had increased 102 per cent. More than this, instead of clarifying the situation, the law of 1895 not only failed to repeal existing contradictory legislation but contained such a mass of conglomerate provisions that although it covered only sixty pages, the decisions of the Attorney General and of the Comptroller explaining its language filled a large volume. This situation naturally led to abuses both in Congress and the executive departments. The report acknowledged that printing and binding involving large expenditures had been executed not only without warrant of law but in direct contravention of law. "An enormous surplus of publications" was found. Some member of the committee, with a mathematical mind, computed that there was in storage in February, 1906, printed material to the amount of 9,500 tons, "much of which is entirely worthless except as waste", and there were large quantities of surplus printing which it was not possible to include in this computation. These worthless publications would have filled a train of ordinary freight cars three miles long.

It may be said that these statements in a report dated twelve years ago have no present value. On the contrary, the point is to be emphasized that notwithstanding the conceded inadequacy of the law of 1895, no comprehensive governmental printing-reform bill has since been enacted into law. This is not due to the fact that no one has taken the trouble to prepare the necessary legislation, but to the fact that Congress has treated the question with sublime indifference. As long ago as 1905 the need for new legislation to correct the growing abuses in the public printing was rec-

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ognized. In that year a Printing Investigation Commission was created, which Commission was authorized, "if, in their judgment, the conditions as they find them warrant remedial legislation, to report a bill at the next session of Congress making such reductions in the cost of printing and such changes and reductions in the distribution of said publications as they may deem expedient, with a report giving their reasons therefor". The Committee on Department Methods appointed by President Roosevelt, with Mr. C. H. Keep, Assistant Secretary of the Treasury as chairman, urged prompt action, characterizing the law of 1895 as "a defective statute" because unrelated subjects were "jumbled together in the most obscure and confusing way" and because it abounded in inconsistencies and verbal defects.

The Printing Commission proceeded with the utmost deliberation. It labored for six years, finally completing in 1911 its revision of the printing laws. This measure, which was logical, comprehensive, and business-like, should have been immediately enacted. Instead of promptly dealing with the subject, however, Congress has allowed seven years to pass in inaction. In the three congressional terms which have elapsed since the bill was introduced, the measure has been at times approved by one House of Congress or the other, but the joint action necessary for its submission to the President for his approval has never been taken. This is the reason why the law of 1895, so frequently condemned in unsparing fashion, still remains upon the statute books. It also explains why the conditions of twenty years or more ago, so utterly inexcusable in their waste and extravagance, remain in large degree unchanged today.

It cannot be said that Congress has been kept in ignorance. Only two years ago—on February 25, 1916, to be exact—Senator Fletcher, of Florida, chairman of the Joint Committee on Printing, in reintroducing the bill, submitted a most thorough and valuable report in which "the shameful waste in public documents" was deplored and the statement made that the enactment of the bill would effect a saving of nearly $1,000,000 annually. It would be impossible to present the facts with more emphasis and clearness than they are set forth in this official document. Take, for instance, this sentence:

> That the present method of printing and distributing government publications has become an almost utter failure is clearly evident from the enormous accumulation of obsolete and useless documents in the government warehouses year after year. In the last seven years these accumulations have reached a total of almost 7,000,000 publications, the great bulk of which have had to be disposed of as waste paper without ever having been unwrapped or read by anyone.

The report does not leave anything to the imagination. It presents a bill of particulars for all the years from 1909 to 1914, inclusive. The waste during the year 1909 is acknowledged with convincing brevity, as follows:

> The accumulation of 1909 in the office of the Superintendent of Documents resulted from documents returned by the departments and libraries that had no further use for such publications. The books had become so obsolete and shelf worn as to be unfit for further distribution, and the entire accumulation of 1,435,272 publications was sold by the Public Printer as waste paper at eight-tenths of a cent a pound. The accumulation weighed approximately 950 tons, and the amount received therefor was $14,049.02. The Public Printer had, however, expended $2,825 in handling this accumulation, which made the net receipts $11,224.02. These publications undoubtedly cost the government fully

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$700,000, thousands of them having been bound in the best grades of cloth and leather, thus indicating a net loss of $683,125.98 on this one accumulation.

In 1910 approximately 700 tons of books listed for condemnation were sold as waste paper at eight-tenths of a cent a pound, "though the blank white paper on which the books were printed cost the government from 3½ to 7 cents a pound, without regard to the cost of printing, binding and handling the same". In 1911, approximately half a million books were offered to members of Congress, but only 180,000 were taken. The balance had to be sold as waste paper, in addition to which, according to the report, "thousands of the documents selected by members from the accumulation were afterwards thrown aside or returned to the Superintendent of Documents, having been found to be utterly worthless". In 1912, 1913, and 1915, printed inventories of accumulated documents were submitted to the 536 senators and representatives with the most disappointing results. In 1912 only 150 responded with requests for documents. In 1913 the number decreased to 128, "who selected only 79,289 of the 544,711 publications listed, and subsequently many of these were returned to the Superintendent of Documents as worthless". In 1915 only ten per cent of the million and a half publications available were taken and the rest were disposed of as waste paper. "Consequently", says the report, "the Public Printer had to sell practically all the excess documents of 1912, 1913 and 1915 as waste paper." In 1914 the Senate alone sold nearly 150 tons of accumulated books at 71 cents per hundred pounds. The appalling loss, continued year after year, is thus summarized:

The record of the last seven years thus shows that almost 1,000,000 government publications find their way into Uncle Sam's junk pile each year. These publications undoubtedly have cost the government at least 50 cents a copy on an average for their printing, binding, wrapping, handling and storage. Upon thousands of these worthless documents there also has been additional expense for transportation in the mails from Washington to various parts of the country and then for return to Washington again.

On a basis of 50 cents per copy the accumulation of 1,000,000 documents per year indicates an annual loss of $500,000, due to the system of printing and distribution now required by the present law. Undoubtedly double the number of worthless documents accumulated by the government itself more nearly represents the actual waste of such publications, for it is a matter of common knowledge that the great bulk of the documents now allotted to and distributed by members of Congress finds its way into the wastebaskets of their constituents, who have little or no interest in the general class of publications that senators and members now have allotted to them for public distribution. It would be more accurate to estimate the annual waste in government publications to be nearly $1,000,000.

There is also a great waste in many publications printed for the document rooms of the Senate and the House. Tons of useless publications are carted away from the document rooms annually and sold as waste paper. Scores of tons of expensive publications have rotted away in the vaults under the terraces of the Capitol, the document room to which they were allotted not having been able to find members willing to distribute such useless publications.

If this scathing arraignment of governmental disregard of the value of material, labor, and money were to be incorporated into this article as the individual assertion of the writer, for instance, it would be received with incredulity. It is for this reason that it has been copied verbatim from the pages of the official document designated as Senate Report No. 183, 64th Congress, 1st Session. It will be a revelation to the vast number of people who do not realize the wholesale and

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extravagant manner in which Uncle Sam conducts his publishing business.

The economies which would have been achieved if the bill had been enacted into law aggregated $798,013.12, of which the principal items were:

Reduction of bulk of Congressional Record	$100,000.00
Restriction of "unanimous consent" printing of documents by either House	25,000.00
Elimination of departmental and other publications from numbered series of congressional documents, thus preventing duplications	19,952.25
Discontinuance of printing private pensions and war claims bills as reported (cost 61st Congress $172,554.80)	80,000.00
Requirement that franked envelopes and slips used for mailing speeches and other government publications printed at private expense shall be paid for by the individual	85,000.00
Discontinuance of various publications	75,000.00
Restriction of annual reports submitted to Congress	10,000.00
Provision that reports contained in the annual report of a department shall not be reprinted in any other form for congressional distribution	20,000.00
Vesting the Joint Committee on Printing with authority to prevent duplication and waste in the printing and distribution of documents.	25,000.00
Requirement that members of Congress shall pay for embossing of letterheads and envelopes	41,311.73
Restriction of free franked envelopes to manila stock	27,090.00

The last two economies, it should be stated, have been effected by an order of the Joint Committee on Printing which has been respected, even though it is without the direct authority of law. All the other unnecessary expenditures, amounting to nearly $800,000, are still continuing, although their abolition was suggested with careful detail seven years ago.

With the outbreak and progress of the war came the necessity for paper conservation. The War Industries Board issued stringent regulations governing the use of material by book, magazine, and newspaper publishers, as well as by hotels and business firms and corporations. It occurred to the Senate that reform, like charity, might begin at home, and on December 15, 1916, it passed a resolution directing the Senate Committee on Printing to investigate and report within thirty days "as to what government publications, if any, now being issued, may be temporarily suspended and as to what economies should be practised by the government in the use of print paper in the various departments". The basis of the resolution was a preamble declaring that "the cost of print paper has so enormously increased"; that "the demand for such paper is constantly increasing"; that "great quantities of print paper are used by the government in printing useless bulletins, pamphlets, books, etc."; and that "in the present emergency regarding print paper the supply should be conserved".

No one can doubt that these assertions rested upon substantial foundation. They were the arguments used to enforce embarrassing restrictions which bore heavily upon thousands of loyal citizens engaged in the legitimate occupation of publishing. It will be interesting to those who, at great inconvenience and with much sacrifice, cheerfully obeyed the drastic limitations imposed by federal authority, to learn what happened in the inner circles of the government. The Senate Committee on Printing at once communicated with the heads of departments, requesting to be informed if any government publications could be temporarily suspended or permanently

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abolished; whether economies in the issuance of the publications and the use of print paper could be effected, and whether additional economies could be put into operation. The replies were most discouraging. With but few exceptions, each department answered that under no circumstances could any of its publications be even temporarily suspended, much less permanently abolished. The two cabinet officers manifesting a spirit of cooperation were the Secretary of the Treasury and the Secretary of Commerce. The former thought that he could dispense with the printing of the annual reports of nine of his subordinates, and the latter suggested that the printing of the "Annual List of Officers licensed by the Steamboat Inspection Service", although made mandatory by law, "is a waste of public funds"; that the publication of the Official Register, or "Blue Book", might be postponed a year; and that it was not necessary, although compelled by law, to publish the purchases made by the Commissioner of Lighthouses.

Even if these minor curtailments could have been put into effect, it would have been an illustration of the folly of saving at the spigot while the waste at the bung-hole went merrily on. The meagre return demonstrated, also, that if there was to be any saving of paper by the government, other measures must be taken. Senator Chilton, of Texas, presented an emergency bill which was, in effect, a condensation of the original comprehensive revision still lingering unacted upon in the congressional pigeonholes. This emergency measure did not attempt to restrict departmental printing, but dealt only with the output of Congress. It was aimed solely to "bring about desirable savings in paper and effect other urgent economies in the public printing". Details as to how these savings would aggregate $500,000 a year were set forth. As stated in the report, the urgency existed; definite and feasible plans of economy were presented; and yet the bill still remains buried upon the calendars of Congress and, unless there is an awakened congressional conscience, will not be resurrected before the session of Congress comes to an end on the fourth of next March.

With this disheartening record of legislative indifference and inaction, it seems almost futile to discuss the abuses which exist, or to outline the corrective methods which a few earnest and conscientious men have repeatedly but vainly advocated. It is evident, however, that nothing will be accomplished until public sentiment is thoroughly aroused over the enormity of present conditions. Reforms must begin at the very head of the great establishment known as the Government Printing Office.

The Public Printer is appointed by the President and confirmed by the Senate. He supervises $3,000,000 worth of property, employs nearly 5,000 persons, expends between $10,000,000 and $12,000,000 annually, and yet is directly responsible under the present law to no one, except as to the purchase of paper and material, which comes under the supervision of the Joint Committee on Printing. His authority, in many respects, is greater than that of the head of any executive department or other establishment of the government. Nearly five million dollars of the entire annual appropriation for printing and binding is a lump sum out of which the Public Printer can pay salaries and wages almost without restriction. No other officer of the government possesses the power that the Public

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Printer now has to create positions at will and fix the compensation therefor as high as he may desire, without asking the advice or consent of anyone.

These statements, taken from the official report, are supplemented by the declaration that "the result, in years past, has been general chaos and disorganization in the Government Printing Office instead of the definitely organized force necessary for the efficient and economical production of the public printing and binding". In fact, the record of the abuses and extravagances that have resulted from the vesting of this unlimited authority in some public printers fills three closely printed pages of the report.

Instead of the present system of printing and distributing documents, which is little less than criminal, the proposed legislation would install a business-like and economical method. At present a certain quota of books are printed for each senator and representative, whether he wants them or not. This absurd and expensive plan would be abolished and a system of valuation established, whereby each senator and representative would be credited with the sum of $2,200 to be expended in procuring such publications as he may desire to send to his constituents. The proposed law plainly states, however, that this amount represents books and not money—a provision which the experience of the past has made absolutely necessary. Under the present system, senators and representatives from Kansas receive as many Nautical Almanacs, reports of the Coast and Geodetic Survey and reports of the Commissioner of Navigation as their colleagues from New Jersey. The members from Massachusetts get as many irrigation bulletins as those from Idaho. Members from New York City each receive as many Agricultural Yearbooks, cattle books and horse books as members from Nebraska. This is manifestly ridiculous. Under the proposed valuation plan each senator and representative could use his entire credit to obtain publications of genuine interest to his locality.

No one seriously proposes that free distribution should entirely cease. The government has a legitimate and wise duty to perform in disseminating knowledge. It need not go to the extent suggested by former Senator Heyburn, of Idaho, who desired one million copies of the daily Congressional Record to be printed and circulated at the nominal cost of one dollar a year, but it can function properly in spreading information if the present waste and extravagance are abolished.

The necessity for restricting the franking privilege is also evident. Franked envelopes, bearing more or less printing, are now furnished free to senators and representatives. The report of the public printer for 1912 shows that Congress used 36,000,000 franked envelopes in that year, this number increasing in 1915 to nearly 39,000,000. The cost averages about $75,000 per year. The reform bill which is pending does not interfere with the personal use of these envelopes by senators and representatives, but it does plan to stop furnishing them to individuals, committees, or organizations interested in promoting a particular propaganda at the public expense by the unrestricted use of the mails in scattering broadcast great quantities of speeches and government publications.

"Millions upon millions of franked envelopes", to quote again from the official report, "supplied free to mem-

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bers of Congress for their own use, have been turned over to private organizations to conduct mail campaigns for certain purposes. It has been no uncommon thing for some members to order several hundred thousand or even a million franked envelopes and then send the entire lot to a committee or organization, having no connection whatever with the government, for its use in the mailing of certain extracts from the Congressional Record or public documents that may also have been printed in its behalf at the expense of the government. Such transactions have cost the government many thousands of dollars for printing and carrying free in the mails tons of publications intended to further the special interests of certain individuals or organizations". The people of this country undoubtedly share the expressed opinion of the committee that this flagrant abuse of government funds and government mailing facilities should be declared unlawful in no uncertain terms and that heavy penalties should be provided for violation of the law.

There is another abuse which demands serious attention and the abolition of which is proposed in the reform bill. We find in the report submitted by Senator Chilton (Report No. 910, 64th Congress, 2d Session) the statement that during the calendar year 1916 the Public Printer printed and furnished free to members of Congress, as now directed by law, 70,781,100 so-called "speech" and document envelopes at a total cost to the government of $112,189.51, which includes $76,253.31 for stock alone. "More than three-fourths of these envelopes", says the report, "were used for the mailing of speeches and other extracts from the Congressional Record that were printed at the expense of the members themselves or their respective campaign committees and were used in furtherance of their own candidacies or on behalf of other candidates at the last election. The committee is of the opinion that such expenditures for campaign purposes should be borne by the candidates themselves and not by the government." The entire country shares this opinion.

It would also be gratified to witness the enactment of another provision in the reform bill which would prevent senators and representatives from furthering their campaigns for renomination or reelection through the use of stationery furnished free by the government. "In other words", says the report, "a member of Congress who is a candidate for renomination or reelection will be required to pay the entire cost of stationery used by him in the interest of his candidacy. He will not be permitted to use for such purpose stationery which may be furnished him at any expense to the government." It is not to be believed that the incorporation in the bill of these decent and proper provisions has had anything to do with congressional inaction.

Everywhere in these reports is evidence of the laxity, to use the mildest term, with which the printing business of the government is conducted. It is not pleasant to read of members of Congress securing from the Government Printing Office thousands of dollars worth of expensive bindings for their purely personal use. Neither is it gratifying to know that a mail-order house can purchase the plates of a government agricultural publication, intersperse its pages with advertisements of farm implements, and circulate a deception through the mails without being amenable to law.

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In this case this title-page of the bulletin was in all respects identical with that of the original issue, bearing the seal of the Department of Agriculture and the imprint of the Government Printing Office at the bottom of the page, the purpose being to convey the impression that the government endorsed the articles offered for sale.

Equally enterprising, although in quite different fashion, were the members of the Bookbinders' Union of the District of Columbia, all employees of the government bindery, who appealed by letter to all their brethren throughout the United States to send to Congress for a lengthy list of bound volumes, all duly specified by title. "By exercising your privilege of procuring these books", the letter asserted, "you will not only provide yourselves with valuable information but you will also benefit our trade." Surely a governmental system of publication under which instances like this can occur, is in sad need of being thoroughly overhauled.

It is impossible for lack of space to rehearse one-hundredth part of the shameful record of waste and extravagance frankly presented in the official reports already quoted. For the same reason we must omit reference to the appeals uttered by scrupulous officials and extending over a quarter of a century, for the abolition of evils which still exist. Neither is there opportunity to discuss the spendthrift temptation of a plan whereby departments and bureaus are allotted liberal amounts for publication, with the knowledge that they will receive little or no credit for returning unexpended balances into the national treasury. It would be interesting, also, to consider the advisability of the creation of an editorial board, such as exists in Canada, to supervise and coordinate the governmental output. All these are inviting branches of a vital subject, but suggestion must be substituted for detailed consideration.

In hastening to a conclusion we can only emphasize the necessity which should compel Congress to give instant attention to the honest and economical solution of the printing problem already provided. The occasional remedial measures which have been enacted are not sufficient. Based upon a worthy desire to educate the people, governmental publication has degenerated through inadequate laws and questionable customs into a slough of waste. Congress, which cannot plead ignorance, has an imperative duty to perform. It must clean the Augean stable at its very doors.

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A MEETING OF THE CORN COB CLUB

Parnassus at Home

BY CHRISTOPHER MORLEY

Parnassus at Home, Roger Mifflin's second-hand bookshop on Gissing Street, Brooklyn, was a delightful place, especially of an evening, when its drowsy alcoves were kindled with the brightness of lamps shining on the rows of volumes. Many a passer-by would stumble down the steps from the street in sheer curiosity; others, familiar visitors, dropped in with the same comfortable emotion that a man feels on entering his club. Roger's custom was to sit at his desk in the rear, puffing his pipe and reading; though if any customer started a conversation, the little man was quick and eager to carry it on. The lion of talk lay only sleeping in him; it was not hard to goad it up.

It may be remarked that all bookshops that are open in the evening are busy in the after-supper hours. Is it that the true book-lovers are nocturnal gentry, only venturing forth when darkness and silence and the gleam of hooded lights irresistibly suggest reading? Certainly night-time has a mystic affinity for literature, and it is strange that the Esquimaux have created no great literature. Certainly, for most of us, an arctic night would be insupportable without O. Henry and Stevenson. Or, as Roger Mifflin remarked during a passing enthusiasm for Ambrose Bierce, the true *noctes ambrosianae* are the *noctes ambrose bierceianae.*

But Roger was prompt in closing Parnassus at ten o'clock. At that hour he and Bock (the mustard-colored terrier) would make the round of the shop, see that everything was shipshape, empty the ash-trays provided for customers, lock the front door, and turn off the lights. Then they would retire to the den, where Mrs. Mifflin was generally knitting or reading. She would brew a pot of cocoa, and they would read or talk for half an hour or so before bed. Sometimes Roger would take a stroll along Gissing Street before turning in. All day spent with books has a rather exhausting effect on the mind, and he used to enjoy the fresh air sweeping up the dark Brooklyn streets, meditating some thought that had sprung from his reading, while Bock sniffed and padded along in the manner of an elderly dog at night.

While Mrs. Mifflin was away, however, Roger's routine was somewhat different. After closing the shop he would return to his desk and with a somewhat shamefaced air draw out from a bottom drawer an untidy folder of notes and manuscript. This was the skeleton in his closet, his secret sin. It was the scaffolding of his book, which he had been compiling for at least ten years, and to which he had tentatively assigned such different titles as "Notes on Literature", "The Muse on Crutches", and "Books and I". It had begun long ago, in the days of his odyssey as a rural book huckster, under the title of "Literature Among the Farmers", but it had branched out until it began to appear that (in bulk at least) Rid-

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path would have to look to his linoleum laurels. The manuscript in its present state had neither beginning nor end, but it was growing strenuously in the middle, and hundreds of pages were covered with Roger's minute script. The chapter on "Ars Bibliopolae", or the art of bookselling, would be, he hoped, a classic among generations of book venders still unborn. Seated at his disorderly desk, caressed by a counterpane of drifting tobacco haze, he would pore over the manuscript, crossing out, interpolating, re-arguing, and then referring to volumes on his shelves. Bock would snore under the chair, and soon Roger's brain would begin to waver. In the end he would fall asleep over his papers, wake with a cramp about two o'clock, and creak irritably to a lonely bed.

All this we mention only to explain how it was that Roger was dozing at his desk about midnight, a few evenings after the call paid by Aubrey Gilbert. He was awakened by a draft of chill air passing like a mountain brook over his bald pate. Stiffly he sat up and looked about. The shop was in darkness save for the bright electric over his head. Bock, of more regular habit than his master, had gone back to his couch in the kitchen, made of a packing-case that had once coffined a set of the Encyclopædia Britannica.

"That's funny", said Roger to himself. "Surely I locked the door?" He walked to the front of the shop, switching on the cluster of lights that hung from the ceiling. The door was ajar, but everything else seemed as usual. Bock, hearing his footsteps, came trotting out from the kitchen, his claws rattling on the bare wooden floor. He looked up with the patient inquiry of a dog accustomed to the frequent eccentricities of his patron.

"I guess I'm getting absent-minded", said Roger. "I must have left the door open." He closed and locked it. Then he noticed that the terrier was sniffing in the History alcove, which was at the front of the shop on the left hand side.

"What is it, old man?" said Roger. "Want something to read in bed?" He turned on the light in that alcove. Everything appeared normal. Then he noticed a book that projected an inch or so beyond the even line of bindings. It was a fad of Roger's to keep all his books in a flat row on the shelves, and almost every evening at closing time he used to run his palm along the backs of the volumes to level any irregularities left by careless browsers. He put out a hand to push the book into place. Then he stopped.

"Queer again", he thought. "Carlyle's 'Oliver Cromwell'! I looked for that book the other evening and couldn't find it when that professor fellow was here. Maybe I'm tired and can't see straight. I'll go to bed."

The next day was a date of some moment. Not only was the January meeting of the Corn Cob Club scheduled for that evening, but Mrs. Mifflin had promised to get home from Boston in time to bake a chocolate cake for the booksellers. It was said that some of the members of the club were faithful in attendance more by reason of Mrs. Mifflin's chocolate cake, and the cask of cider that her brother Andrew McGill sent down from the Sabine Farm every autumn, than on account of the bookish conversation.

Roger spent the morning in doing a little housecleaning, in preparation for his wife's return. He was a trifle abashed to find how many mingled

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crumbs and tobacco ashes had accumulated on the dining-room rug. He cooked himself a modest lunch of lamb chops and baked potatoes, and was pleased by an epigram concerning food that came into his mind. "It's not the food you dream about that matters", he said to himself; "it's the vittles that walk right in and become a member of the family." He felt that this needed a little polishing and rephrasing, but that there was a germ of wit in it. He had a habit of encountering ideas at his solitary meals.

After this, he was busy at the sink scrubbing the dishes, when he was surprised by feeling two very competent arms surround him, and a pink gingham apron was thrown over his head. "Mifflin", said his wife, "how many times have I told you to put on an apron when you wash up!"

They greeted each other with the hearty, affectionate simplicity of those congenially wedded in middle age. Mrs. Mifflin was a buxom, healthy creature, rich in good sense and good humor, well nourished both in mind and body. She kissed Roger's bald head, tied the apron round his shrimpish person, and sat down on a kitchen chair to watch him finish wiping the china. Her cheeks were cool and ruddy from the keen air, her face lit with the tranquil satisfaction of those who have sojourned in the comfortable city of Boston.

"Well, my dear", said Roger, "you look as plump and full of matter as 'The Home Book of Verse'."

"I've had a stunning time", she said, patting Bock who stood at her knee, imbibing the familiar and mysterious human fragrance by which dogs identify their human friends. "I haven't even heard of a book for three weeks. I did stop in at the Old Angle Book Shop yesterday, just to say hullo to Joe Jillings. He says all booksellers are crazy, but that you are the craziest of the lot. He wants to know if you're bankrupt yet."

Roger's slate blue eyes twinkled. He hung up a cup in the china closet and lit his pipe before replying.

"What did you say?"

"I said that our shop was haunted, and mustn't be supposed to come under the usual conditions of the trade."

"Bully for you! And what did Joe say to that?"

" 'Haunted by the nuts!' "

"Well", said Roger, "when literature goes bankrupt I'm willing to go with it. Not till then. But by the way, we're going to be haunted by a beauteous damsel pretty soon. You remember my telling you that Mr. Chapman wants to send his daughter to work in the shop? Well, here's a letter I had from him this morning."

He rummaged in his pocket, and produced the following, which Mrs. Mifflin read:

Dear Mr. Mifflin,

I am so delighted that you and Mrs. Mifflin are willing to try the experiment of taking my daughter as an apprentice. Titania is really a very charming girl, and if only we can get some of the "finishing school" nonsense out of her head she will make a fine woman. She has had (it was my fault, not hers) the disadvantage of being brought up, or rather brought down, by having every possible want and whim gratified. Out of kindness for herself and her future husband, if she should have one, I want her to learn a little about earning a living. She is nearly nineteen, and I told her if she would try the bookshop job for a while I would take her to Europe for a year afterward.

As I explained to you, I want her to think she is really earning her way. Of course I don't want the routine to be too hard for her, but I do want her to get some idea of what it means to face life on one's own. If you will pay her ten dollars a week as a beginner, and deduct her board from that, I will pay you twenty dollars a week, privately, for your responsibility in caring for her

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and keeping your and Mrs. Mifflin's friendly eyes on her. I'm coming round to the Corn Cob meeting tomorrow night, and we can make the final arrangements.

Luckily, she is very fond of books, and I really think she is looking forward to the adventure with much anticipation. I overheard her saying to one of her friends yesterday that she was going to do some "literary work" this winter. That's the kind of nonsense I want her to outgrow. When I hear her say that she's got a job in a bookstore, I'll know she's cured.

Cordially yours,
GEORGE CHAPMAN.

"Well?" said Roger, as Mrs. Mifflin made no comment. "Don't you think it will be rather interesting to get a naïve young girl's reactions toward the problems of our tranquil existence?"

"Roger, you blessed innocent!" cried his wife. "Life will no longer be tranquil with a girl of nineteen round the place. You may fool yourself, but you can't fool me. A girl of nineteen doesn't *react* toward things. She explodes. Things don't 'react' anywhere but in Boston and in chemical laboratories. I suppose you know you're taking a human bombshell into the arsenal?"

Roger looked dubious. "I remember something in 'Weir of Hermiston' about a girl being 'an explosive engine' ", he said. "But I don't see that she can do any very great harm round here. We're both pretty well proof against shell shock. The worst that could happen would be if she got hold of my private copy of 'Fireside Conversation in the Age of Queen Elizabeth'. Remind me to lock it up somewhere, will you?"

This secret masterpiece by Mark Twain was one of the bookseller's treasures. Not even Helen had ever been permitted to read it; and she had shrewdly judged that it was not in her line, for though she knew perfectly well where he kept it (together with his life insurance policy, some Liberty Bonds, an autograph letter from Charles Spencer Chaplin, and a snapshot of herself taken on their honeymoon) she had never made any attempt to read it.

"Well", said Helen; "Titania or no Titania, if the Corn Cobs want their chocolate cake tonight, I must get busy. Take my suitcase upstairs like a good fellow."

A gathering of booksellers is a pleasant sanhedrim to attend. The members of this ancient craft bear mannerisms and earmarks just as definitely recognizable as those of the cloak and suit business or any other trade. They are likely to be a little—shall we say—worn at the bindings, as becomes men who have forsaken worldly profit to pursue a noble calling ill rewarded in cash. They are possibly a trifle embittered, which is an excellent demeanor for mankind in the face of inscrutable heaven. Long experience with publishers' salesmen makes them suspicious of books praised between the courses of a heavy meal. When a publisher's salesman takes you out to dinner, it is not surprising if the conversation turns toward literature about the time the last of the peas are being harried about the plate. But, as Jerry Gladfist says (he runs a shop up on Thirty-Eighth Street) the publishers' salesmen supply a long-felt want, for they do now and then buy one a dinner the like of which no bookseller would otherwise be likely to commit.

"Well, gentlemen", said Roger as his guests assembled in his little cabinet, "it's a cold evening. Pull up toward the fire. Make free with the cider. The cake's on the table. My wife came back from Boston specially to make it."

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"Here's Mrs. Mifflin's health!" said Mr. Chapman, a quiet little man who had a habit of listening to what he heard. "I hope she doesn't mind keeping the shop while we celebrate?"

"Not a bit", said Roger. "She enjoys it."

"I see 'Tarzan of the Apes' is running at the Gissing Street movie palace", said Gladfist. "Great stuff. Have you seen it?"

"Not while I can still read 'The Jungle Book' ", said Roger.

"You make me tired with that talk about literature", cried Jerry. "A book's a book, even if Harold Bell Wright wrote it."

"A book's a book if you enjoy reading it", amended Meredith, from a big Fifth Avenue bookstore. "Lots of people enjoy Harold Bell Wright, just as lots of people enjoy tripe. Either of them would kill me. But let's be tolerant."

"Your argument is a whole succession of *non sequiturs*", said Jerry, stimulated by the cider to unusual brilliance.

"That's a long putt", chuckled Benson, the dealer in rare books and first editions.

"What I mean is this", said Jerry. "We aren't literary critics. It's none of our business to say what's good and what isn't. Our job is simply to supply the public with the books it wants when it wants them. How it comes to want the books it does, is no concern of ours."

"You're the guy that calls bookselling the worst business in the world", said Roger warmly, "and you're the kind of guy that makes it so. I suppose you would say that it is no concern of the bookseller to try to increase the public appetite for books?"

"Appetite is too strong a word", said Jerry. "As far as books are concerned the public is barely able to sit up and take a little liquid nourishment. Solid foods don't interest it. If you try to cram roast beef down the gullet of an invalid you'll kill him. Let the public alone, and thank God when it comes round to amputate any of its hard-earned cash."

"Well, take it on the lowest basis", said Roger. "I haven't any facts to go upon—"

"You never have", interjected Jerry—

"But I'd like to bet that the Trade has made more money out of Bryce's 'The American Commonwealth' than it ever did out of all Parson Wright's books put together."

"What of it? Why shouldn't they make both?"

This preliminary tilt was interrupted by the arrival of two more visitors, and Andrew handed round mugs of cider, pointed to the cake and the basket of pretzels, and lit his corn-cob pipe. The new arrivals were Quincy and Fruehling; the former a clerk in the book department of a vast drygoods store, the latter the owner of a bookshop in the Hebrew quarter of Grand Street—one of the best-stocked shops in the city, though little known to uptown book-lovers.

"Well", said Fruehling, his bright dark eyes sparkling above richly tinted cheek-bones and bushy beard, "what's the argument?"

"The usual one", said Gladfist grinning, "Mifflin confusing merchandise with metaphysics."

MIFFLIN—Not at all. I am simply saying that it is good business to sell only the best.

GLADFIST—Wrong again. You must select your stock according to your customers. Ask Quincy here. Would there be any sense in his loading up

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his shelves with Maeterlinck and Shaw when the department-store trade wants Eleanor Porter and the Tarzan stuff? Does a country grocer carry the same cigars that are listed on the wine-card of a Fifth Avenue hotel? Of course not. He gets in the cigars that his trade enjoys and is accustomed to. Bookselling must obey the ordinary rules of commerce.

MIFFLIN—A fig for the ordinary rules of commerce! I came over here to Gissing Street to get away from them. My mind would blow out its fuses if I had to abide by the dirty little considerations of supply and demand. As far as I am concerned, supply *creates* demand.

GLADFIST—Still, old chap, you have to abide by the dirty little consideration of earning a living, unless someone has endowed you?

BENSON—Of course my line of business isn't strictly the same as you fellows'. But a thought that has often occurred to me in selling rare editions may interest you. The customer's willingness to part with his money is usually in inverse ratio to the permanent benefit he expects to derive from what he purchases.

MEREDITH—Sounds a bit like John Stuart Mill.

BENSON—Even so, it may be true. Folks will pay a darned sight more to be amused than they will to be exalted. Look at the way a man shells out five bones for a couple of theatre seats, or spends a couple of dollars a week on cigars without thinking of it. Yet two dollars or five dollars for a book costs him positive anguish. The mistake you fellows in the retail trade have made is in trying to persuade your customers that books are necessities. Tell them they're luxuries. That'll get them! People have to work so hard in this life they're shy of necessities. A man will go on wearing a suit until it's threadbare, much sooner than smoke a threadbare cigar.

GLADFIST—Not a bad thought. You know, Mifflin here calls me a material-minded cynic but, by thunder, I think I'm more idealistic than he is. I'm no propagandist incessantly trying to cajole poor innocent customers into buying the kind of book *I* think they ought to buy. When I see the helpless pathos of most of them, who drift into a bookstore without the slightest idea of what they want or what is worth reading, I would disdain to take advantage of their frailty. They are absolutely at the mercy of the salesman. They will buy whatever he tells them to. Now the honorable man, the high-minded man (by which I mean myself) is too proud to ram some shimmering stuff at them just because he thinks they ought to read it. Let the boobs blunder around and grab what they can. Let natural selection operate. I think it is fascinating to watch them, to see their helpless groping, and to study the weird ways in which they make their choice. Usually they will buy a book either because they think the jacket is attractive, or because it costs a dollar and a quarter instead of a dollar and a half, or because they say they saw a review of it. The "review" usually turns out to be an ad. I don't think one book-buyer in a thousand knows the difference.

MIFFLIN—Your doctrine is pitiless, base and false! What would you think of a physician who saw men suffering from a curable disease and did nothing to alleviate their sufferings?

GLADFIST—Their sufferings (as you call them) are nothing to what mine would be if I stocked up with a lot of books that no one but highbrows would buy. What would you think of a base public that would go past my

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shop day after day and let the high-minded occupant die of starvation?

MIFFLIN—Your ailment, Jerry, is that you conceive yourself as merely a tradesman. What I'm telling you is that the bookseller is a public servant. He ought to be pensioned by the state. The honor of his profession should compel him to do all he can to spread the distribtion of good stuff.

QUINCY—I think you forget how much we who deal chiefly in new books are at the mercy of the publishers. We have to stock the new stuff, a large proportion of which is always punk. Why it is punk, goodness knows, because most of the bum books don't sell.

MIFFLIN—Ah, that is a mystery indeed! But I can give you a fair reason. First, because there isn't enough good stuff to go round. Second, because of the ignorance of the publishers, many of whom honestly don't know a good book when they see it. It is a matter of sheer heedlessness in the selection of what they intend to publish. A big drug factory or a manufacturer of a well-known jam spends vast sums of money on chemically assaying and analyzing the ingredients that are to go into his medicines or in gathering and selecting the fruit that is to be stewed into jam. And yet they tell me that the most important department of a publishing business, which is the gathering and sampling of manuscripts, is the least considered and the least remunerated. I knew a reader for one publishing house: he was a babe recently out of college who didn't know a book from a frat pin. If a jam factory employs a trained chemist, why isn't it worth a publisher's while to employ an expert book analyzer? There are some of them. Look at the fellow who runs the "Pacific Monthly's" book business for example! He knows a thing or two.

CHAPMAN—I think perhaps you exaggerate the value of those trained experts. They are likely to be four-flushers. We had one once at our factory, and as far as I could make out he never thought we were doing good business except when we were losing money.

MIFFLIN—As far as I have been able to observe, making money is the easiest thing in the world. All you have to do is to turn out an honest product, something that the public needs. Then you have to let them know that you have it, and teach them that they need it. They will batter down your front door in their eagerness to get it. But if you begin to hand them gold bricks, if you begin to sell them books built like an apartment house, all marble front and all brick behind, you're cutting your own throat, or rather cutting your own pocket, which is the same thing.

MEREDITH—I think Mifflin's right. You know the kind of place our shop is: a regular Fifth Avenue store, all plate glass front and marble columns glowing in the indirect lighting like a birchwood at full moon. We sell hundreds of dollars' worth of bunkum every day because people ask for it; but I tell you we do it with reluctance. It's rather the custom in our shop to scoff at the book-buying public and call them boobs, but they really want good books—the poor souls don't know how to get them. Still, Jerry has a certain grain of truth to his credit. I get ten times more satisfaction in selling a copy of Newton's "The Amenities of Book-Collecting" than I do in selling a copy of—well, "Tarzan"; but it's poor business to impose your own private tastes on your customers. All you can do is to hint

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them along tactfully, when you get a chance, toward the stuff that counts.

QUINCY—You remind me of something that happened in our book department the other day. A flapper came in and said she had forgotten the name of the book she wanted, but it was something about a young man who had been brought up by the monks. I was stumped. I tried her with "The Cloister and the Hearth" and "Monastery Bells" and "Legends of the Monastic Orders" and so on, but her face was blank. Then one of the salesgirls overheard us talking, and she guessed it right off the bat. Of course it was "Tarzan".

MIFFLIN—You poor simp, there was your chance to introduce her to Mowgli and the bandar-log.

QUINCY—True—I didn't think of it.

MIFFLIN—I'd like to get you fellows' ideas about advertising. There was a young chap in here the other day from an advertising agency, trying to get me to put some copy in the papers. Have you found that it pays?

FRUEHLING—It always pays—somebody. The only question is, does it pay the man who pays for the ad?

MEREDITH—What do you mean?

FRUEHLING—Did you ever consider the problem of what I call tangential advertising? By that I mean advertising that benefits your rival rather than yourself? Take an example. On Sixth Avenue there is a lovely delicatessen shop, but rather expensive. Every conceivable kind of sweetmeat and relish is displayed in the brightly lit window. When you look at that window it simply makes your mouth water. You decide to have something to eat. But do you get it there? Not much! You go a little farther down the street and get it at the Automat or the Crystal Lunch. The delicatessen fellow pays the overhead expense of that beautiful food exhibit, and the other man gets the benefit of it. It's the same way in my business. I'm in a factory district, where people can't afford to have any but the best books. (Meredith will bear me out in saying that only the wealthy can afford the poor ones.) They read the book ads in the papers and magazines, the ads of Meredith's shop and others, and then they come to me to buy them. I believe in advertising, but I believe in letting someone else pay for it.

MIFFLIN—I guess perhaps I can afford to go on riding on Meredith's ads. I hadn't thought of that. But I think I shall put a little notice in one of the papers some day, just a little card saying:

PARNASSUS AT HOME
GOOD BOOKS BOUGHT
AND SOLD
THIS SHOP IS HAUNTED

It will be fun to see what come-back I get.

QUINCY—The book section of a department store doesn't get much chance to enjoy that tangential advertising, as Fruehling calls it. Why, when our interior decorating shark puts a few volumes of a pirated Kipling bound in crushed oilcloth, or a copy of "Knockneed Stories", into the window to show off a Louis XVIII boudoir suite, display space is charged up against my department! Last summer he asked me for "something by that Ring fellow, I forget the name", to put a punchy finish on a layout of porch furniture. I thought perhaps he meant Wagner's Nibelungen operas, and began to dig them out. Then I found he meant Ring Lardner.

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GLADFIST—There you are. I keep telling you, bookselling is an impossible job for a man who loves literature. When did a bookseller ever make any real contribution to the world's happiness?

MIFFLIN—Dr. Johnson's father was a bookseller.

GLADFIST—Yes, and couldn't afford to pay for Sam's education.

FRUEHLING—There's another kind of tangential advertising that interests me. Take for instance a Coles Phillips painting for some brand of silk stockings. Of course the high lights of the picture are cunningly focussed on the stockings of the eminently beautiful lady; but there is always something else in the picture—an automobile or a country house or a Morris chair or a parasol—which makes it just as effective an ad for those goods as it is for the stockings. Every now and then Phillips sticks a book into his paintings, and I expect the Fifth Avenue book trade benefits by it. A book that fits the mind as well as a silk stocking does the ankle, will be sure to sell.

MIFFLIN—You are all crass materialists. I tell you, books are the depositories of the human spirit, which is the only thing in this world that endures. What was it Shakespeare said about

> Not marble nor the gilded monuments
> Of princes shall outlive this powerful rhyme—

By the bones of the Hohenzollerns, he was right! And wait a minute! There's something in Carlyle's "Cromwell" that comes back to me.

He ran excitedly out of the room, and the members of the Corn Cob fraternity grinned at each other. Gladfist cleaned his pipe and poured out some more cider. "He's off on his hobby", he chuckled. "I love baiting him."

"Speaking of Carlyle's 'Cromwell' ", said Fruehling, "that's a book I don't often hear asked for. But a fellow came in the other day hunting for a copy, and to my chagrin I didn't have one. I rather pride myself on keeping that sort of thing in stock. So I called up Brentano's to see if I could pick one up, and they told me they had just sold the only copy they had. Somebody must have been boosting Thomas! Maybe he's quoted in 'Tarzan', or somebody has bought up the film rights."

Mifflin came in, looking rather annoyed. "Here's an odd thing", he said. "I know damn well that copy of 'Cromwell' was on the shelf because I saw it there last night. It's not there now."

"That's nothing", said Quincy. "You know how people come into a second-hand store, see a book they take a fancy to but don't feel like buying just then, and tuck it away out of sight or on some other shelf where they think they'll be able to find it when they can afford it. Probably someone's done that with your 'Cromwell'."

"Maybe, but I doubt it", said Mifflin. "Mrs. Mifflin says she didn't sell it this evening. I woke her up to ask her. She was dozing over her knitting at the desk. I guess she's tired after her trip."

"I'm sorry to miss the Carlyle quotation", said Benson. "What was the gist?"

"I think I've got it jotted down in a notebook", said Roger, hunting along a shelf. "Yes, here it is." He read aloud:

> *The works of a man, bury them under what guano-mountains and*

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obscene owl-droppings you will, do not perish, cannot perish. What of Heroism, what of Eternal Light was in a Man and his Life, is with very great exactness added to the Eternities; remains forever a new divine portion of the Sum of Things.

"Now my friends, the bookseller is one of the keys in that universal adding machine, because he aids in the cross-fertilization of men and books. His delight in his calling doesn't need to be stimulated even by the bright shanks of a Coles Phillips picture."

"Roger, my boy", said Gladfist, "your innocent enthusiasm makes me think of Tom Daly's favorite story about the Irish priest who was rebuking his flock for their love of whisky. 'Whisky', he said, 'is the bane of this congregation. Whisky, that steals away a man's brains. Whisky, that makes you shoot at landlords—and not hit them!' Even so, my dear Roger, your enthusiasm makes you shoot at truth and never come anywhere near it."

"Jerry", said Roger, "you are a upas tree. Your shadow is poisonous!"

"Well, gentlemen", said Mr. Chapman, 'I know Mrs. Mifflin wants to be relieved of her post. I vote we adjourn early. Your conversation is always delightful, though I am sometimes a bit uncertain as to the conclusions. My daughter is going to be a bookseller, and I shall look forward to hearing her views on the business."

As the guests made their way out through the shop, Mr. Chapman drew Roger aside. "It's perfectly all right about sending Titania?" he asked.

"Absolutely", said Roger. "When does she want to come?"

"Is tomorrow too soon?"

"The sooner the better. We've got a little spare room upstairs that she can have. I've got some ideas of my own about furnishing it for her. Send her round tomorrow afternoon."

FANCY DRESS

BY SIEGFRIED SASSOON

Some Brave, awake in you tonight,
Knocked at your heart: an eagle's flight
Stirred in the feathers on your head.
Your wide-set Indian eyes, alight
Above high cheek-bones smeared with red,
Unveiled stark centuries, and led
You, the snared wraith of bygone things—
Wild ancestries of trackless kings—
Out of the past. . . So men have felt
Strange anger move them as they knelt
Praying to gods serenely-starred
In heavens where tomahawks are barred.

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JOHN MASEFIELD IN YONKERS

BY LOUISE TOWNSEND NICHOLL

John Masefield in casual conversation one day said, "I don't know that I hold altogether with the idea of a planned universe; sometimes it seems planned, sometimes not; some bits fit in very happily". A bit of his own life which fitted in very happily and which, if it did not prove that things are planned, at least bore out his own theory that if you want a thing enough you get it, was the Yonkers period when he was a boy, which came seemingly quite by chance and which was the real beginning of his own actively absorbing and creative literary life. Time, and a friendly bookshop, and two or three understanding people, appeared like miracles, and life became a different thing.

He makes definite choices, and he made perhaps the greatest of his choices when at sixteen, after two years on a training ship and a year regularly at sea, he decided to give up the sea for good. He says of it now, "There was too little chance for study. I wanted to write". So, on the chance that, someway, somehow, he could find a way to study and write, he got off his boat at New York City that ninth or tenth day of April, 1895, with five dollars and a chest of clothes. And it was four months later, after he had worked on a farm and in a bakery and had gone through the rich and splendid Greenwich Village period which everyone knows about by now, when he was working in Mr. Luke O'Connor's Columbian Hotel, that "Billy" Booth came to the Village from Yonkers one night to see the Irishman named Quinn with whom Masefield was living, at 53 Greenwich Avenue.

"Would you like a good job?" said he to John Masefield, for at first sight the two felt a friendliness. "And I was always open to a good job", Mr. Masefield says, in telling of it.

"I can get you a job, at $1.05 a day", said "Billy" Booth. "That was bullion to me", says Masefield now, seriously. "So I told Luke about it, and he was jolly decent. So I left early one morning at four o'clock and went to Yonkers, and worked that day in the factory. At first I worked with a tin-opener, a little instrument like a fork without tines, to keep straight the tin tubes on the spools of wool from which the carpets were woven. If this were not done, the carpets were irregular. I used to do forty sets in a day, for forty carpets. Then I got a raise, and finally crept up to $8.50 a week. And then I was made mistake finder, to take a strip of new carpet and compare it with the pattern, for faults of 'setting' or design."

For nearly two years he worked in the carpet factory, rooming until the next summer in the family of a man who was connected with the factory, and for the next year at the same place where "Billy" Booth lodged, in the home of Mrs. White.

And perhaps it sounds uneventful, working with a tineless fork and hunting out mistakes in the pattern of a carpet, but these two years were more filled with adventure and discovery and the glimpsing of high things,

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more satisfying to the eye and to the heart, than even all the time on boats had been. Here was where life really began for John Masefield, or Jack, or Macy, as they called him then. For here was where he first found his great god Chaucer, and Keats and Shelley, and where he began to write —to write prodigiously and plentifully. Early in September of 1896, when he had moved to the same lodgings with "Billy", who seems to have been his good angel in those days, he began to read poetry, to buy poetry, to write poetry, to spend every cent of his spare bullion for poetry. Friday was pay-day, and each Friday he would buy a book and read it over Sunday. He bought them at Mr. William Palmer East's bookshop, and he began with Chaucer, which he read through on Sunday. He bought Keats and Shelley the next Friday. "I had read a poem of Wilde's on Keats", he says, concerning that day. "So I had heard the name. And I heard East say 'the classics, Keats and Shelley', so I knew they were sound men to embark on. They were seventy-five cents each. And they were a kind of revelation to me. It was a big experience. For a time I didn't want many other poets, but read and reread these. Then there was Shakespeare, whom I loved for his fun and his beauty. Then I bought Swinburne and Rossetti, at seventy-five cents each, presumably in pirated editions. They were both great idols. And I worked again at French and read it.

"Directly this fever of reading came upon me, in '96, I wrote any amount of verse, especially on Saturdays and Sundays—a lot of sonnets and sonnet sequences."

"Were they good?" I asked.

"Were they good?" he repeated, with a most bitter inflection. "A pig may fly, but it's a damn unlikely bird. I imagine they were quite competent imitations of Keats and Shelley. I also read Spenser and Sir Philip Sidney at that time. And I started a novel—did a whole chunk of it."

"And did you finish it?" I asked.

"No, but I ended it", he said. "I tore it up. For prose I read De Quincey and Hazlitt, Dickens, Kipling, Stevenson, and Sir Thomas Browne. I read in 'Paradise Lost' nearly every day, until I had read it through several times. I didn't care for Wordsworth nor Matthew Arnold until much later. Then there was William Sharp and several of Dumas's novels and several of Molière's plays. I bought them all, on Fridays.

"I also took in 'The Metaphysical Review', abstruse and difficult. I don't know if I understood it, but I used to think I did. I had a fair amount of leisure, and got in two hours of reading every night, about five on Saturday, and all day Sunday. I read Thackeray, too, and Du Maurier—especially 'Peter Ibbetson' many times, and 'Trilby'. I read 'Peter Ibbetson' again a short time ago, and still thought it a fine book."

He has not kept these early sonnets of his but his friends in Yonkers, Mr. East and Mr. Booth, to whom he gave some of them, have kept them. And it is not the influence of Keats and Shelley which is the most interesting thing about them, but rather the influence of his own beginning genius, his own turn of mind and way of expression. They are in places a bit grandiose, a bit ponderous, but his own touch is in them, in such lines as

. . . to me
The thunder of the never-silent sea,
Ocean's vast chord, would seem more
grand a thing;

and

. . . if in the "fen

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Of stagnant waters" my poor name might be
A pale marsh-fire to light Eternity.

Already he is bearing testimony, as he does in all his later work, to those things which mean the most and bring reality to him. And the sonnet is still his happiest and most natural form. Here are two of the sonnets, written when he was eighteen and given to Mr. East as tokens of friendship and the joy which had come to him out of the bookshop. They are written on cards, in his small, already well-defined writing, and are signed in the lower right-hand corner, in tiny letters, "J. E. Masefield". He soon dropped the "E" out of his signature.

SONNET—TO THE OCEAN

Though tongues of men and angels both should sing
In tones of wondrous grandeur till their cry
Should rock the roof of Heaven; or, quivering, die
Midst sobs of soul-thrilled peoples listening;
If, from the earth, their glorious chant took wing
And shamed the music of the spheres, to me
The thunder of the never-silent sea,
Ocean's vast chord, would seem more grand a thing.
Not though the Sirens joined the Titans' choir,
Or with Earth's noises the voice of Storm were blent,
Nor if the Earth with some grim throe were rent
Till all void space shook with the breath of fire;
Not even these could shame the Ocean's lyre,
Or still the voice which shakes the firmament.

SONNET—IF

If I might stand among those sons of men
Whose songs are stars to light the ways of Time,
If to Miltonic heights my soul could climb
Cleaving bright pathways with a fiery pen
That spouted flame from Heaven; if in the "fen
Of stagnant waters" my poor name might be
A pale marsh-fire to light Eternity,
I would lie down and die contented then.
And if beyond the gates my soul could know
The singers whose sweet songs have lit my way,
Shelley and Keats, both crowned with flowers of May,
Or Milton, draped in sunset's after-glow;
If *this* were granted to me, *then* I trow
I'd hasten Death, right glad to die today.

Another one was written on the back of a photograph of himself, given to Mr. Booth in 1896, and signed "John Masefield":

Here lies poor Jack—grave, headstone, all in one
Entombed within the vault of black and white,
His ghost shows here—a most unholy sight.
And here by me his epitaph 's begun.
I knew Jack well—he took the penny bun
For doing most things ill and no things right,
But now I mourn for Jack thro' half the night
And wish indeed this epitaph was done.
And here it ends—And here poor Macy lies
Killed by excess of paper, ink and pen;
His age I think just reached to nine and ten,
His clothes—two suits, four shoes and seven ties.
And here he's shown, that strange and wondering men
May say, "That's Jack before he joined the skies".

Mr. East says now (the William Palmer East bookshop is still in Yonkers, although Mr. East is no longer in it) that it was not he but his sister, Miss Elizabeth East, who recognized most fully the personality of the boy and the growing genius in him. Miss East is not living now, and it was a keen disappointment to Masefield not to find her when he came back to this country. "His first question when I first saw him in 1916",

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Mr. East says, "was about my sister. She was the only one who really understood the boy's possibilities and mind, and who got well acquainted with him. I, too, had always had the faint sense as he came in and out of the bookshop that he had some spark of genius in him. I remember saying to Mrs. East, 'That boy has a something in him which will draw people's attention to him'. But it was my sister who felt it most strongly.

"Mr. Masefield speaks now of the selectiveness of the mind—of the mind making its own choices, and that is perhaps what I remember most about him in the old days. He read and bought the greatest diversity of books. There was almost nothing into which he did not dip. But it was only the books to which his own mind was akin that impressed him, stayed with him. He read tremendously, and his mind chose out only that of which it had need. Probably this is true, as he says, of all minds—it seems to me it was particularly true of his".

It was a rarely fortunate chance which brought Masefield into touch with this particular bookshop. People who knew it then say that the atmosphere of it was something which "could not be duplicated". Mr. East was a young man of thirty, and he had had the shop for only two years.

"I was so busy then", he says, "at first I hardly noticed this boy who came in and out and had the run of the shop. He seemed, at first, almost a ragamuffin. I did have, later, as I say, this faint sense of the unusual and the compelling in him. If I had only realized fully the jewel which was there! One thing did impress me, in my talks with him—his sane, unprejudiced view that kings and lowly men are all just men, that men are not to be scorned because they happen to be royalty, any more than because they happen to be laborers. He was far more broad-minded than I, and I was thirty. Anything which had the word *king* in it was repulsive to me at that time. If I could have seen a king I would have felt it my duty to throw mud on him, had I dared. He respected royalty, but he always wanted to get close to the under man, too. A man was a man to him, even then, and he had no class hatreds or preferences."

Very many of the books he bought he would bundle up, when he was through with them, and take down to the Seamen's Mission, on Fourteenth Street, where he had made friends during his Greenwich Village stay. It was from this Mission that Mr. Booth had a postal card from Masefield dated July 4, 1897, when he left Yonkers for England, and signed "Macy", saying that he had secured a passage under "Conway" (his old training-ship) officers, and was sailing at once. It was written over a printed form which said, "Please attend a meeting of the Harlem Sunday School Superintendents' Association on Tuesday, immediately after the close of Bible Class". "Commend me to thy household and to the boarders adjacent", was the last word of the message, and Mr. Booth's address was designated as "Hard By The Armoury".

That was the last Mr. Booth heard of him until he saw a picture of him in a New York Sunday paper in 1912, with a criticism of "The Everlasting Mercy". Masefield had written him from Liverpool, but this letter had never arrived. After that for awhile, as he has told them since, he did not have the price of a postage stamp with which to send letters to his friends.

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And after several years some rumor reached them that he was dead.

Masefield made few friends or companions when he was in Yonkers. He read, and tramped alone about the country. At the factory, Mr. Booth says, he did the work he had to do swiftly and well, kept his "nose to the grindstone", and talked with few people. Masefield himself best remembers "Tommy" Iles, the little, short section-boss in the factory; a department foreman named Picken; and James Golden. Mr. Booth is still connected with the factory, and I went there to see him. He had to speak above the hum and roar of the machines, which are making army blankets as well as carpets now, as we sat in the little reception room and called up old days when John Masefield was Jack, and when the mills were about one-third the size they are today. They had worked in the Moquette Mill, one of the older buildings, on the Saw Mill River Road, then.

Mr. Booth was a Shropshire lad and had gone down to see the Irish boy Quinn, at 53 Greenwich Avenue, because he had known him at home.

"And while I was there Jack came in and sat on the foot of the bed and chatted about the old country for a little while. And I was impressed", Mr. Booth says, "with his refined accent and his appearance generally, and asked Quinn about him after he had gone. I couldn't help thinking about him all the way home, and the next day I spoke about him to Picken, the foreman, who had come from the same place in England as I. He thought we could take him into the factory and so I went down the next evening again, to tell him."

Masefield was thought to be a little "queer" in those days, they say, among the boys in the mill and the people at the boarding-house. A boy who was so quiet, who liked to be alone, who spent hours every day reading, and sometimes talked of such odd things as the moon and the stars, would naturally be thought queer. "Billy" Booth was, outside of the bookshop, his nearest friend.

"Jack was very retiring, a bashful fellow", Mr. Booth says. "He had an idea that he wanted to take up medicine, but he didn't want to write to his uncle in England, to ask for any help. So I decided to write for him. His uncle is a barrister in Hereford. But the letter which came in answer said he had washed his hands of Jack, that Jack would get no help from him, that he had made his own bed and let him lie on it, and so forth. So the medicine idea had to wait a little.

"He astonished me, as a boy, with his taste for deep literature—for Huxley and Darwin, for example. He spent some time composing Latin hexameter verse. And he drew well. I have at home now five sailing-ships which he drew for me. We lived together for a few months at Mrs. White's until I married. And after we were married he liked to come in and sit with us in the evening. When he came back he looked about our house and recognized one thing after another. He could tell every wedding present we had had, and from whom it had come. But he had forgotten his own until we reminded him—it was an ice-box. Our twentieth wedding anniversary came in 1916, after he had gone back, but we had a letter from some friends of his, sending a catalogue of ice-boxes, and saying that Mr. John Masefield had asked them to renew our wedding present. That is the sort of person he is—never neglectful of little things. We

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have two ice-boxes now, for we'll not throw the old one away. Another little thing which shows how apt and considerate he is was this which he wrote in our copy of one of his books . . . 'All friends around the Wrekin'. The Wrekin is a hill in Shropshire and that is an old Shropshire saying.

"Much of the country in 'The Everlasting Mercy' and 'The Widow in the Bye-Street' and 'The Daffodil Fields' is well known to me. Shropshire is next to Herefordshire, his own county. When Saul Kane goes out in the early morning, with the larks going up, it always brings back my boyhood, and all the little English lanes I knew. Ercal Wood, in 'The Widow in the Bye-Street', is one of the foothills of the Wrekin. And we had great daffodil fields of our own. I remember seeing whole fields a great blaze of color. We would mow them and make great bundles of them and send them to market.

"After he had gone back and we didn't hear from him, I felt worried. He had a peculiar disposition, and he was inclined to be a little melancholy in those days. Finally I wrote to his uncle again, asking him if he knew where he was. He wrote back that he had heard indirectly that he was in London, but that he knew nothing about him. And it was fifteen years later that I saw his picture looking out at me from a Sunday morning paper. I wrote to his publishers then, enclosing a letter to Jack, and I had one back from him in three weeks. The first time I saw him after he came back was before a lecture he was giving in Brooklyn. I was in the corridor and he came swinging around a corner. 'Why, Billy', was all that he could say. Later that evening we talked a good many things over. Someone asked him then how he accounted for his success so early in life. Was it due to his publishers? 'I can't say that', he answered, 'for my first three publishers drove very bitter bargains with me.' But he said that of his present publishers he could not say too much in praise and gratitude."

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THE PROBLEM OF MODERN POETRY

BY LUDWIG LEWISOHN

I

Every revolt in literature is a revolt against the alienation of poetry from life; every reaction raises the cry: Back to nature! The classicist of the late seventeenth century sought the sobriety of things as they are: the romantic of an hundred years later, their forgotten richness and freedom. The poet's aim is always one—the immediate translation of experience into art. He rebels whenever poetic form has become either so learned and fantastic or so rigid and hollow as to make that translation of experience into art hopelessly difficult.

In English poetry these rebellions are especially sharp and severe. For English poetry, Germanic in origin, in the structure and vital elements of its medium, assumed in the fourteenth century the full panoply of the Latin culture of the Renaissance. It became and has largely remained learned and aristocratic. Robert Bridges no less than Geoffrey Chaucer projects his emotional and imaginative life in terms of a cultural tradition which is the possession of a few. Mr. William Watson's "Lacrymae Musarum" or the present Laureate's "Achilles in Scyros" are astonishingly like Chaucer's "Dethe of Blaunche The Duchesse" or "Troilus and Cresseyde" in their complete estrangement from the minds and experience of simple and unlettered men. Thus is to be explained the often lamented unpopularity of English poetry, an unpopularity that must grow with the decline of classical studies and the spread of democratic consciousness. Thus, too, are to be explained and justified those revolts in both form and substance by which our contemporary poets are seeking to bring back life into poetry and poetry back into the lives of men.

The nature of the problem that confronts these poets is, then, not at all new in character. Nor, as I shall point out, are their methods of solution wholly new. The romantics of the late eighteenth century, less conscious and subtle as a rule than the moderns, rebelled against the formalism of the neo-classic school in three ways: by the revival of the folk traditions, by the realistic treatment of humble contemporary life, by a reform of poetic speech and technique. In England the folk-song was dead: its last echoes fell silent in the sixteenth century. But the popular ballads, though forgotten, were extant and so the revival and imitation of the ancient balladry became one of the notes of the romantic movement. Scotland, on the other hand, shared with the other countries of Northern Europe a living literature of popular song. Thus Fergusson and Burns represent the culmination of the romantic revolt through a return to the inspiration and the method of the folk-song. The realistic treatment of common life was introduced by Crabbe (his "The Village" appeared in 1783), and met with a popular approval that reminds one strongly of the wide hearing given to Mr. Masefield. Finally, with the publication of the "Lyrical Ballads" in 1798, came

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Wordsworth's announcement that the diction of English poetry must be deliberately reformed, that it must be such speech as simple men use at passionate crises of their lives, and that "there neither is nor can be any essential difference between the language of prose and metrical composition".

We may now mark how in this instance the history of literature, that most vital part of the history of the human spirit, repeats itself. During the contemporary revolt against the formalism of the Victorians, there also emerges one country whose folk traditions are not quite broken and whose poets have been able to return to that priceless source for inspiration and refreshment. This time it is Ireland. William Butler Yeats and Padraic Colum use fragments of old country ballads and their best verses have the keen sweetness, the earthy fragrance, the immemorial sadness of the authentic folk-song. I have already hinted at the obvious parallel between the work of Crabbe and the realistic tales in verse of John Masefield and Wilfred Gibson and Robert Frost. And finally there is announced and practised by several groups of poets, especially in America, a thorough reformation not only of the diction but of the very character of poetical composition.

The deeper impulse of the two reactions is also identical. Like the men of the French Revolution we face a world in unheard-of upheaval. The innermost foundations not only of our political and economic, but of our intellectual life have been shaken. The historic, neo-classic tradition which even Wordsworth came again to use, has faded from the field of our imaginative life. It is an inner need of the most imperative kind that forces us to seek, in the just and strong phrase of Mr. Gordon Bottomley:

> Heroes and acts not cold for us
> In amber and spirits of too many words.

Opinions may rightly differ in respect of the permanent value of what the new poetry has so far done: only the unteachable formalist can be hostile to that poetry itself and to the spiritual impulse from which it springs.

II

I have myself no intention of offering a thing so futile and formidable as even a guess as to the permanent elements in the new poetry. But it is not too early to scrutinize it a little more closely than is commonly done, to disengage characteristics of it that have been overlooked, to point out, however tentatively, an existing strain and method in English poetry which our insurgents know but do not heed, which they talk about but do not use.

From the whole discussion I would at once exclude the Irish poets. There can be no question as to the beauty of their work. It varies only with the individual gifts of the poets. The supreme happiness of direct contact with a folk tradition has been granted them. Nothing else can make up for that; nothing can take its place; nothing can quite spoil it. The smallest poet receives from it some moment in life when his accent becomes immortal; to the work of the major writer it gives a kind of beauty that has already made its home in the hearts of men. No student of the Germanic literatures other than English can doubt that fact.

In turning to the realists in verse I need touch but lightly on their poetic style and manner. For neither of these is startlingly new. What is new in the narrative work of Masefield and Gibson and Frost is its sub-

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stance. These poets tell stories—modern stories. They do not, like the older writers of narrative verse from Chaucer to William Morris, retell tales that are already a possession of mankind's consciousness. On the contrary, they invent stories, and not only stories but short-stories. Now the vice of the short-story in prose is that it must move with sufficient rapidity toward a calculated point. It cannot, therefore, follow the rhythm of life but must subordinate the color and rhythm of the actual to a definite sharpness of effect. This process requires ingenuity, and ingenuity is, in a very deep sense, the most unphilosophical and hence the most unpoetical activity of the mind. And when we come to look closely at the stories of Masefield and Gibson and Frost we do, as a matter of fact, find them ingenious and pointed, arbitrary and, so, melodramatic. An extraordinary number of murders and sudden deaths and hairbreadth 'scapes and marvelous homecomings and unmotivated passions in too high a key occur in these tales; and nature itself, despite the impressive power of Masefield at his best, takes on an aspect of the feverish and the unreal. It was not for nothing that Wordsworth in "Michael", his single supreme success in this kind, did not follow the adventures of the erring lad—as I suspect Mr. Masefield would have done—but let his poetic energy deal with the father's massive and all but static grief.

I must not say that some genius will not overcome the inherent vice of the invented story tomorrow. No one has overcome it yet. And I am confirmed in this analysis by the large sales of some of Mr. Masefield's books. In these the public found the sort of story it was accustomed to like and could now relish with the virtuous consciousness of reading demonstrably fine literature. It is in the sketch, in the mere poetical vision of scene and character that these realistic poets—and notably Mr. Gibson—have been most successful. And it is significant that Mr. Edgar Lee Masters, for the substance of whose "Spoon River Anthology" I have the highest admiration, limits himself wholly to the contemplation of character under the serene and timeless aspect of death.

If the realists have striven to heal the Victorian breach between life and poetry by virtue of their substance, the writers of free verse have attempted that task largely by virtue of their form. Of the fact that this form, in so far as it merely abandons rhyme and a regular pattern of rhythm, is not new, they must be aware. Campion and Milton, though for very different reasons, wrote rhymeless, irregular verse; Southey wrote a whole epic in such verse, which Shelley used in "Queen Mab"; Matthew Arnold first borrowed and then elaborated the cadences of Goethe's rhymeless hymns; Henley introduced both Heine's realistic, rhymeless trochaics and the stormy rhythms of the "North Sea". But our contemporary writers of free verse go a step further. They go even beyond the practitioners of impassioned prose. For while the latter employ isochronous rhythm-groups (metrical feet) separated and kept within the limits of prose by varying numbers of lightly stressed syllables, our free verse men try not to use such rhythm-groups at all but to make their medium as toneless as possible and to fix attention wholly upon the image and the emotion. In this they never, of course, quite succeed. English, like all the Germanic languages, has a strong, tonic accent and in any large group of English

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words there will necessarily occur rhythmic combinations that are demonstrably the feet of classical prosody. But this is not all. Free verse is said to be hard to write. And I believe it to be so, partly because whenever the emotion rises or the thought stirs, it is hard in English to avoid the juxtaposition of isochronous rhythm-groups or, to speak less hideously, to write old-fashioned verse. Even Mr. Edgar Lee Masters, who is so austerely rhythmless, will drop into very conventional blank verse such as:

A man with downcast eyes and haggard face. . .

or brighten his page with lines that employ only the licenses of substitution and inverted accent as old as Shakespeare and Milton:

For many times with the laughing boys and girls
Played I along the road and over the hills. . .

The lyrical mood finds it even harder to avoid the singing rhythm. Mr. Richard Aldington's ear, for instance, cannot possibly deceive him as to the character of:

Grow weary if you will, let me be sad,
Use no more speech now.

Mr. Ezra Pound's quaint typography cannot conceal such well-modulated post-romantic alexandrines as these:

Be in me as the eternal moods of the bleak wind
And not as transient things are—gaiety of flowers. . .

Miss Amy Lowell, despite her careful attempt to silence it, must have heard the lyrical beat of:

In the cloud-gray mornings
I heard the herons flying.

As an example of the more subtly deceptive I may take Mr. Walter Conrad Arensberg's well-known and rather lovely fragment:

The swan existing
Is like a song with an accompaniment
Imaginary.

But the first and third verses here are really each a hemistich of normal blank verse, and if Mr. Arensberg will forgive me for completing these staves after some fashion, the conventional character of the rhythm will be very clear:

The swan existing on the glossy lake
Is like a song with an accompaniment
Imaginary, and moving though unheard.

This analysis of unrhythmed verse (or polyphonic verse, if anyone pleases) does not grow out of the malice or indignation that writing of this sort has sometimes met with at the hands of critics with fixed principles. Since I know of no principles in art but those derived from experience, and since experience is forever becoming, forever changing, eternally young, my principles cannot be fixed. I can have little anterior prejudice against any experiment in life or art. These things are known by their fruits. Nor do I care to remember against the free verse poets the fate met by precisely their experiment in another great literature nearly thirty years ago. But the arts, after all, are limited by one thing—the character of their media. The "Adam" of Rodin cannot be said to move with a mysterious majesty and grace, nor the "Spirit-Waltz" of Beethoven to be still cleaving to the rock from which it was hewn. Now poetry, like music, is an art in time. And we are conscious of time only by dividing it. But our method of dividing time must reach consciousness through one of the senses—the sense of hearing. It must employ sound, either single sounds or alternate sounds. And so soon as alternate sounds are differentiated to save them from the monotony

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that deadens consciousness—such as the dripping of water or the ticking of a clock—we reach the immemorial method of stress and fall, that is, of rhythm. Even the simplest human conversation is rhythmed. Otherwise our attention could not endure it. The late Victorians did, no doubt, use rhythms that were overrich and sonorous. A finer, simpler, more natural verse music was needed. But I doubt whether it can be gained most successfully by going to the other extreme and reducing to a conceivable minimum—for it can never be eliminated—that element of rhythm which is the instinctive method of emotional expression in all human speech.

III

If, then, I am right in thinking that the work of our poetic realists is impaired by the character of their substance and that our free verse poets have gone beyond the inevitable limits of their art-form, what is that other strain in English poetry to which I would have the younger writers turn? It is a method that is also realistic. But it avoids narrative and fixes its attention upon the psychology of modern man. It, too, has notably reformed the diction and the rhythm of English verse in the direction of simplicity, flexibility and unobtrusiveness. But it has never carried its reactions to excess. The works that embody this movement are, for the most part, quite well known. Yet they have had very little influence upon the progress of contemporary English verse. The first important document in this tradition is, of course, Meredith's "Modern Love" (1862). In that great poem "passions spin the plot", not happenings; the realities of modern life are held and made to be "worthy of the Muse"; the cleaving directness of the speech is such as has scarcely been surpassed. Next came, almost by accident, Rossetti's "Jenny" (*circa* 1870) and certain quatorzains in Blunt's "Love Sonnets of Proteus" (1881). The incomparable sketches "In Hospital" of Henley's first volume (1887) are familiar to everyone and their influence, though it must be considerable, is obscure. But in the poetry of that period one hears far too much of the work of the English Parnassians, such as Lang and Dobson, and in the years that followed, of the verbal and theological orgies of Francis Thompson. One hears far too little of the tonic and intellectually virile verses of Francis Money-Coutts, of A. E. Housman's "A Shropshire Lad", above all, of the poetry of Arthur Symons.

The sixty-three poems of "A Shropshire Lad" to which, alas, Mr. Housman has never added, constitute one of the simplest and most perfect books of verse in all literature. If our modern poets desire to get rid of poetic verbiage, to make words seem, as Hazlitt finely said, as though they were things, to penetrate by speech to the very heart of life, let them study the austere loveliness of these verses. I think Mr. Housman must have read both Heine and Horace very attentively. But his work is his own. He uses the simplest measures and his vocabulary is almost exclusively Saxon. Thus his verse is perfectly plain, and yet, as for instance in the lines "To an Athlete Dying Young", perfectly noble:

> And round that early-laurelled head
> Will flock to gaze the strengthless dead,
> And find unwithered on its curls
> The garland briefer than a girl's.

His touch is so firm that he can afford, at times, not to fear or flee the traditional images of verse, for under his

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hand they take on the life and freshness they had when the first poets used them:

> By brooks too broad for leaping
> The light-foot boys are laid;
> The rose-lipt girls are sleeping
> In fields where roses fade.

And I wonder whether Mr. Masefield or Mr. Masters has come closer in poetry to what life has of ultimate reality and power than Mr. Housman in this memorable comment on the quality and temper of his own work:

> 'Tis true, the stuff I bring for sale
> Is not so brisk a brew as ale:
> Out of a stem that scored the hand
> I wrung it in a weary land.
> But take it: if the smack is sour
> The better for the embittered hour;
> It should be good to heart and head
> When your soul is in my soul's stead;
> And I will friend you, if I may,
> In the dark and cloudy day.

Arthur Symons is a far more voluminous poet than Mr. Housman. He collected his poems in 1901 and has issued new volumes in the succeeding years. During these years his position as a critic of all the arts has become secure. His poetic work, which I have long thought the most important done by any Englishman of his generation, still suffers under a curious though not wholly inexplicable neglect. His "London Nights" (1895) were considered rather scandalous in their day, and no less a critic than Mr. P. E. More has accused Symons of being, in an ignoble sense, ensnared in the web of the phenomenal world. The truth is, of course, that Symons, like the modern continentals, has sought to intellectualize the life of the senses and not to discard it from literature, and that, like all major poetic temperaments, he finds experience precious and significant in and for itself. How consciously and philosophically he stands above that experience in the ultimate stronghold of the mind should have been clear to Mr. More not only from the well-known "Credo" but from the magnificent "Hymn to Energy":

> Thou art as God is, and as God outflows,
> Weaving his essence into forms of life,
> And, out of some perfection's lovely strife,
> Marries the rose's odor with the rose,
> So must thou of thy heavenly human state,
> And of thy formless strife and suffering,
> Thyself thyself create
> Into the image of a perfect thing.

Symons has been influenced by Blake, especially by the rhythm of the "Auguries of Innocence", by the miracle plays, and by the French symbolists through his personal friendship with Mallarmé and Verlaine. But his work is what it is chiefly through his conviction that English poetry must learn to render life directly and without the interposition of a traditional medium. I recall how in the years when we were all addicted to the "roses and raptures" of Swinburne and to the silvery burnish of Oscar Wilde, these four lines of Symons revealed to me a new way of dealing with life in English verse:

> And now, when you are gone forevermore,
> I pace between the window and the door,
> And, in the feverish folly of despair,
> Stand listening for your step upon the stair.

The words here are very plain and stand for common things, the order is the order of prose. But the passion is faultlessly communicated, and so becomes your very own. Symons is, of course, primarily lyrical. And some day the extraordinary wealth of his lyrical gift will be acknowledged. But I am more concerned now with his rendering of the objective in such poems as "The Old Women", "The Unloved", "The Beggars". Here he has gone as directly to life as our new realists. But he is less sentimental

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than they are and lets the granite fact become poetry through its unborrowed tragic import:

As the beggar lies,
With naked face, remembering the skies,
I think he only wonders: Shall I find
A good road still, a hayrick to my mind,
A tavern now and then upon the road?
He has been earth's guest; he goes; the old abode
Drops to the old horizon, and the day
Is over, and the dark is on the way.

Finally, Symons has that necessary note of the major poet which I seem to miss in all our contemporary realists and imagists—the note of impassioned contemplation. And he voices that note, too, quite simply and directly, without an inherited gesture or a grace that is not his own:

Venerable
And ageless beauty of the world, whose breath
Is life in all things, I have seen your form
In cloud, and grass, and wave, and glory of man,
Flawless, but I have heard your very voice
Here only, here only human, and here sad
Only of all your voices upon earth.

Here is a poet, I think, who has realized beyond any other, in the mass of his work, the ideals of the moderns. He was the first conscious insurgent, he is still the most notable. Nothing more fruitful could happen to English poetry than the recognition, tardy though it will be, of his real stature as a poet and the resulting influence of his work upon the younger men.

IV

Among the American contemporaries who have avoided melodramatic narrative on the one hand and unrhythmed verse on the other and who are, nevertheless, strikingly modern in the form and substance of their work, I would name Mr. Vachel Lindsay and Mr. William Ellery Leonard. On Mr. Lindsay I shall dwell but a moment. His talent has been widely recognized and does not need my support. He has perceived with an acuteness almost creative the value of a folk tradition and a folk-life to the poet, and has sought to create both under the ribs of the Puritanism of the Middle West. His ability is, of course, beyond question. But he has forgotten that the true folk traditions are sincere and passionate and humane and that Puritanism is stealthy and cold and merciless. Or, rather, he would not admit that fact. And hence any further criticism of his highly interesting work would carry me quite away from the frame and intention of this discussion.

It is quite otherwise with Mr. Leonard. He is a scholar of very rare attainments and philosophical breadth and has always lived in contact with the central intellectual life of the world. He has never neglected, as no true poet can neglect, the concrete and the temporal; but he has always instinctively transcended both in art and life, the tribal and the provincial. Although so modern in his mood and technique, he belongs to an order of the mind rarely represented among contemporary poets, and this has perhaps sufficed to cause the almost perverse niggardliness of the recognition accorded him.

He began, like all the moderns, as an active insurgent against a fashionable school of poetry:

Strip off this perfumed fabric from your verse,
Tear from your windows all the silk and lace.

He lived much with nature and found in Byron a kindred energy and largeness. But even in those earlier days sharp experiences wrung verses from

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him which Symons might have written and which, in fact, the older poet has approved:

I took my berth to close my eyes and weep;
I recked of nothing—I was on the deep.

This direct and realistic strain came out always more clearly in his work which is now remarkable—and I am weighing my words well—for a blending of philosophic vision with a concrete and marrowy homeliness of speech and image. Thus in a group of poems called "The Unjust" he writes:

Yet my old hate is but the poet's hate
Even for the ideal villain of the mind—
The mind alert forever to create
Its perfect type from every form it find—
The man himself could enter at my gate
Like any stranger with his dog behind.

And another poem on his boyish "mastery of exercise and game" ends with these verses:

And these, with mastery of plane and saw,
Judged as traditions of wise years behind,
No less than legend, language, art and law—
I mean as wisdom of our human kind—
I hold, with something of historic awe,
Among the assets of a noble mind.

These passages do not represent Leonard at his height of sheer poetic power. They are meant to illustrate his constant use of plain prosaic diction and structure and his equally constant intensity of movement and high spiritual energy. These qualities all find their fullest expression in a psychological epic of modern life called "The Woman and I". In this poem Leonard attempted to treat the characters and scenes of his age and country with the realism and homeliness, the analytical energy and imaginative sweep which Meredith achieved in "Modern Love". Like the story of the great Victorian, "The Woman and I" is drawn from the experience of its author. But though remaining concrete and individual it has been transmuted in the fires of imagination and of thought. What was subjective in it he has rendered objective to himself in art and has so added his own conflict to the significant sum of human life and suffering. And in this poem he has again and again, in section after section, recorded the realities of our American life in mood and color and gesture with an exactness and unfailing poetry hitherto unachieved by any other writer. I have left myself no space to quote one of the descriptive sections. But I am anxious to give one of those in which Leonard has so impressively conquered for the art of poetry our sober, scientific, modern reflection on the sources of human character and conduct:

We act in crises not as one who dons
A judge's robe and sits to praise or blame
With walnut gavel, before high window-frame,
Beside a Justice-and-her-scales in bronze;
We act in crises not by pros and cons
Of volumes in brown calfskin still the same:
But like the birds and beasts from which we came
By the long trend of character—the *fons*
Fons et origo—fountainhead and source—
Of deeper conduct. . . .

I can read the work of nearly all my contemporaries with a degree of pleasure. I would not have one of them, even were the wish less futile, other than he is. But it is time for us to learn both for the sake of the joy that fine work gives and for its fruitful effect upon the art of others, that in Leonard we have a poet from whom we may, if we please, withhold the plaudits of our day and his, but to whom the graver voices of posterity and fame will be more kind.

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THE CASE OF MODERN POETRY VERSUS PROFESSOR LEWISOHN

BY AMY LOWELL

"Every revolt in literature is a revolt against the alienation of poetry from life; every reaction raises the cry: Back to nature!" So Professor Lewisohn begins an urbane and condescending article on "The Problem of Modern Poetry". Quietly and cautiously he evolves his thesis. One by one he takes up the modern poets, for all the world as though he were handling building-stones; he turns them in his hands, exhibits, with a deprecating smile, the inadequacy of each, and lays it down in favor of some other stone, the *débris* of an old and crumbling structure. Picking up these ancient blocks, with a "You see, I think we shall really have to use this here" sort of manner, he slips them into place, and in the end, what have we left? A reconstruction of a venerable, classic pile, with all the new, strange stones and their potentialities discarded in the background.

Surely the problem of modern poetry is concerned with itself, with that which it may construct, and not with the possibilities still latent in old material. One can have no quarrel with any man's taste. Thank Fortune, no one standard can rule even a generation! But one can object to a camouflage of judicious inquiry masking a bias so strong that it has felt no obligation to study the subject with which it purports to deal. The world moves faster than the colleges, and that is as it should be, for institutions of learning exist to keep the vast body of the world's intellectual life available for those who seek it. We forget this a little, we expect the universities to keep abreast with the life of today, and I believe we are wrong. Today must be cooled by time before we know what in it is worthy of study. Amber must harden before the flaws can be distinctly seen.

But surely some sort of criticism of present-day writing is possible, is always possible. The innumerable *brochures* on contemporary art with which French critics inundate their public is an evidence of this. Contemporary criticism can never be final, of course, but it has a real function in clarifying the atmosphere of old shibboleths and in preparing the public mind for new points of view.

To condemn successfully, one must understand; to merely state a preference is futile. Does Professor Lewisohn in this article understand, or does he simply state a personal preference? That is the question which modern poetry must ask, and on the answer depends the value of his opinion as far as it is concerned.

Let us take the author's opening sentence. It is true, and it is not true. For it is only true with a proviso which is not here. If every revolt in poetry is caused by a desire to return to nature, it is pertinent to inquire what is here meant by "nature".

Nature is as various as the sands of the sea, as many as there are men each with a very particular nature of his own. Undoubtedly every revolt in poetry is the result of a desire to write

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in accordance with some nature. But whose? The poet's obviously. But all poets are not peasant-born. Great poetry is not only not the exclusive possession of the primitive races, I think it can be proved that the few really great poems of the world never emanate from them. That evolved man can learn much from a study of primitive poetry, is certain; but what he learns he transmutes, and it is the result of this transmutation which is great poetry. The great traditional poems such as Homer or the Norse sagas are no argument against this fact. Many men have gone to the making of them, probably, but it must be assumed that each man gave to the great work some special gift which brought it a little nearer to art. For here is the crux of the situation—poetry is an art, and great poetry is supreme art. Art is a part of nature, but raw nature is not art.

After all, language is a very insufficient means of expression, but being the best we have we must needs abide by it. Still, let us admit its limitations at once and not seek to push it where it cannot go. The basic emotions of human life elude it. Love, patriotism, religion, art—can we define these in words, can we even describe them? We must frankly acknowledge that we cannot. We can give examples only, and for those who see with us, eye to eye, it is enough, but to people of diverse vision, it is nothing. Hence all the religious wars, the acrimonious assaults of political parties, and, to descend from generalities to the particular, Professor Lewisohn's article and this of mine.

"Back to nature", then, can only be true in a restricted sense. With one man, it means a return to folk poetry; with another, it means a vision and attitude as far removed from folk poetry as it is possible to be. Is one attitude more natural than another? If it is, and if primitive nature is so fine an attribute and so greatly to be desired, why are we at such trouble and expense to educate ourselves and our children?

Professor Lewisohn is quite right, however, in concluding that a poetry which seeks its subject-matter in an ancient mythological tradition which holds less and less place in our educational systems, is doomed to be more and more neglected. Neglected, that is, unless it can so touch and move us as human story that its classical trappings merge and disappear in the life of humankind. Chaucer's "Canterbury Tales" are as remote from our daily experience as is his "Troilus and Cresseyde", and yet I can imagine them developing into a best-seller, were they not written in what, to the masses, must be considered a foreign tongue.

Chaucer is the most modern of poets. He did what the poets of the present are trying to do. He wrote of his times with all the humanity of his very human personality, and he wrote thus with all the knowledge of artistic forms borrowed and superimposed upon the native practice which his travels in France and his highly cultivated mind made possible.

This borrowing, adding, luxuriating, is in the line of the great English tradition. To remark, then, that for the modern poet to do this is not new, is to state an obvious truism which Professor Lewisohn would have found stated again and again in the writings of the modern poets had he only read them. For poets must be judged, or rather a poetical movement must be judged, by prose writings as well as poetry, when any such have been written. And in this case, in

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France, England, and America, much has been written, and by the poets themselves. Men cannot adequately criticize their own work—admitted, but they are at least the best guides as to what they are trying to do.

Of course history repeats itself, and it is just because it repeats itself that we have a touchstone as to the sincerity and necessity of any alteration in existing conditions. But the repetition is not exact; change, however slight, creeps in. The critic should be able to note both the return and the variation. But Professor Lewisohn falls into the snare which catches so many formal critics; he notes the return triumphantly, but slyly denounces the variation. History again! They usually do that, the critics. It is only occasionally that one arises who is capable of seeing the beauty of a contemporary variation. Methods have altered. Critics no longer slash and slam in the good old English fashion of "Blackwood's" and "The Quarterly". They adopt the manner of the pleasant, patronizing schoolmaster: "Very, very good, young man; now let us see how it would sound if you put it this way". Professor Lewisohn tries this method in regard to Mr. Arensberg's "Voyage à l'Infini", and how it does sound, readers of his article can determine.

All through the paper, the dear old returns receive the quiet approving nod of welcome acquaintances:

> During the contemporary revolt against the formalism of the Victorians there also emerges one country whose folk traditions are not quite broken and whose poets have been able to return to that priceless source for inspiration and refreshment. This time it is Ireland.

But the author does go on to say, "From the whole discussion I would at once exclude the Irish poets". Since he is dealing with "The Problem of Modern Poetry", that is as well, not because "there can be no question as to the beauty of their work" (and I am the last person to deny that beauty), but because their endeavor is not that of those poets whom we think of as especially "modern", and whom, for want of a more illuminating classification, we call "new". The work of the Irish poets is markedly a "return", but, with the exception of Synge in his plays, it is such with the minimum of variation.

Having set aside the only modern poets, with one exception, of whose work he seems heartily to approve, Professor Lewisohn devotes himself to the congenial task of disparagement. He begins with the realists, and starts off by saying, "I need touch but lightly on their poetic style and manner. For neither of these is startlingly new". He touches them very lightly, so lightly indeed that only in this one sentence does he mention them at all. But then comes the horrible variation. "These poets tell stories—modern stories." And again, with an accumulation of passion, "They invent stories, and not only stories but short-stories". Evidently Professor Lewisohn considers the "short-story" to be a *genre* quite by itself and not merely a story which is not long; his analysis of it, and his objection to it, is expressed in these words, "Now the vice of the short-story in prose is that it must move with sufficient rapidity toward a calculated point".

That sounds excellent, but what does it mean? Surely every piece of literature must move with sufficient rapidity toward a given point. The "Iliad", no less than "The Brushwood Boy", so moves. A sufficient rapidity for what? To fit the author's conception of presentation, is it not so? Therefore this abhorrent vice is in-

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herent in practically every literary work that has ever been written. The exceptions are so few that they merely serve to prove the rule: for instance, "Tristram Shandy", or "Amiel's Journal", and in the one case the book was not intended to be a "work" at all, and in the other—well I, for one, should hesitate to suggest that "Tristram Shandy" does not move with "sufficient rapidity", for, reading the volumes, they are all too short.

But Professor Lewisohn goes on to explain that a work moving thus at a calculated ratio toward a given point "cannot, therefore, follow the rhythm of life but must subordinate the color and rhythm of the actual to a definite sharpness of effect". But is not art just this subordinating of the actual to an effect—sharp or otherwise? To "follow the rhythm of life" exactly, as Professor Lewisohn seems to desire, would mean a mere photographic reproduction of nature, and what is more, if there is to be no calculated rapidity, a work of literature would take as many years to read as the action of the subject took years to evolve. That this is absurd needs no demonstrating, and I merely mark the point in order to show the danger of undigested epigram. What Professor Lewisohn really objects to is neither the sufficiency of the rapidity nor the calculation of the end, but the end itself and the speed by which it is attained. He profoundly fears an art which strikes no sympathetic chord in his own nature, and decries a velocity which is alien to his natural progression.

I cannot believe that Professor Lewisohn really considers "murders and sudden deaths and hairbreadth escapes (he calls them 'scapes which certainly makes them more artificial) and marvelous home-comings" as improper subjects for poetry. When he includes "unmotivated passions" in his category, he passes out of my comprehension altogether, for I do not think that there is such a thing as an unmotivated passion in either nature or art. No, these very subjects have been those which have attracted poets of all ages, and the farther back we go toward the primitives the more murders and sudden deaths do we find. It is not these time-hallowed "returns" that jar upon our author, it is the "variation" under which they are presented. Is Professor Lewisohn really confused, or is he here just making a point which he hopes will pass muster, since he must have such a point if he would relegate these realists to the limbo in which he thinks they belong?

I believe him to be confused, since only a high degree of confusion could enable any one to announce that in the "Spoon River Anthology" Mr. Masters "limits himself wholly to the contemplation of character under the serene and timeless aspect of death". Professor Lewisohn tells us that he has the "highest admiration" for "Spoon River", and I hardly see how any one with the slightest feeling for literature could withhold such admiration, but only a man accustomed to mental prestidigitation of a most skilful order could find in these stormy vignettes of robust, vigorous, and often criminal, life "character contemplated under the serene and timeless aspect of death". True, we are told that the characters are dead, that they speak as ghosts, but it is of life that they speak, and it is life in its most quivering and tingling aspects that pulses through the book. Even the word "contemplation" is ill-chosen, for Mr. Masters's work is dramatic, not contemplative. These modern realists are all dramatic, and this side of the question Professor

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Lewisohn seems to have ignored. He pines for the leisurely calm of Victorian narrative, the haste, the violence, of dramatic presentation is unpleasant to him, the high state of emotional tension which modern poetry demands in its readers fatigues him; he prefers what he calls "static grief".

Again I say that I have no quarrel with any man's taste. But when he writes a critical article, he should be very careful to see where his taste diverges so far from that of the authors with whom he is dealing as to make it an untrustworthy basis for rebuke. One may deplore an author's trend, but if one is inimical to it one should state the fact. One can say if a lily is strong, healthy and free of flower, but it is futile to swear that it will never be of any value until it conforms to the pattern of a rose. There are things to be said against any poem that ever was written, old as well as new, but in dealing with these modern realists Professor Lewisohn has not said them, he has merely begged these poets to alter their whole method of attack. In taking this attitude, Professor Lewisohn proves nothing either for or against the modern realists, he only proves his own preconceived predilection. Then why not say so? Why not indeed, that is the question I am asking.

To be sure, modern poetry might "sing the sofa", as once upon a time William Cowper was minded to do. But close as the sofa is to our daily life, mankind will probably always prefer to read of itself under more stirring conditions than it can possibly imply. Even suppose Shakespeare to have sung the sofa, it is more than likely that this work would never have achieved the popularity of "King Lear". Should Professor Lewisohn's objection to murders and sudden deaths ever become general, Shakespeare's fame would sink in a cloud of disapprobation. If ever the realists are made to shake in their shoes, it will certainly not be Professor Lewisohn's strictures which will give them the first shudder.

It is when our author turns from the realists to what he calls the "writers of free verse" that he opens himself to the charge of not having taken the trouble to study his subject. He makes statements which any attention to the prose writings of these poets would have proved to be false. Perhaps Professor Lewisohn thinks that the poets themselves have no right to speak, and yet who should know an aim better than the men who are following it? As that sturdy and finely tempered musician, Dr. Burney, said long ago: "Learned men and books may be more useful as to ancient music, but it is only *living* musicians that can explain what *living* music is". And this is true of poetry. Speaking of these same free verse writers, Professor Lewisohn says: "Of the fact that this form, in so far as it merely abandons rhyme and a regular pattern of rhythm, is not new they must be aware". What has the Professor read; for what he has not read is quite evident! In the preface to the first Imagist Anthology occurs this passage: "These principles are not new; they have fallen into desuetude".

In the second Imagist Anthology the subject is farther elaborated: "The *vers libristes* are often accused of declaring that they have discovered a new thing. Where such an idea started, it is impossible to say; certainly none of the better *vers libristes* was ever guilty of so ridiculous a statement. The name, *vers libre*, is new, the thing, most emphatically, is not." And there follow the titles of

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various poems in which the form occurs, for instance: Dryden's "Threnodia Augustalis", Milton's "Samson Agonistes", Matthew Arnold's "Philomela", and Henley's "London Voluntaries". Professor Lewisohn cites some of these same writers, but in one instance at least under a misconception as to the source, for he assures us that Matthew Arnold "elaborated the cadences of Goethe's rhymeless hymns", whereas Matthew Arnold himself says in the preface to "Merope" that what he has done is to "try to follow rhythms which produced in my own feeling a similar impression to that produced on it by the rhythms of Greek choric poetry". Again we find the assertion that Henley derived his form from Heine's "North Sea" poems. Perhaps he did, the "North Sea" has some excellent *vers libre* passages, but just why Henley should go to Heine when he could have as well gone to Milton or Blake, is a little obscure.

Well, here was a precedent for *vers libre,* so some other petard had to be found for hoisting the modern free verse poets. The author finds it in a glaring misunderstanding. Waxing energetic under such a stimulus, he declares: "But our contemporary writers of free verse go a step farther. They go even beyond the practitioner of impassioned prose. For while the latter employ isochronous rhythm-groups (metrical feet) separated and kept within the limits of prose by varying numbers of lightly stressed syllables, our free verse men try not to use such rhythm-groups at all, but to make their medium as toneless as possible." This of course is not so, and Professor Lewisohn could hardly have read a page of their work and retained this opinion, and one can scarcely suppress a smile when one reads that, "A finer, simpler, more natural music was needed. But I doubt whether it can be gained most successfully by going to the other extreme and reducing to a conceivable minimum . . . that element of rhythm which is the instinctive method of emotional expression in all human speech."

No wonder that the author "doubts" —he might well go a step farther and absolutely deny—if any such desire were ever to be acknowledged by any group of poets. Out of what inner consciousness did the critic evolve this idea, for it is an invention for which we must give him the sole credit? But perhaps it would be unjust to expect anything approaching a clear perception to a mind which prefers to have its being in the erudite fog of such expressions as "isochronous rhythm-groups", when the fresh air of natural speech is quite open to it.

Again and again, the free verse writers have stated that *vers libre* is based entirely upon rhythm; that the rhythms, although different from those employed in metrical verse, are none the less quite easy of apprehension by any one with a natural rhythmic sense. They have explained that *vers libre* is a non-syllabic form, that the stress is one of chief accents only, with many or few syllables between, and that the time unit is from one chief accent to another, a group of such time units making up the curves of the cadences. In the last chapter of my "Tendencies in Modern American Poetry" the form is analyzed, and I here mentioned the experiments which were made by Dr. William Morrison Patterson and me in his laboratory at Columbia. The subject was treated more at length in "The Dial" of January 17, 1918, under the title "The Rhythms of Free Verse". In

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that article I gave the results of Dr. Patterson's experiments up to that date, and these same results were presented by Dr. Patterson himself in a paper entitled "New Verse and New Prose" which appeared in "The North American Review" of February, 1918. This paper, written even later than the preface to the second edition of Dr. Patterson's book "The Rhythm of Prose", in which he already foreshadowed his present conclusions, must be taken as giving the most recent results of the inquiry. Taking Langland's "Piers Plowman" and the "Beowulf" sagas, and citing certain passages from them, Dr. Patterson continues:

> What is this verse? . . . This unmetrical chant of our ancestors? . . . How strange, too, that we find it emerging as one form of *vers libre* in the hands of our Imagist contemporary! Is this a *genre*, then, really native to the genius of our language—since it lorded over all our known primeval efforts—which we have mistakenly neglected, but which now springs up from its forgotten dust with the dramatic irony of Cæsar's ghost?

That sentence contains much food for thought, as does the whole article with its careful differentiation of types of *vers libre*. I have no space here to follow Dr. Patterson's experiments in detail—those interested in the subject can find them in the papers I have mentioned; the important thing is that they are not arbitrary, nor opinions of taste, but the result of experiments made with a sound-photographing machine and afterward measured. They deal only with rhythm; but, so far as rhythm is concerned, admit of no question. Dr. Patterson is not open to the academic objection of being merely a writer, and as a trained scholar speaking whereof he knows, his conclusions should certainly not have been neglected by any other scholar who wished to get at the root of the vexed question of rhythm. Dr. Patterson winds up his argument with this pregnant sentence:

> Our heart is with all poets—metrical and free; but we are particularly indebted just now to those of our contemporaries who have instinctively composed in these *genres* and thus helped us so materially to hear, or to think we hear, not only the music of every day language . . . but also the ancestral cadence, the forgotten swing of "unitary verse".

"Unitary verse", it should be explained, is Dr. Patterson's name for one style of *vers libre*.

For Professor Lewisohn's contention that metrical feet occasionally appear in cadenced verse, of course they do. We can find metrical feet in any collection of words, since ours is an accented tongue, but in their content in a *vers libre* poem these metrical feet merge into the larger cadence, the swing round which the poem is built.

It is but fair to acknowledge that Professor Lewisohn has said some very trenchant things about rhythm. Nothing could be better or truer than:

> Now poetry, like music, is an art in time. And we are conscious of time only by dividing it. But our method of dividing time must reach consciousness through one of the senses—the sense of hearing. It must employ sound, either single sounds or alternate sounds. And so soon as alternate sounds are differentiated to save them from the monotony that deadens consciousness—such as the dripping of water or the ticking of a clock—we reach the immemorial method of stress and fall, that is, of rhythm.

No poet can fail to be indebted to a critic who can so aptly and succinctly phrase an artistic truth. But to go so far and no farther in the apperception of rhythm is strange, from whatever cause it originates;

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and for a trained mind to assert that what it does not hear cannot possibly be there, seems very odd at a moment when even the veriest tyro has absorbed some conception of the scientific method. What a critic this author would have made if he could only have thrown himself against the winds of truth and let them blow him whither they listed!

Since Professor Lewisohn's objection to the work of the free verse poets has entirely to do with their rhythms, it is proper to stop the consideration of his remarks upon them at this point. That these remarks were based upon a misconception, I think I have made clear. Whether they are also the result of a deficient time sense, only the experiments of the psychological laboratory could determine. It seems evident, however, that from whatever cause the misconception arose, Professor Lewisohn has not made use of the available sources to correct it. Of these sources, I have only mentioned a few; there are many others but the list would be too long to give here.

Professor Lewisohn states his conclusions and their corollary as follows: "If, then, I am right in thinking that the work of our poetic realists is impaired by the character of their substance, and that our free verse poets have gone beyond the inevitable limits of their art form, what is that other strain in English poetry to which I would have the younger writers turn?" The last half of his paper is concerned with this "other strain" as illustrated principally in the poems of A. E. Housman, and Arthur Symons. As ancestors to these, he mentions Meredith's "Modern Love", Rossetti's "Jenny", and Blunt's "Love Sonnets to Proteus", and rather sadly acknowledges that although "the works that embody this movement are, for the most part, quite well known—yet they have had very little influence upon the progress of contemporary English verse". The very recognition of this fact should have given Professor Lewisohn pause. What is a critic who does not understand the perfectly unconscious action of the creative instinct! Schools arise and theories are promulgated, but only later; programs are but accessories after the fact. Poets do not choose their style of thought or expression; it chooses them, and is in accordance with an inner need which is possibly only dimly realized by the poets themselves. To push a poet this way or that is merely to stunt his growth. It is certainly the function of criticism to divide and tabulate, but this can only be done when the work criticized is considered in all its parts and as it really is. A misunderstanding upsets the entire calculation.

Seen in the light of facts, the whole edifice of Professor Lewisohn's contention falls to the ground, and having shown this to be so, modern poetry can rest its case. In the expression of a personal predilection for this or that modern writer with which the paper ends, Professor Lewisohn is perfectly within his rights, and no one can object to such an expression. But in conclusion I would point out that facts are only useful to rear an argument upon when the facts are true, and it does not increase our respect for the scholarly mind to find it bending facts to support an *a priori* opinion.

Modern poetry has its problems. They are not those of other ages, and solutions found by other ages will not resolve them; but nowhere in his article has Professor Lewisohn touched upon these problems, much

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less illuminated them. However, Voltaire said that the quarrels of authors were a benefit to literature. Let us hope so, but let us also demand that no one step into the arena unless properly equipped.

FRENCH WAR SLANG

By J. F. McCLURE

A very interesting by-product of war is the abundant crop of slang it brings forth. When men are withdrawn in masses from their usual occupations and surroundings and set at new tasks in a strange environment, they instinctively grope for new words and phrases, new symbols and metaphors to express the change. The new vocabulary changes and lengthens as the war goes on, and the longer it lasts the greater the likelihood that some of the new expressions will become permanent additions to the language. Only time can tell which of them will endure.

Without attempting to forecast the durability of the new slang, this outgrowth of the Great War is well worth studying. It is picturesque, forcible, exaggerated, mocking, pathetic, vindictive, tender; rarely trivial or unjust. In a word, it is the human soul face to face with the supreme test of life.

As far back as the spring of 1915 the Swiss and the Germans had already compiled as complete records as possible of the new words and phrases due to the war. Mr. Albert Dauzat has this year performed a similar task for the French language. According to him, not many of the words are new and very few of them bear the stamp of literary or scientific origin. Some are taken over from foreign languages. A few are obsolete or obsolescent words resuscitated. But for the most part they are old expressions, given a new twist by the common soldiers, the men in the trenches.

Instances occur of "foreign French". Two expressions imported from Africa by the Senegalese troops have a distinctly poetical flavor. They are *gagner caisse* (to die) and *gagner petit* (to give birth to a child). *Gagner* is here used in the sense of to attain to, to achieve. *Caisse* (box) is commonly used for coffin, and the literal translation of *gagner caisse* is: to achieve the coffin.

The slang of Paris, and especially of the Apaches, has been a fruitful source of supply. From the Apaches have been taken over *hirondelles de potence* (swallows of the gallows), or, *enfants du choeur de Deibler* (children of the hangman's chorus), both meaning the gendarmes, and *zigouiller* (to kill), pronounced zee-gou-yay. It is not very clear why the soldier should look on the gendarmes with the eye of the Apache, though, of course, their relations are not always pleasant. When on leave the soldier submits with bad grace to the authority of the gendarme, whom he considers an inferior since he is a non-combatant. The Apache phrase *zigouiller le pante* (to kill the bourgeois) has a gruesome significance when we remember that the original meaning of the word is to cut, to hack at with an

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instrument having a dull, jagged edge. But perhaps *zigouiller le Boche* is an altogether different matter and quite permissible.

Of all the words this war has coined or adopted *poilu* and *Boche* are the most famous. They have become a part of the every-day vocabulary of all the allied nations. *Poilu* is surely a permanent addition to the French language. It will take its place beside the English "Tommy". But it is a better, more significant name than "Tommy", which, like the French *piou-piou*, means the humble soldier in contrast to the commissioned officer. It is not a new word, even in military usage. Balzac uses it in "The Country Doctor", published in 1834, with the meaning of courageous. In the dictionary it is found only as an adjective, but it was already in current use as a noun before the war. I frequently heard it used in Paris at least a year prior to August, 1914, to indicate a "man", or soldier. As an adjective it means hairy—not a tousled, unkempt head of hair, or beard, but hairy on the body—hence strong, vigorous. The people have made a noun of it, signifying a male man with nothing weak or effeminate or yellow about him. And certainly in this war the French soldier has amply proved his right to be called a man, a *poilu*. In the terrible slaughter at Verdun, when it was touch and go, whole regiments went to the front and never came back. They knew before starting that the chances were one to a hundred, to put it mildly, of ever returning, but without hesitation they marched forward gaily, singing "Ils ne passeront pas" (they shall not pass).

The origin of *Boche* is obscure. There used to be current in Paris and other large cities of France the phrase *tête de boche*, which signified obstinate or hard-headed. In France the Germans have the reputation of being *têtes dures* (hard heads), hence *têtes de boche*. To describe this quality they were called *Allemand-boche*, which became successively *Allemoche*, *Alleboche*, *Alboche* and finally just *Boche*. Whatever its origin, it is used as a term of reproach. The Germans themselves take it very seriously. A booklet of military slang compiled from "Lustige Blaetter" has this to say about it:

> The French call us Germans Boches. Soldier or civilian, man or woman, educated or ignorant, old or young, we are Boches. Whole books have been written about the vocable Boche, which designates a creature of the lowest and most despicable characteristics, far below the negro and inferior even to the beasts. . . . The German language, the language of the German soldier, contains no equivalent for the epithet *Boche*.

To which the French retort that the Germans call them *Welsche*, a name used contemptuously to designate the French and other so-called Latin races.

Another word which for a time attained great vogue is *Gaspard*. The original *Gaspard* was a rat. The legend is that a political prisoner, housed in the lower story of the city hall of Lyons, raised a superb rat which was so tame that it would come and eat out of his hand. The other prisoners named it *Gaspard*. The legend was perpetuated in a Lyonnese play entitled "Déménagement" (Moving Out). In the play the prisoner was said to be lodged in the *cave* (cellar). *Gaspard* lived in a *cave*, and when the soldiers at the front took up life in dugouts, which the French call *caves*, they became *gaspards*, with a small *g*, since the name now represented a type and not an individual.

Only a few other words achieved

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general adoption, even at the front. One is *pinard,* slang for *vin* (wine), which originally meant a species of grape-vine, and then the wine made from the grapes of this vine. Wine plays an important rôle in the life of the French soldier in wartime. Another is *toto* (body louse). All the trenches are badly infested with these vermin, and this name was very general all along the line. It is supposed to be of gypsy origin. Another name for the same pest is *gau* (go), plural *gaux* (go), from which was manufactured *la famille Gautier* (*go*-tee-ay) —*Berlingots* and *Parigots* for those of the German and French trenches respectively, the final *ts* not being pronounced. A *berlingot* is a certain type of carriage first used in Berlin and *Parigot* is slang for Parisian. *Barbaque* (meat) is derived from *barbaquer,* which in the language of the abattoirs means to handle meat. Then there is *seringue* (syringe), a gun. It is worthy of note that *siringa* is the Piedmontese slang for gun.

Arms and ammunition, especially the different kinds of cannons and their projectiles, furnish a rich vocabulary. The famous *soixante-quinze* (the seventy-five, because its muzzle diameter is seventy-five millimeters, approximately three inches) is by turns *l'aboyeur* (the barker) or *le râleur* (the groaner) because of the noise it makes, *le glorieux* (the glorious) or *le petit français* (the little Frenchman) because of the glorious rôle it has played; *bébé* (baby) because of its diminutive size; and familiarly and affectionately *Julot,* diminutive for *Jules* (Julius), a very common French name. Big shells are *marmites* (soup kettles), an old name come to life again and become official, and *gros noirs* (big blacks). They are also called ironically *valises diplomatiques* (diplomatic pouches). Those that pass over the trenches to targets in the rear are *pigeons.* Smaller shells, according to their shape, dimensions, or use are *mirabelles* (small plums), *tuyaux de poêle* (stovepipes), *tonneaux de choucroute* (barrels of sauerkraut), and so on. Bullets are *abeilles* (bees) and the aerial torpedo is *la pirouette.*

Le casque des tranchées (trench helmet) is humorously called *pot de fleurs* (flower pot), *cloche* (belfry), *éteignoir* (extinguisher), *blockhaus, melon* (Paris slang for derby); *bol* (bowl), *panier à salade* (salad basket), *marmite* (soup kettle), and *casserole* (saucepan).

One of the most difficult problems of war is getting food to the front promptly and in good condition. The soldier vents his spleen on the commissariat department. No other section of the war slang vocabulary is so rich in terms of scorn and condemnation. *La cuisine roulante* (the field kitchen) is variously known as *la bitumeuse* or *la goudronneuse,* because it looks like an asphalt cart, *le lance-bombe* (the bomb thrower), *la mitrailleuse à haricots* (the bean shooter), and *la machine à couper l'appétit* (the machine that takes away the appetite). The cook is called *le graisseux* (the greasy).

Viande (meat) is *l'autobus.* Immediately on the outbreak of the war all the auto-busses disappeared from the streets of Paris. They were sent to the front loaded with meat and other supplies. *Viande dure* (tough meat) is *pneu* (pneumatic tire). Horse meat becomes *tire-fiacre* (cab puller), the live horse is sometimes called *saucisson à pattes* (sausage with feet) and canned meat is first *singe* (monkey), then *gorille* (gorilla). Brandy is significantly named *fil barbelé*

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(barbed wire), *pousse au crime* (push to crime), and the English boxing term *l'uppercut*, implying the knock-out.

Many words are used ironically, to express the exact opposite of what they mean. The biggest and most dangerous shells are called *valises diplomatiques* (diplomatic dispatches, harmless words). To go over the top is *la valse lente* (the slow waltz), or *monter sur le billard* (to get up on the billiard table), No Man's Land being known as *le billard*. The bayonet is *le cure-dent* (the toothpick). A quality or defect is exaggerated out of all proportion. A big nose becomes a *coupe-vent* (wind shield), a match a *bûche* (back log), the wheelbarrow a taxi and macaroni *le kilomètre*.

The hapless French language is twisted and tortured out of all recognition. *Pâle* is substituted for *malade* (ill), thus *pâle des jambes* (pale in the legs) signifies fatigued; *pâle des cannes* (pale in the walking-sticks, i. e., legs) very thin. Antipyrine is *repas froid* (cold dinner), because it keeps down or cools the fever. Zouaves are *modistes* (dressmakers) or *blanchisseuses* (laundresses) because of their skirts. The aeroplane is *hanneton* (grasshopper) and the biplane *caisse à savon* (soap-box), to distinguish it from the monoplane. The haversack, which lies inert on the soldier's back and grows heavier and heavier, is called *le fainéant* (the slacker). By way of a pun Highlanders are *petits pois* (green peas) and vice versa *petits pois* are Highlanders because they are *écossés* (shelled), which has the same sound as Ecossais (Scotch).

Les yeux (the eyes) are *périscopes*. *Cycliste* is a soldier who sports a lorgnon. *Artilleurs* (artillerymen) are *gros frères* (big brothers). *Députés* and *sénateurs* are respectively the slightly and the seriously wounded. *Mitrailler les haricots* is to shell the beans and *téléphoner* is to drink from a cask of wine by means of a straw. *Sourire* (smile) is a beautiful symbol; it means the officer who distributes the letters.

Among the English words adopted are khaki (meaning a "Tommy") and rider, pronounced ree-dair, signifying one who rides like an Englishman, hence the *chic* rider. *Frichti*, from the German, is plainly *frühstück* (breakfast). *Faire camarade* means to surrender, the Germans always holding up their hands and shouting *"Kamerad!"* when they wish to give themselves up. Returned prisoners have brought back other words from German prison camps, such as *schlof*, meaning a bed, from the German *schlaf* (sleep); *gefangen* (prisoner), *krank* (ill), *arbeit* (work), *caput* (dead). But they brought no word for meat. It is noticeable by its absence.

The cryptic numeral *vingt-deux* (twenty-two) obtained great vogue in the prison camps and was adopted by the English and the Russian prisoners as well. It is borrowed from the ancient language of the evil-doers, who used it to warn pals of the approach of the police. The journal of the prison camp at Göttingen translates it jocosely as "the magic formula which extinguishes portable fires and smoking chimneys (read: cigarettes and pipes) at the approach of the guard".

Curiously enough, the soldiers themselves do not admit that they have a new and peculiar language. This may be partly because each of them has only a restricted vocabulary of slang, most of the words prevailing in only one section, or one army, or even a

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single corps. But it is also due to the soldier's dislike of appearing different, as a being apart from the rest of the world. He hates exaggeration, misstatement, gossip. He distrusts the newspapers, though he reads them eagerly. He calls them *bourreurs de crâne*, meaning thereby that they stuff the reader's head with gossip and lies. Even the official "Bulletin de l'Armée" is dubbed "Le Journal de Suzette".

L'Argot de la Guerre (War Slang). By Albert Dauzat. Paris: Libraire Armand Colin.

STANDING HISTORY ON ITS HEAD

BY R. L. SCHUYLER

It is clear that the war has altered some historical perspectives and interpretations. This should not surprise anyone who is at all familiar with the history of history, though it may astonish credulous persons accustomed to think of history as a definitive record, and to accept historians at their own estimate of themselves as dispassionate and scientific reporters of the past. The history of history teaches us that the historian's conceptions and interpretations of what has happened have always been colored, and often grossly distorted, by the interests and prejudices, the philosophies and hopes of his own day, and that epochs of cataclysmic change are favorable to revision of historical opinion.

It has been well said by an American historian that a claim of absolute impartiality on the historian's part is not much different from a claim to idiocy. "We go forth, every one of us", declared this realist in historical technique, "with a mind furnished, ill or well furnished, but furnished, either with positive purposes or negative prejudices. And according to that equipment, we seek what we want and we find what we seek." It is what the writer of history brings to his study of the past—his preconceptions and his point of view—that determines the range of facts which he is interested in presenting, his distribution of emphasis among them, his explantation of motive, and his appraisal of result. The devotee of economic determinism is confident that his hypothesis explains the fall of Rome, but the mediæval monastic chronicler was equally sure that Divine Providence was the decisive factor in the case.

The historian has too often been pictured as a cloistered recluse, far removed from the active world about him, or as the impartial judge, rendering conclusive judgments after mastery of all the evidence relevant to the case. In reality the world's most influential historians have not been conspicuous for the "judicial temperament", or for "scientific poise". On the contrary very many of them have been propagandists and partisans who have turned to the past for argument and precedent with which to support measures and policies of their own day of which they approved, or to combat those which they opposed. No doubt they have generally desired to be "fair", and have intended no falsification or distortion of the historic record, but they have sought what

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they wanted and found what they sought. When we say of an historian that he has painted a picture of the past we do not, perhaps, consciously allude to the subjective character of his work, but we do well to call it a picture and not a photograph. No photograph of the past has ever been, or ever will be, taken. Definitive history is a figment of the imagination.

Very early in the life of human society, progressives as well as opponents of change took history as their ally and in so doing interpreted it to suit their needs. Reformers, no less than reactionaries, looked backward, not forward, and no reform, however revolutionary in fact, could commend itself to the common sense of men unless it seemed to be a restoration. Even today, despite the cult of what advertises itself as new, an innovation that is merely expedient and rational is likely to be rejected by "practical" people as visionary and utopian. But if it can be made to appear restorative in character, and thus to appeal to conservative habits of thought, it gains in reputability. Nor is it detrimental to the cause of the reform that the gain in popular esteem has been made at the expense of what a relatively disinterested historical inquiry would present as the substantial historical truth. Practical reformers of our own day know well the psychological value of supplementing the appeal to reason by the appeal to history.

Unfortunately, partisan interpretations of the past do not disappear with the conditions which produced them. They are embodied in permanent literary form, associated with names of famous historians, followed by the writers of historical manuals, and disseminated in the schools throughout the land. The popular distrust and suspicion of England among Americans, which until the other day was almost a test of Americanism, goes back, of course, to the animosities engendered by the American Revolution. But it might have disappeared with the conditions that gave rise to it, had it not been sedulously nurtured and perpetuated by our teaching of American history. The story of the American Revolution as presented in our schools has been, probably, the principal factor in the preservation among us of that anti-British animosity which many of us are at present trying heroically, if somewhat amusingly, to relegate to the scrap-heap of outworn prejudices.

The proposition that collective animosity—the word is used without connotation of censure—is an essential ingredient in the production and perpetuation of a lively sentiment of nationality, will probably not be questioned. At any rate such a view involves no palpable distortions nor far-fetched interpretations of the undisputed facts set forth in the history of modern nations. On the contrary, the evidence all goes to show that the sense of nationality thrives best among a people that is acutely conscious of oppression by, or of rivalry with, some people or government that it feels to be alien and antagonistic. It reaches its fullest expression in seasons of belligerent hostility.

On the other hand, when a nation has lived for a considerable period of time in a state of tranquillity with its neighbors, free from war and rumors of war, its national sentiment tends to decline, and there develops a spirit of what those who see no reason to approve of it pronounce flabby and invirile cosmopolitanism. Ultra-nationalists are logically sound, if they look forward with apprehension to a

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prolonged period of peace, and view with misgiving the scrapping of any national animosity, however anachronistic it may have become. It is not surprising that super-patriotic politicians have already begun to invoke the Constitution, the Monroe Doctrine, and the principle of protectionism to show reasons why the United States should hold aloof from a League of Nations. The evidence, furthermore, would seem to indicate that an ardent sense of nationality can be maintained in a due state of efficiency only by the aid of historical interpretation. It must be shown that the achievements of the nation have advanced the cause of civilization and it is of the utmost importance to prove that its wars have been uniformly righteous.

On the eve of the present war a well-known internationalist, Dr. Nicholas Murray Butler, referred to the spirit of harmony that had prevailed between the United States and Germany, France, Russia, and the other continental nations of Europe, and contrasted with it the friction that had attended our relations with the British. "There have been", he wrote, "more tempting occasions for misunderstanding and armed conflict between the British Empire and the United States than between the United States and all other nations of the earth combined." It is true that the two great English-speaking peoples had then preserved the peace unbroken between them for a full hundred years, and were growing accustomed to the use of more civilized means for the settlement of their disputes than the appeal to arms; but though there had been no war, there had been many rumors of war, many "diplomatic crises", much mutual ill-will.

The tradition of the American Revolution, handed down from generation to generation like a dark cloud, has overhung our relations with England. The last menacing explosion of anti-British animosity among us occurred during the Venezuela crisis of 1895, when, as Professor Dunning has said, "every latent current of hostility to the British and all the springs of aggressive national consciousness united in an impressive flood of popular feeling". But even now, after our association with England in the most tremendous struggle of history, no futurist careful of his reputation would predict that permanent harmony between the two countries is assured.

An impressive body of public opinion, however, is calling for a reversal of our traditional attitude toward the former mother country. Twisting the lion's tail is scarcely *comme il faut* these days. Advocates of Anglo-American solidarity realize that this is the time to change the hyphen from a token of separation into a symbol of unity. Americans and Britishers are contending to see which can say the pleasanter things about the other, and in the process of this amiable rivalry, the history of Anglo-American relations is being duly "revised" and "reinterpreted".

To the older school of American history the issues of the American Revolution were simple and clear-cut. It was a struggle of liberty against despotism. "As the fleets and armies of England went forth to consolidate arbitrary power", wrote Bancroft, "the sound of war everywhere else on the earth died away. Kings sat still in awe, and nations turned to watch the issue." The revolutionists were patriots and sons of liberty, the Tories were minions of tyranny. This interpretation was one-sided and distorted. Subsequent and less partisan study

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has led to revisions of judgment and point of view. The Revolution no longer appears in precisely the same light as formerly. We had almost ceased to be passionate about it, when the present war precipitated a new emotion. It now appears, according to the most recent historical dispensation, that there has never been any real ground of conflict between ourselves and the British.

Speaking at the memorable celebration of American independence held in London on July Fourth last, George Haven Putnam addressed his audience in these words: "The opinions—it would perhaps be more precise to say the feelings and prejudices—of Americans concerning their transatlantic kinsfolk, were shaped for my generation, as for the boys of every generation that had grown up since 1775, on text-books and histories that presented unhistorical, partisan, and often distorted, views of the histories of the first English colonies, of the events of the Revolution, of the issues that brought about the war of 1812-1815, and the grievances of 1861-1865. These events and grievances, while but inconsiderable episodes in the history of Britain, have bulked large in the life of the Republic." New text-books, he assured his British hearers, were being prepared, which would make it clear to the coming generation of schoolchildren in America "that the Americans were not fighting against England, but were simply maintaining what they believed to be their rights against the attempts of a king who, while English by birth, was working with Prussian methods and theories to establish autocratic government in America as he had succeeded in imposing autocratic rule upon England".

Some of us, who had not wholly caught the spirit of this "new history", were under the impression that the American Revolution was in essence a revolt from the restrictions of the British colonial system, for which George III, with all his Germanic vices, cannot justly be held responsible, and that the "methods and theories" which he employed to establish autocratic government in England were borrowed from such unimpeachably British sources as the corrupt practices of the Duke of Newcastle and the political philosophy of Lord Bolingbroke.

Even poetry has taken cognizance of the new theory of the Germanic origin of the American Revolution. In a poem entitled "The Sword of Lafayette", the muse of Robert Underwood Johnson goes Major Putnam one better and locates the source of the trouble in Prussia!

Our harbors—how they danced with light.
Our tireless bells—how they did ring!
Again we girded up to fight
Not England, but her Prussian King.

It is not to be expected that exponents of the "new" history of the Revolution will always be found in precise agreement. Professor Albert Bushnell Hart, in his "New American History", published in 1918, seems to interpret the Revolution as a struggle of freemen for more freedom. "The great reason", he tells us, "for the division of the British Empire into two parts seems to be that the colonists were so free and did so many things for themselves that they could not see why they should not be relieved from almost all restraints." But Dr. Hart is evidently puzzled about the whole matter. The catalogue of specific grievances enumerated in the Declaration of Independence has apparently not proved convincing to him,

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for he says: "To this day it is not easy to see just why the colonists felt so dissatisfied", after which he proceeds naïvely to set forth the causes of the Revolution as he had done in earlier editions of his text-book!

Professor Latané, in a recently published manual of American history, holds that the Revolution was a case of resistance to tyranny anticipated, rather than to tyranny actually inflicted. It will be remarked, however, that either the interpretations of Professors Hart and Latané, or those of Messrs. Putnam and Johnson will prove equally serviceable in "proving" that there never was any real ground of antagonism or conflict between the British and American peoples, and that an Anglo-American *entente* would rest upon a "solid" historical foundation. A great many other examples of the current reinterpretation of the history of the Revolution might be given, but for present purposes it is perhaps unnecessary to go further.

The comparative merits of Anglo-American animosity and Anglo-American friendship are not here to the point. It would be impertinent to intrude personal convictions on this subject into a discussion to which they have no relevancy. The matter in hand has to do with the use of history as an instrument of policy. A partisan and distorted interpretation of the past has powerfully contributed to the preservation of an ancient enmity. Is another partisan and distorted interpretation really necessary in order to create confidence and harmony where suspicion and antagonism have prevailed? Cannot foes become friends without undertaking to prove that there was never any reason for their hostility? Let us leave the case for friendship between the United States and the British Commonwealth to be judged, so far as is humanly possible, on its merits. Bolingbroke, in the days of his exile, when he found leisure to indulge himself in philosophical reflection, sagely observed: "We are too apt to carry systems of philosophy beyond all our ideas, and systems of history beyond all our memorials."

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THE CHILD IN THE WORLD

A Series of Brief National Interpretations of Juvenile Literature

ITALY

BY ALFONSO ARBIB-COSTA

The assertion has often been made that the mind of the child is like soft wax: that whichever way it is molded by the hand of the parent or educator so it will remain. Hence the destinies, the characteristics of the coming generations, are in the hands of the present generation, and especially in the hands of those who educate. The trend in the education of a people is the key to what that people is or will be. The characteristics of a pedagogical system, the books that children read, the advice given to children by their elders, are the surest indications of what a people is, what are its ideals, its good points and its defects. Should we wish, therefore, as we ought, to know the characteristics of that Italian race that begins to form a not indifferent part of the population of this country, we must study the characteristics of the Italian educational system, characteristics that, by the way, have not undergone many changes in modern times, and still adhere to old principles proclaimed years ago by Italian educators.

The aims of life that are generally put before children of all countries are the following: 1, to be good and kind; 2, to be strong and healthy in body; 3, to possess knowledge; 4, to be ambitious, to try for better things and a larger life; to achieve success. In all the juvenile literature of America we find the fourth aim emphasized. To these teachings, it is claimed, the United States owes its material success among the nations. Of the other aims, so it seems, the people of this country care in successive order for the second, the first and the third. Be ready to cope with the difficulties of life, be strong and healthy, try to be good and kind, and if you have plenty of time and money, be learned.

The Italian advice to the children is: first and foremost, be good and kind, then be learned, try to be strong and healthy in body, and do not forget that life offers difficulties, and that perhaps there may be some other way of coping with them than by holy resignation.

We shall endeavor now to analyze the Italian system, to show its qualities and its defects, to designate the principal exponents of that system.

Italian teachers and pedagogists are fond of quoting from a letter written by the Tuscan poet, Giuseppe Giusti, in 1840, to Giovanni Piacentini, a young boy, son of one of his friends, who was going to boarding school, and to whom Giusti gives several pages of advice on how to proceed in the period of preparation for life that was before him.

At the very beginning of his letter Giusti writes: "Others would begin by recommending study, but I begin by recommending kindness of heart, and I beg you to keep it as a priceless treasure. Learning is often a vain equipment, of little use in our life, and one that we love to display in gala days, like fine rugs and silver covers. But kindness of heart is a utensil of

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prime necessity that we must have at hand in every hour, in every moment. Without learned men, you may believe me, the world could get along very well; without good and kind men all would go to perdition."

And further on he writes: "I thank God that you are in such a position as to exclude the aim of pecuniary gain among those that you must keep in mind in the preparation of your career. For this particular aim, base in itself, renders base most of the time the heart and the mind of those that put it before all others, and turns into poison the healthy food of science."

The most widely read book for boys in Italy at the present time is "Cuore" (Heart), by Edmondo De Amicis. "Cuore" was first published in 1882, and since that time over a million copies of the original Italian have been sold. The book was translated into twenty-seven languages, and its astonishing success continues unabated.

"Cuore" relates the experience of one year's life of a boy in school, and it is supposed to be written by himself when he is of mature age. He writes about his schoolmates and his teachers, and gives, besides, six short-stories, supposed to be dictated by his teacher, each relating the story of some brave and kind deed performed by a boy. The heroes of these stories belong to different parts of Italy, one Venetian, one Lombardian, one Neapolitan, one Sicilian, one Genoese, and one Sardinian boy.

"Cuore" is, indeed, an extraordinary book. The most hardened person cannot fail to be moved while reading it. It is almost impossible to keep back the tears, so strong is the appeal that it makes to sentiment. It is undeniable that it has had the most remarkable influence over the generations of children, and of older persons, too, that have delighted in its reading. Kindness to fellow creatures is preached at every page, not by sermonizing, but by telling simple facts in a simple style. The abhorrence of snobbery, the respect due to old age, the consideration for the fine men and women who teach in that remarkable school, patriotism, spirit of sacrifice, the joys of friendship—all are there. But not one word about the necessity to fight for success, not one word about ambition for glory, power or wealth. It is a gospel of kindness and love; it can make, and undoubtedly it has made, flow richer and swifter the milk of human kindness in many persons, but it can hardly produce strong, virile men, ready for the harsh struggle of existence.

Second only to the success of "Cuore" as a book for children is "The Adventures of "Pinocchio", that has also been translated into English and many other languages. "Pinocchio" is the fantastic story, not unlike, in many respects, "Alice in Wonderland", of a wooden puppet who passes through many adventures until he becomes really good, and is changed, as a reward, into a nice boy who goes to school, and to whom such trifling incidents as having both legs reduced to charcoal when standing near the fire, and losing the nail that joins the right arm to the body, never happen again.

Then there is "Ciondolino", another delightful book for children, by Luigi Bertelli, published in this country in a fine adaptation by Angelo Patri, under the title, "White Patch". Ciondolino is a little boy who, on going to school one day, complains of his hard lot, and envies an ant that he sees crawling on the ground because it has

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not to go to school. Ciondolino, by the intervention of a kind old magician, is changed into an ant, and the amusing story of his experience in the world of insects, while giving useful notions on the life of ants and bees, teaches him that all is harmonious in nature, that all things are created for a purpose, that even the most infinitesimal animals have a task to perform. At the end of the book Ciondolino is turned again into a little boy, who goes to school contented and happy, with a new tenderness for animals big and small.

The author of "Pinocchio", Carlo Collodi, has written several other delightful books for children, all full of sane and whimsical humor, all trying to instil love for nature, all giving, under pleasant form, useful notions of history, geography and biology, all tending to universal love and kindness.

Now, what are the results of this constant education of the heart, of this telling the child, continually and repeatedly, that there is only one thing worth while in the world—that is, to be kind to your fellow creatures and to animals? What is the effect in the adult of this education of the child? Undeniably, Italian men and women abhor cruelty in all its aspects. A remarkable example of this was seen in one episode of the Great War. About two years ago, many Italian newspapers raised the question of the excessive kindness of treatment accorded to Austrian prisoners. It seemed that they were treated better than the Italian soldiers, that they had better food, less work, more amusements. They had books and games, they had comfortable quarters, and the very best medical treatment when ill. The question was even brought into Parliament, an investigation was ordered, and it was finally decided that no prisoner should fare better than an Italian soldier in regard to food, lodging, work and diversions. The protest, on the whole, was rather mild, and it has taken two years of real suffering and privations among the people, and the proof of atrocious and cruel treatment of Italian prisoners in Austria, to diminish the sentimental regard for the *poveri prigionieri.*

But how does the Italian adult take his place in the world? Does he try to improve his position, to achieve success, and so to cause the country to advance in wealth and power? We must confess that he does that only moderately. The desire of the greater part of Italian youths of the middle class is to become government employees, with short hours of work, a salary sufficient for modest needs, a safe tenure of office, and after many years of not very hard work, a small pension. All this does not tend to the development of the country, and it is a remarkable fact that the strongest and boldest who cross the ocean to establish themselves in new and richer countries are illiterates or semi-illiterates, with little schooling or no schooling at all, who do not, fortunately, escape the influence of the kindly nature of the race, but who, in their happy ignorance, are not in danger of being emasculated by a milk and honey literature that fails to prepare the child for the trials and struggle of life, and does little to help to create legitimate ambition for worldly success.

So much have we seen and heard, however, of wickedness and cruelty practised in these last four years by the representatives of a race that had made giant strides in the path of prosperity and knowledge, that we must appreciate the other side of the ques-

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tion: that of a race not inferior, indeed, in mental equipment to any other that peoples the earth; of a race that gave to the world St. Francis of Assisi —the mendicant friar who called brother and sister even inanimate things; Cesare Beccaria, who effectually fought, a century and a half ago, for the abolition of torture and excessive punishment; Maria Montessori, who affirmed that even little tots are entitled to full freedom, and must be brought up without any restraint; and Edmondo De Amicis, who has made popular and beloved among millions of Italian children five or six characters of boys whose only desire is to be kind, compassionate, and helpful to others.

IRELAND
BY PADRAIC COLUM

We have not many children's books in Ireland. That may be because we are still in our childhood and have a personage that belongs to the childhood of nations still with us—the story-teller. Of course in cities like our Dublin and Belfast there are children who are not affected by the diffusion of thousand-year-old stories among our people. There are parents in Ireland—it is West Britain to them—who would not be at all enchanted to have their children value the stories that have been handed down by the peat-fires in wide Leinster or historic Munster, in Connacht of the old race, or in Ulster west of the factory-smoke. The fairies of France and the elves of England are thought to be more elevating than the Irish pookas, gruagachs, leprachauns and clouricauns.

But for the bulk of the children in Ireland the imaginative entertainment is not in the book read but in the story listened to:

"Mother, bake my cake and kill my cock till I go seek my fortune"—

every child in the country places has heard with delighted sympathy the opening of the saga of the adventurer, sometimes a boy, sometimes a girl, who leaves a house that's the very same as one's own house and who takes the road that one has to take going to school or going to the market. The boy or girl goes on until . . . . the shadows of the trees are three times as long as themselves. . . . . Then he or she stays in the house of a giant or a gruagach; is good to helpful creatures—an ass or an otter, a cock or a hawk, a cat or a hound; and in the morning starts off again . . . . before the sun shakes out his doublet . . . . one does not lack imaginative entertainment as long as there is someone to tell that story.

All round the child in the Irish country place there are witnesses to tales or fragments of tales. The great lake that the boy passes by on his way to school — under it is the water-horse. Some day the creature will let himself be seen, and one does not know whether he will destroy the people or be helpful to them. Even about the house there are witnesses to strange romance. The hens when they gather together at night and murmur to each other on the roost are telling of the treasures that the Danes hid before they fled out of Ireland. The hens know the whereabouts of the hidden treasures because they were intimate with the Danes who brought them to Ireland. And if one knew the words the hens said to each other one could discover—O, so much of red-golden treasure!

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Padraic Pearse in one of his little plays written in Irish has dramatized the relation of the children to the story-teller in a remote part of the country—Matthias is the story-teller's name.

Matthias: Look at that lonesome wild goose that's making on us over Loch Ellery! Look!
Padraic: I see it, by my soul!
Daragh: Where is she coming from, Matthias?
Matthias: From the Eastern World. I would say she has travelled a thousand miles since she left her nest in the lands to the north.
Coilin: The poor thing! And where will she drop?
Matthias: To Aran she'll go, it's a chance. See her now out over the sea. My love you are, lonesome wild goose.
Coilin: Tell us a story, Matthias.
Matthias: What story shall I tell?
Feichin: "The Adventures of the Grey Horse!"
Cuimin: "The Hen-Harrier and the Wren!"
Padraic: "The Two-Headed Giant!"
Coilin: "The Adventures of the Piper in the Snail's Castle!"
Eoghan: Aye, by my soul. "The Adventures of the Piper in the Snail's Castle!"
The Boys: "The Adventures of the Piper in the Snail's Castle!"
Matthias: I'll do that. "There was a Snail in it long ago, and it's long since it was. If we'd been there that time, we wouldn't be here now; and if we were itself, we'd have a new story, and that's better than to be without e'er a story at all. The Castle this Snail lived in was the finest that man's eye ever saw. It was greater entirely, and it was a thousand times richer than Maeve's Castle in Rath Cruachan, or the Castle of the High King of Ireland itself in Tara of the Kings."

Padraic Pearse has written in Irish many stories about children—his "Barbara" is a perfect story about a little girl and her doll. But these stories, though very simply written—the translations have the same simplicity—are too reflective to be good as children's stories.

No sophisticated teller of children's stories has been able to better the incidents that folk-tales hold. Hans Andersen remains the most appealing author on the child's bookshelf, and Andersen based the greater part of his work on actual folk-tales—Rudyard Kipling, too. Kipling took up many of the creation and transformation incidents in the folk-lore of primitive people and he made them into his "Just So Stories". Are there any children's books that are better than these two?

In Ireland we have many collections of folk-tales made by different scholars. To begin with there are the collections made a long time ago by Patrick Kennedy, and published as his "Legendry Fictions of the Irish Celts" and "Irish Fireside Stories". Kennedy took his stories from the peasantry of Leinster, the eastern Province where there are many towns and where life has been more settled than in other parts of the country. There is a kindliness and a good-humor about these Leinster tales that makes one enjoy reading them or telling them to children. The spirit of the stories is shown by the version given of that well-known tale of the lazy girl whom her mother speaks of as an industrious spinner. The Leinster story-teller makes his Anty a great beauty. In other versions the girl is helped by a terrible old witch who is actually seeking her heart's blood. In this she is helped by three old women—Colliach Cushmore (Old Woman Bigfoot), Colliach Cromanmore (Old Woman Bigmiddle), and Shron More Rua (Big Red

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Nose), who only ask that they be invited to her wedding with the prince:

> In came the woman with the big foot, and got a seat near the prince. The old queen didn't like it much, and after a few words she asked rather spitefully, "Dear, ma'am, what's the reason your foot is so big?" "*Musha*, faith, your majesty, I was standing almost all my life at the spinning-wheel, and that's the reason." "I declare to you, my darling", said the prince, "I'll never allow you to spend one hour at the same spinning wheel." The same footman said again, "Your ladyship's aunt, Colliach Cromanmore, wishes to come in, if the genteels and yourself have no objection". Very *sharoose* (displeased) was Princess Anty, but the prince sent her welcome, and she took her seat and drank healths apiece to the company. "May I ask, ma'am", says the old queen, "why you're so wide half-way between the head and the feet?" "That, your majesty, is owing to sitting all my life at the loom." "By my sceptre", says the prince, "my wife shall never sit there an hour." The footman came up. "Your ladyship's aunt, Colliach Shron Rua, is asking leave to come into the banquet." More blushing on the bride's face, but the bridegroom spoke out cordially, "Tell Mrs. Shron More Rua she's doing us an honor". In came the old woman, and great respect she got near the top of the table, but the people down low put up their tumblers and glasses to their noses to hide the grins. "Ma'am", says the old queen, "will you tell us, if you please, why your nose is so big and red?" "Throth, your majesty, my head was bent down over the stitching all my life, and all the blood in my body ran into my nose." "My darling", says the prince to Anty, "if ever I see a needle in your hand, I'll run a hundred miles from you."

Thus, in this good-humored story, the lazy girl is not only allowed to make her bluff good but she is let off from spinning and weaving and stitching for the rest of her life.

Kennedy's stories present a difficulty to young readers outside of Ireland—they are in dialect, and the words used and certain grammatical constructions are puzzling. And it would spoil them completely to take them out of this idiom.

The stories given by the Irish-American philologist, Jeremiah Curtin, in "Myths and Folk-Lore of Ireland" and "The Hero-tales of Ireland" are primitive, extravagant, filled with action and untouched by our ethical conceptions. "A man to compel justice and right, but not to give either justice or right; a man who had earned whatever he owned in the gap of every danger, in the path of every hardship, who was sure to get what belonged to him, or to know who detained it." There's a hero for you! He is Blaiman, whose birth was mysterious and who is called "Son of Apple". It was surely a bard of a thousand years ago who has left this picture of Blaiman going into battle:

> Blaiman fitted on his smooth, flowery stockings, and his two dry warm boots of the hide of a small cow that was the first calf of another cow that never lay on any one of her sides. He fitted on his single-threaded silken girdle which three craftsmen had made, underneath his broad-pointed sharp sword that would not leave a remnant uncut, or, if it did, what it left at the first blow it took at the second. This sword was to be unsheathed with the right hand, and sheathed with the left. He gave the first blow of battle as a terrible oath that he himself was the choice champion of the Fenians, the feather of greatness, the slayer of a company of bravery.

The children who can read Jeremiah Curtin's collections will come to know the heroes of the Irish epic cycles—Finn and Cuchulain and the mythological Balor. But he does not in any way prepare his readers to enter the world of his myths and romances. It remains an alien world. And his narrative is turgid and gives little sense of a story told. Curtin, unlike the other collectors and retailers of Irish folk-tales, approached

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his subject with scientific prepossessions.

It is a great pity that writers in Ireland who have it in their power to make stories appealing to Irish children and children the world over are busy doing many other things—Dr. Douglas Hyde for instance. He occupies himself with the investigations of the scholar and the teaching of a professor. He knows all Irish folk-lore and romance and he has a wonderful gift for intimate narrative. He has published a great many folk-tales in his "Leabhar Sgeulaigheacht" and many of them are filled with incidents that children delight in. I have never met a more delightful version of the world-wide story that he calls "Munachar and Manacher" than the one he gives:

> There once lived a Munachar and a Manacher, a long time ago, and it is a long time since it was, and if they were alive then they would not be alive now. They went out together to pick raspberries, and as many as Munachar used to pick Manacher used to eat. Munachar said he must go look for a rod to make a gad (a withy band) to hang Manacher, who ate his raspberries; and he came to the rod. "God save you", said the rod, "God and Mary save you. How far are you going?" "Going looking for a rod, a rod to make a gad, a gad to hang Manacher, who ate my raspberries every one." "You will not get me", said the rod, "until you get an axe to cut me." He came to the axe.

And so it goes on until the crow flying over the well calls out to him "Daub, daub", and he daubs the sieve that was given him with red clay. Then—

> the sieve held the water, and he brought the water to the miller, and the miller gave him the makings of a cake, and he gave the makings of the cake to the threshers, and the threshers gave him a wisp of straw, and he gave the wisp of straw to the cow, and the cow gave him milk, the milk he gave to the cat, the cat scraped the butter, the butter went into the claw of the hound, the hound hunted the deer, the deer swam the water, the water wet the flag, the flag sharpened the axe, the axe cut the rod, and the rod made a gad, and when he had got it ready —I'll go bail that Manacher was far enough away from him.

In his "Beside the Fire" Dr. Hyde translates some delightful riddles. In Ireland children love riddles just as much as they love stories, and the excitement of guessing is even more enthralling than the excitement of following a tale of adventure:

> You see it come in on the shoulders of men,
> Like the thread of the silk it leaves us again.

That's the peat-smoke, of course. The peat comes as a load on a man's shoulders, and the smoke goes up from the wide hearth as fine as silk. Then

> There's a poor man at rest,
> With a stick beneath his breast,
> And he breaking his heart a-crying.

What could that be? The lintel of the door on a wet day. Another riddle takes the child out of the house and into the field.

> As white as flour, and it is not flour;
> As green as grass, and it is not grass;
> As red as blood, and it is not blood;
> As black as ink, and it is not ink.

Many generations of children must have been delighted with that riddle. The changing thing is the blackberry as it goes from bud to fruit.

But the folk-lore of Ireland is not the only material out of which children's stories can be and have been made. There are the romances, that in distinction to the folk-lore, may be described as the court-literature of Celtic Ireland—the romances in which the heroes Cuchulain and Finn

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with their companions figure. Patrick Joyce, Standish O'Grady and Lady Gregory have written books that are the classics of Irish heroic story-telling.

Joyce's "Old Celtic Romances" are versions of the famous Celtic stories —"The Fate of the Children of Lir", "The Fate of the Children of Turenn", "The Fate of the Children of Usna", "The Pursuit of Dermat and Grania", "The Voyage of Maildun", and many others. Joyce takes trouble to make the world of Celtic romance intelligible to a stranger reader; and though his style is somewhat old-fashioned, he gets breadth into his stories.

Standish O'Grady and Lady Gregory both write a style that is markedly distinctive. O'Grady gives a full epic height to the heroes in "Finn and His Companions" and above all in "The Gates of the North" where he tells the story of the greatest of the Irish heroes, Cuchulain. How magnificently he pictures the heroes in that episode—the greatest that the Celtic imagination has risen to—the combat between Cuchulain and his dear friend and companion, Fardia:

> Then arose Cuchulain, the unconquerable, striding through the forest, and he wondered which of the great champions of Meave should be brought against him that day; and when he came out into the open, he beheld the whole south country filled with a vast multitude, as it had been the Aenech of Taylteen or the great Feis of Tara when the authority of the Ard-Rie is supreme, and all the tribes of Erin gather together with their kings. But he saw not at first who was the champion that had come out against him, and he advanced through the willows, and he came to the edge of the ford, and looked across, and saw Fardia, son of Daman, of the Fir-bolgs, and Fardia looked upon Cuchulain.
>
> Then Cuchulain blushed, and his neck and his face above, and his temples waxed fiery-red, and then again, paler than the white flower of the thorn, and his under jaw fell, and he stood like one stupefied; but Fardia held his shield unmoved, with his spears resting on the ground, and beneath his heavy cath-barr his brows stronger than brass. But Cuchulain sent forth voice hoarse and untuned and said:
>
> "Is it Fardia Mic Daman of the Fir-bolgs, for there is a mist before my eyes?"
>
> But Fardia answered not. Then said Cuchulain:
>
> "Art thou come out to meet me in arms to-day, seeking to slay me?"
>
> And Fardia answered sternly:
>
> "Go back, O Cuchulain, to thy own people and cease to bar the gates of the north against our host, and I shall not slay thee or dishonor thee, but if thou remainest, I shall slay thee here at the ford. . . ."
>
> And Cuchulain said:
>
> "O Fardia, I believe thee not. Full well dost thou remember. Beneath the same rug we slept, and sat together at the feast, and side by side we went into the red battle. Together we consumed cities, and drove away captives. Together we practised feats of arms before warrior-queens, grieving when either got any hurt. Together we kept back the streaming foe in the day of disaster, when the battle-torrent roared over us, either guarding the other more than himself."

Standish O'Grady has written the story of the fiery young Hugh O'Donnell into a stirring historic romance called "The Flight of the Eagle". This is the best book for young people we have outside of the stories based on folk or on epic material.

Lady Gregory has put her "Cuchulain of Muirthemne" and her "Gods and Fighting Men", the book about Cuchulain and the book about Finn, into a West of Ireland dialect. But this dialect is not puzzling. Lady Gregory uses it as an artist would—to get more distinction and more expression into her narrative. There is rhythmic beauty in her versions of the stories. Hers are the most complete accounts of the two heroic cycles, and their style should make them

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enthralling to young people who like the flavor and surprise of strange words and different locutions. The books by Joyce, Standish O'Grady and Lady Gregory are not for young children, but for children of the age to enjoy, say, the Arthurian stories. Like the Arthurian these stories bring out an ideal of chivalry.

There are two other books written for young people and dealing with Celtic romance which cannot yet be spoken of as classics but which are quite remarkable. They are Ella Young's "Celtic Wonder Tales" and Violet Russell's "Heroes of the Dawn". Ella Young's book has a curious personal fantasy—as though a reincarnated Druidical initiate were revealing the inner significance of the stories. Violet Russell's has more of the clash of actual combat. Both "Celtic Wonder Tales" and "Heroes of the Dawn" are written out of the spirit of the Irish Revival, and each, in a different way, strives to impress upon its readers an ideal of the land which storytellers still call the island of destiny.

Time can pull out every stone;
Ireland's eagles all are flown:
Of things ancient now has she
Only three:
Her Truth, her Hope, her Piety.

Iosagan. Included in the Collected Works of Padraic Pearse. Frederick A. Stokes Co.

The Lazy Beauty. By Patrick Kennedy. Included in Yeats's Irish Fairy and Folk Tales. Boni and Liveright.

Myths and Folk-Lore of Ireland and Hero-tales of Ireland. By Jeremiah Curtin. Little, Brown and Co.

Munachar and Manacher. Included in Irish Folk and Fairy Tales. Boni and Liveright.

Old Celtic Romances. By P. W. Joyce. Longmans, Green and Co.

Cuchulain of Muirthemne, and Gods and Fighting Men. By Lady Gregory. G. P. Putnam's Sons.

Celtic Wonder Tales. By Ella Young. Heroes of the Dawn. By Violet Russell. Maunsel and Co., Dublin.

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YOUR NEWSPAPERS AND OURS

BY MARIA MORAVSKY

It was on the deck of a trans-pacific steamer that I saw for the first time an American newspaper.

"No, I asked you to give me only one copy of the San Francisco 'Examiner'!" I said to the deck-attendant.

"But it *is* one copy, ma'am", answered the servant, looking at me with surprise.

As I knew then only a few words of English, I thought that we misunderstood each other; that huge heap of paper one copy! My! a poor Russian family would be very happy to get it in wartime; all the family would spend a nice, warm evening, burning it in the open fireplace, in the middle of a fierce Russian winter.

I feel that I exaggerate a little, but you must forgive me—it is due to the bad influence of your papers. The first and the most infectious trait of your dailies is exaggeration. The head-lines are screaming! The letters are as big as the skyscrapers! I never saw such thick head-lines in my life! In Russia we would consider it immodest! I learned here, that the American journalists have different ideas about a newspaper's modesty. But the first days I was painfully shocked.

TWO GREAT FERRY-BOATS SUNK!
INNUMERABLE VICTIMS!

read one of the loud head-lines.

"Poor passengers from San Francisco!" I thought pityingly. "I would be alarmed, if I had a family there."

But "the poor San Franciscans" who were returning home did not look alarmed in the least, reading the latest paper which we obtained at Honolulu. After consulting my vocabulary for a while, I found out that the accident happened . . . in another state. But this was printed in small, seed-like letters, while the "extra" head-line made one think that it happened in San Francisco. Now, if you have a good imagination, think what a panic that little trick caused among the wives who waited for their husbands, returning daily home from business by ferry-boats. Great panic, great sensation, and great sale!

The American editor is ready to print in his paper every kind of sensation, if it may result in a good sale. I suppose the first flood of sorrow upon an unexpected death of your beloved President would be succeeded by the happy thought:

"Gee! what sensational news! Fine! I wonder how many copies will be sold!"

I understand how that thirst for sensation hardens one's character: I myself was a newspaper man for a while. I remember I was genuinely glad when I was sent by my paper from Petrograd to the Caucasus and found there the terrible epidemic of black smallpox, the frequent fires in the oil-mines in Baku, and the sugar contrabanda. Such sensational things to write about! Just think! the large caravans of camels, leaving the city under cover of darkness and passing the dangerous desert toward Persia! Camels used for contrabanda, Persia,

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and the wild adventures seemed as far from Petrograd as they are from a peaceful New Yorker. The black smallpox added the attraction of danger to my journey and it was a good pretext to ask better pay for my articles.

All that—the epidemic, the sugar contrabanda and the oil-mine aflame—meant unhappiness to the people; and still my shameless heart of a reporter could be satisfied with it! Of course, I abandoned that profession when I learned how it demoralized my conscience. (The Russian conscience is very restless—you must know that if you read Dostoyevsky.)

Every paper on earth likes sensations, but American papers beat them all! They not only watch and describe the wonderful happenings—they create them! That was quite new and amazing for me. If somebody happens to drop an empty box of sardines on the pavement of Chicago, you may be sure that in New York there will appear a head-line:

ANOTHER BOMB THROWN BY AN INHUMAN ANARCHIST!

But in spite of this unlimited longing for sensation, your papers are giving such wide information about everything that one can always find the true attitude toward all that happens, can reduce the exaggeration, can dig the truth out of the heavy headlines and the thundering editorial pages. It is a great merit of the American newspapers: they always print all different opinions on any important subject; the New York "Times" for instance, prints the speeches of Socialist Hillquit! Democratic papers repeat what objections the Republicans have against the President. And they repeat it all truly, without changing a word! One can forgive the many faults of your papers for their full, many-sided information.

But the best thing about them is the advertisements. These are simply magnificent! They are full of wit, even poetry; they read like fiction! We never had anything like that in Russia! FULL MOON TONIGHT! I read a poetical beginning of an advertisement. I thought it was the first line of a poem. But when I continued, it urged me to buy a warm plaid, because the full-moon evenings of autumn are chilly.

It is often like that with your advertisements: they begin with the most unearthly and poetical things: love and the nightingale—roses and "the skin you love to touch". And they end with woolen underwear and soap! I suspect all your publicity agents are recruited from the crowd of unsuccessful poets.

No, it must not always be so! Your advertisers use not only poetry in their trade: they also use science; for example, experimental psychology and hypnotism. One must have very strong nerves to pass indifferently these impressive cries:

STOP! LISTEN! BUY OUR GOODS! DON'T DARE TO MOVE BEFORE YOU TEAR OFF THAT COUPON!

For a nervous person it is a cruel persecution! Perhaps you Americans are used to it, and it does not impress you any more, but a green foreigner cannot disobey these strict orders:

NOW! YOU MUST BUY IT!

START TO BEAUTIFY YOURSELF TONIGHT!

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WALK ON YOUR HEELS ONLY!

SIT RIGHT DOWN AND WRITE THAT LETTER!

They use an even more subtle form of hypnotism—they use morale! They preach to you about the future of your country and the happiness of your children; and all that—to make you buy OUR SPECIAL GARDEN HOSE.

The deafening head-lines, the overwhelming advertisements, the violent partisan attacks—all these made me dizzy when I started to read your papers. Besides, my head could not digest so many facts at once. Too much material! The war news, the baseball news, the automobile section, the Wall Street gossip, the society scandals—I felt lost, buried under all this important information. (Every one of your papers insists that all its news is important, especially the advertisements; many of them begin with the words: VERY IMPORTANT! be it about a new kind of hair pins.)

As I honestly wanted to study your country, I read your papers carefully and assiduously, from the first page to the last. But very soon I recognized that it was too big a task, too great a burden on my weak shoulders! I learned that nobody in America does that, save the greenhorns and the hopeless idlers who have nothing more to do.

Anyway, it was a good school for me: I learned how an American paper is edited, published, and sold; what are the aims and purposes of every one of them; what a bird is an American journalist and what training he gets.

I learned by and by how to find among all "important news" the really important; I saw that all the facts in your papers are put in good order; the titles and especially the subtitles give you an idea of what the article is talking about. The paper is cleverly divided into different sections, and it is not at all difficult to find your way about in it. The American paper has a system. Its contributors are specialists. The least of your reporters gets a good training. All that was quite unusual to me.

Your average newspaper man is not highly idealistic—popularity and good pay mean too much for him. So I have little good to say about his aims and purposes; but I adore his loyalty to his profession and his wonderful training.

The American "special correspondent" is a real correspondent; if he is sent to the front, he will describe battles which he saw with his own eyes, no matter how dangerous it was to see them. An American reporter is able to go into the center of hell—to get an interview with His Majesty, the Devil. If you send him to watch the explosion of a volcano, he will open the case of his "Corona" on the verge of it and will start to typewrite his report in the midst of flame.

I exaggerate just a little, describing him—I know things about him which are very similar to what I said above. A witness of the great explosion which occurred lately in New Jersey told me a wonderful fact about a reporter from New York. It was shortly after the large shell-factory blew up. The workers and guards feared that the magazine of gunpowder would blow up next, and it would mean thousands of deaths. Panic seized all; people were running away like animals from the flaming prairies; it was a bewildered herd, which howled, howled terribly, without words . . .

"I have never before heard such an

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inhuman howl!" confessed the man who told me that, "even in the bombarded cities."

He himself had tasted war in Russia. Now he was occupied in guarding powder-magazines. He wore a uniform and considered himself to be in the government service. And in spite of his uniform which obliged him to be brave he ran blindly together with others to a near-by thick forest.

"The branches beat our faces, bruised our bodies. . . . But they could not stop us. Nothing could stop our horror. And then, quite casually, I lifted my face upward, after a twig sharply struck my chin; and I saw a man on the tree, who was sitting quietly and fixing his camera—to photograph us! The sight was so unexpected, it was such a contrast to our panic, that I began to laugh! It cooled me. I stopped and started to talk with the man: he turned out to be a reporter."

When I return to Russia I will write a novel, "The American Reporter". I believe it will be my best one. Here it would be of no use to write such a story—Americans would not find anything unusual in it. You are accustomed to your reporter and don't notice his virtues any more. No one can be a prophet in his own country.

Another wonderful thing which I learned about your newspaper men is: they are taught how to write for the newspapers; you have schools of journalism. We have no such thing in Russia as a school of journalism. When a man has tried in vain every other profession or trade, when he has made bad shoes or lame tables, when he has failed in commerce or in the show business, then he becomes a journalist. It is not so bad after all, because the newspaper man needs experience and the person who has tried many professions has a lot of experience.

The typical Russian editor is one who has been expelled from a university for radicalism. Perhaps this is the reason why almost all our papers and magazines were so radical for scores of years. To be "red" was the strongest tradition of our current literature. The real Russian writer must have talent and radical principles. Training is unnecessary. Sometimes he can succeed without talent, but without red principles—never!

In the epoch of darkest reaction we always kept in our columns that red fire of revolutionary protest, although at times it was very hard because of the censorship. Do you know that the general censorship was condemned in Russia only after the revolution in 1905? For the first months it was a great joy for our always-strangled current literature, but very soon we found out that our so-called freedom of the press was only a poor camouflage. For every "red" article editors were put in jail or sent to Siberia, often without any court-trial. Many of the experienced old editors, who remembered the censorship, used to talk about it as about a lost paradise:

"Then we knew what we could print. Now—we know nothing: a reporter who has scolded the favorite dog of a senator may be considered a criminal! Everything is so uncertain . . ."

The blessed censorship was reestablished in wartime. But the new tribe of journalists could not accustom themselves to it: it happened frequently that the censor erased a whole page of a paper and it would appear before the readers maidenly-white, because the editor had no time to replace the prohibited articles.

The unhappy editor would yield: "Say, can't you write about something

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'neutral'?" But the journalists could not . . . The white pages appeared more and more often.

We used to call these white spots "smetana", which means sour cream. The other name for it was: "the blind pages".

Oh, how our people feared those blind pages! Every time that they appeared, the readers would think that something terrible had happened on the battle-fields. We would calculate that our fleet had been completely defeated or the best fortress had been taken, or something worse . . . Blind panic poured out of those blind pages and tormented our worried souls.

At last the old government realized the distressing influence of the white pages and forbade them. But they still appeared from time to time as a weak protest against the mighty censorship. The "Riech", edited by Paul Miloukov, who was, later on, the Foreign Minister for a few moments, appeared once just with its title "Riech" and nothing more. Two empty pages and the sign of the editor under it! Other pages were filled with advertisements.

In mentioning the Russian advertisements, I must not omit to tell you the greatest difference between your papers and ours. We never depended so much on the advertisers. The price of our dailies was comparatively high (five copecks a copy) and any honest paper or magazine could live modestly on the money from subscribers. Our papers depended on public opinion, and that opinion was always radical and idealistic. Our journalists had to hate the old regime, to pity "the poor and oppressed", to be brave and ready to go to prison. . . The halo of heroism always shone above the head of the Russian journalist, were he the least underpaid reporter. People used to respect "a man who writes". It was a noble and dangerous profession.

We had only one big conservative paper, "Novoe Vremia"; it always served the interests of the governing classes. But the overwhelming majority of our people despised its very name! It was considered shameful to write for that paper.

Ninety-nine per cent of our papers and magazines were always against the government. The editorial page, the most important part of a Russian paper, was always full of criticism. The oppressed Russian subject would read with delight how the editor, under the risk of a heavy punishment, blamed the hated "old regime".

Even when the old government happened occasionally to do something decent, useful to the nation, even then our press would find some mistakes in it, so potent was the tradition—Hate the government!

I remember how heartily I laughed when our serious "Riech" tried to reproach the government for . . . suppressing vodka! The editors could not believe at once in the earnestness of that great reform, because it was done by the Czar. They doubted it, guessing that some mischief must be hidden at the bottom of it. . .

But in the wartime that eternally protesting spirit of our journalists became somewhat shattered. There appeared a new, rich paper, "Russkaya Volia", with the aim "to protect the impersonal capital". That crafty phrase which was put many times in the editorial columns meant simply, to serve some influential trustees, who were ruining Russia. The paper took special pains to defend the interests of the Leather Manufacturers' Association, the most predatory of its kind in Russia, which was responsible for

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the fact that the Russian soldiers had to go barefooted.

This paper, being the richest, tried to bribe "the conscience of Russia"—as we used to call our press. And its originators succeeded in part: Leonid Andreev and Alexandr Amfiteatrov—the two corner-stones of our journalism, considered it possible to write for "Russkaya Volia". That was a demoralizing example for the "little-men". For the first time in the history of our press the conscience of great journalists was so publicly sold! Their salaries were now bigger than those of the Romanoffs' ministers! You can see from this that the price for a pure, first-rate, long preserved conscience is high in Russia.

The foundation of that first big capitalistic paper caused great practical changes too: there appeared the luxurious evening edition, with the American-like graphic section—the third evening edition ever known in Petrograd! And they got automobiles to deliver it on time—that seemed wonderful to us!

It may be strange to you that we always had only one edition of a newspaper. Russians used to read their papers just once a day, at morning, and their thirst for news was wholly satisfied with it. I don't think the average Russian reader would believe it, if somebody said to him that there was such a thing in the world as the tenth edition of a paper. I myself could not believe my eyes when I saw such a wonder on the stands of the American cities.

The appearance of our papers was very humble, as a rule. They were very tiny and consisted of two to eight pages only. I was tremendously astonished when I saw here that big heap of paper which you call the final edition.

The contents of our papers was serious, modest, and sad. No funny pictures, no bold advertisements, no cheerfulness. The Knight of Liberty must not smile! Only the bitter laugh of the dangerous political satire sounded from time to time from the deadly-earnest pages of our dailies. All that could be very noble, but it was awfully morbid just the same.

Here in America you have another tradition: your journalist must smile, always smile, no matter what is happening in the world. Governments may totter, epidemics may devastate the country, children may starve—but the American journalist must be cheerful and smile, smile, smile.

I think this extreme cheerfulness as unreasonable as our Russian tradition of sorrow. There are epochs when it is dangerous to pretend that everything at home is all right, "everybody in good health, nobody injured and all happy". If the typical psychology of our ordinary newspaper man is the psychology of an undertaker, the typical psychology of yours is that of an ostrich. I don't like extremes and exaggerations, although I came from "anarchistic Russia". My dearest dream always was to mix a typical Russian and a typical American in a witch's cauldron and thus get a new, mild, reasonable, harmonious being.

Coming from Russia to America is like taking a hot douche after a cold bath. My nature cannot stand such terrible changes—I don't believe anyone's can! The quickest cure for every extremist is a visit to his antipodes.

If you want to learn the faults of your journalism, as I learned the faults of ours, read the Russian papers. But don't do it carelessly, don't read a Russian paper immediately after an American one: the shock may be too great!

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I know that it is very difficult for an American, with his instinctive fear of every foreign language, to start reading Russian newspapers. So I wrote this article to save you the trouble.

THE MISCELLANY OF A JAPANESE PRIEST

BY RAYMOND M. WEAVER

"It is absurd, therefore I believe." Thus in a paradox Saint Tertullian sealed his faith. Only by a similar technique of credulity can one confront the fabulous Japan of Occidental imagination with the Japan of sober fact and remain loyal to the imagination. The pleasing myth of Japan's uniqueness and perfection—like the melancholy of Jacques "compounded of many samples"—parades itself with all the authority of a well-established literary convention, and credits the inhabitants of this new Hesperides with nothing less than faultless taste, impeccable courtesy, unparalleled loyalty and divine descent. The Devil's Advocates chant in antiphony lurid warnings of the Yellow Peril: and the broad and comprehensive ignorance upon matters Japanese of the busy average man, finds little enlightenment in this jargon of conflicting voices.

Yet there is one oracle that speaks calm amidst the Babel: the unconscious national autobiography that the Japanese have left us in their literature: the truest and safest index of the character of a people. The earliest book we have written in Japanese is a history compiled in 712 A.D., almost exactly at the time when the Venerable Bede was beginning work on his "Ecclesiastical History of Our Island and Nation"; and from 712 down to the present day the Japanese have written voluminously. In these utterances that Nippon has given to her sensations, her dreams, her achievements, her aspirations, she has articulated the true color of her life. These utterances reveal a brave, a courteous, a light-hearted, a pleasure-loving people; a people sentimental rather than passionate; nimble-witted rather than profound; ingenious and inventive, if not grandly creative; frequently achieving the exquisite, seldom, if ever, the sublime.

In comparing the literatures of England and Japan one is struck by the same contrast one feels between the frail wooden Japanese streets and the tremendous solidity of an American thoroughfare; between a Gothic cathedral and a Shinto shrine; between a Verdi opera and a Geisha entertainment; the same difference in emotional value and imaginative power. Japan has produced no Shakespeare, no Chaucer, no Fielding, no Dickens, no Shaw; rather can she boast her Malorys, her Bedes, her Herricks, her anonymous Miracle Plays and her Chronicle Drama. She rates prime among her classics an epic romance written by the tenth-century lady-in-waiting, Murasaki Shikibu—a rival in endless sentimental preciosity to Mademoiselle de Scudéry. In Japanese literature there are many arid wastes—but there are occasional delightful oases. In all the literature of Japan

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there are surely few books more representative of Japanese traits, and none more entertaining, than that most modern fourteenth-century book of confessions, the "Tsure-zure Gusa" of the priest Yoshida Kenko.

Of the objective details of Kenko's life we know little enough—and our ignorance lightens the duty of biographers. He was born in 1283: this much is certain; and he died in 1350—the year that saw the beginning of Boccaccio's "Decameron". Ambitious genealogists have tried to trace the descent of this most human of men through a branch of the Imperial Family back to the Shinto deity Kogone Mikoto. Kenko's father was a Shinto priest, attached to a shrine at Yoshida, near Kyoto. Kenko's lay name was Yoshida Kaneyoshi. The name Kenko, which he chose when he became a monk, is indicative of the temper of mind in which he shaved his head. He preserved the two Chinese characters of his lay name Kaneyoshi, simply altering the pronunciation to something that with a little good-will might be allowed to breathe the odor of monasticism. In a somewhat similar way might a man named Oliver, without troubling to consult the hallowed nomenclature of the calendar of the saints, enter religion as "Brother Oliverius". Of Kenko's childhood and youth we have no complicated records. We know, however, that he made his way to court and became under the ex-Emperor Go-Uda a brilliant officer of the guard. Upon the death of his royal patron in 1324, Kenko shaved his head, and except for brief sojourns at court spent the remainder of his days in secluded spots in the vicinity of Kyoto.

Kenko's motives for entering religion have been much enlarged upon by a host of native commentators. Some would make him an accomplished model of piety and priestliness; but others, intent upon painting him more picturesquely unregenerate, present him as a profligate and hypocritical sceptic. According to this latter version he saved his neck in warring times by swathing it in a cowl: a neck that did little honor to its swathings. Stirring and tempestuous indeed were the times in which his life was cast. Emperors were but pawns in the hands of the military regents, set up and deposed upon a whim. Between 1298 and 1304 there were actually no fewer than five ex-emperors alive, a situation for an *opéra bouffe!* Not only were emperors deposed, but in 1290 there was an attempted assassination, and in 1333 His Majesty Diago II, exiled in Oki, escaped with his life only under a boatload of dried fish. Between 1337 and 1392 the unhappy country was racked and riven by armed strife between two rival lines of sovereigns—the court of the North and the court of the South. Kenko had enjoyed preferment under the court of the South, yet was he petted by the Emperor of the North who held court in Kyoto. Playing between the contending parties of this great schism, Kenko's was not an easy position. When on his death-bed he was attended by the physician of the

The "Tsure-zure Gusa" has been translated into English at least three times; once by G. B. Sansom (published by the Asiatic Society of Japan); again by William N. Porter: "The Miscellany of a Japanese Priest" (London, 1914. Oxford Press); and again by T. Wakameda: "The Thoughts of a Recluse" (Tokyo, 1914). Excerpts are to be found in W. G. Aston's "Japanese Literature" (London, 1909); in Michel Revon's "Anthologie de la littérature Japonaise" (Paris, n. d.); and in F. Florenz's "Geschichte der japanischen literatur" (Leipzig, 1906). The citations made in this article are generally from Porter's translation—though only after a comparison with the variorum Japanese text of Yamai Asaki, published in Yedo in 1687. All the works here cited have been consulted in the preparation of this article with the exception of the translation of G. B. Sansom—mentioned in Porter's introduction.

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Northern Emperor, whom he regarded as illegitimate, he politely refused to submit to such courtly dosings, and the money the emperor sent him he distributed as alms. Yet despite his cool reception of these imperial favors he was honored with a flattering burial by the dynasty he did not affect to love. Kenko never in his life posed in the rôle of a martyr, and for the sake of peace he was willing to make concessions to partisan conscience, if not to courtesy. Humanity was stronger in him than were the claims of warring dynasties.

In any case, while events around him were being determined by the strong arbitration of the sword, he found it safer not to tempt fate by sailing in midstream. He drew up into the backwaters, and, like Montaigne and Sir Thomas Browne, from his quiet retreat watched the trappings of conquest thunder safely past. The "Tsure-zure Gusa"—"Leaves of Ennui", "Pages of Idleness"—is a record of the stray thoughts of these years of seclusion. He begins the book with the announcement: "Leisurely I face my ink-stand all day long, and without any particular object I jot down the odds and ends that pass through my mind". And with a suggestion of the technique of Hamlet's madness, perhaps, he slyly forestalls unfriendly consequences of anything he might write by buttressing himself behind the plea of insanity: "And all the while I write I have a curious feeling that I am not in my right mind". Kenko's sanity was never keener than when he ironically doubted it. If by any chance a copy of Rousseau's "Confessions" should drift into the Elysian Fields, with what pained amusement would Kenko come across Rousseau's boast: "Je me suis montré tel que je fus; méprisable et vil quand je l'ai été; bon, genereux, sublime, quand je l'ai été: j'ai dévoilé mon intérieur tel que tu l'as vu toi-même, Etre éternel——" Kenko would not like this procedure. He was too wary, and at the same time too much of a gentleman, to indulge sublimities either of virtue or vice, to make unblushing exposure of his soul's full nakedness. Kenko is without ostentation in his self-betrayal. "My feelings would smother me if I did not express them", he says in an apologetic parenthesis, "so I follow the caprice of my pen, filling paper with the emptiest of ideas, doubtless fit only to be thrown away, and not worthy to be even glanced at by the serious-minded." Kenko here reveals what Rousseau tragically lacked—a gift of ironical humor.

Kenko says he "follows the caprice of his pen", and his phrase *zui-hitsu* has given name to a style of writing popular in Japan since the end of the tenth century. With Kenko, the *zui-hitsu* attained to classic achievement. Kenko jots down whatever at the moment is most vital to his veering interests, warmest in the intimacy of his thought. No organic sequence is there, no belittling anxiety for consistency. There are sections "On Godliness", "On Dried Salmon", "On Approaching Death", "On Good Manners", "On Gossip", "On Being Drunk"; thoughts on priests, on cats, on the Emperor's bed, on evil spirits, on gambling, on love—on most subjects both under heaven and above. The book is composed of 243 sections, each section running in length from a few lines to a few pages; the whole work in translation covering an equivalent of about fifty magazine pages. The "Tsure-zure Gusa", while not intended for publication, has gone through innumerable printings; it has

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been repeatedly edited, imitated, parodied, praised, denounced, cited, stolen from; in a word, it has had all the successes, and in its latest glory is used as a text for the study of literature in all the schools of Japan. Kenko has come to be more than a household word: he is one of the accepted confessors of the Japanese soul. And he is one of the first men in the history of the world completely to reveal his inner life with its struggles, its pleasures, its regrets, its contradictions.

Sei Shonagun (she who wrote the first *zui-hitsu*) in tenth century Japan; Job, Marcus Aurelius, Cicero, Saint Augustine, among a scattered company in the West, have left us an abundant comment upon their inner life. But Petrarca's "Secret" (written some time between 1342 and 1353) is the first unmistakable example that the Occident possesses of a cool, honest, and comprehensive analysis. It is not without interest to note that the nearest that the Orient has attained to such a work of revelation is in the "Tsure-zure Gusa" of Kenko, finished some time between 1334 and Kenko's death twenty years later: the two books are almost exactly contemporaneous. Between these two men and their confessions certain essential similarities are striking indeed. Both men were at least fifty when they put their confessions aside: ripe in experience, yet far from peace in the contemplation of their achievements. Each wrote in a mood of disillusionment, of inner conflict. Petrarca, the lover of Laura, the enemy of ignorance, the counselor of princes, the idol of his age; Kenko, the brilliant courtier, the favorite of emperors, and as poet first of the "Four Celestial Kings": each had achieved glory—but not peace. Both men entered religion. And the religion of each taught that our mortal life is but a brief period of probation, fraught in its brevity with stupendous consequences; that the lures of the world and the flesh are but the abominations of a godless infatuation. It is characteristic of these men that though they both formally assented to this view neither ever really accepted it: they never believed deeply in their hearts what intellectually they accepted as truth. And there was no hypocrisy in this contradiction. Each was a spirit at odds with its age and with itself—though Petrarca was certainly more morbidly conscious of the conflict. Kenko, the priest of a religion of other-worldliness, was at the same time a shrewd, a polished, a somewhat cynical man of *this* world; there is a certain irony even in his virtues. Kenko's is the pious and contrite skepticism of Horace, of Montaigne, of his contemporary Boccaccio.

"Let your heart be not forgetful of the future life", says the moralizing Kenko; "enviable indeed is he who is not unmindful of the Way of Buddha"; and we suspect Kenko of honestly praising more his ideal than his practice. "As we are born human beings, we should at all cost shun worldly desires. For if we devote our energies to mundane affairs, and do not strive to attain salvation, what difference is there between us and the lower animals?" But poets like Whitman and Baudelaire have found solace in brotherhood with the beasts, and for reasons not irrelevant to Kenko's own inner strife:

> They do not sweat and whine about their condition;
> They do not lie awake in the dark and weep for their sins;

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They do not make me sick discussing
their duty to God;
Not one is respectable or industrious
over the whole world.

In his capacity as Buddhist priest, Kenko broods drearily over the vanity of human wishes—an ascetic wisdom borne bitterly home to him by the kaleidoscopic reverses of anarchistic times. But though a priest of Buddha, Kenko, with that liberal comprehensiveness so characteristic of the Japanese nation, had more than a mere tolerance for other creeds. Like one of Shaw's characters, he was a "collector of religions". He shows a reverence for the Shinto deities; a deep respect for the moral philosophy of Confucius; and the ethics of Lao-tze made a profound temperamental appeal to the Idler in his nature. Lao-tze's is a comfortable doctrine of indolent and well-mannered optimism: a philosophy of letting things take their course, in the faith that if left alone the universe will accomplish its ultimate perfection; a philosophy of inactivity, of "non-acting"; that is, not acting a part, not doing things in an artificial way, not forcing the nature of things. The virtue of Lao-tze is tranquillity, quietude, peace. Lao-tze counsels with the Apostle: "We beseech you, brethren, that ye study to be quiet". Tolstoi is but iterating Lao-tze (whom he is said to have contemplated translating into Russian) when he praises the virtue of *le non-agir*. It is in a similar mood that Kenko says: "There is really nothing but this—a leisurely life and a heart free from worldly care. This is the chief way." We cannot picture Kenko in the attitude Saint Augustine presents of himself, "roaring out many things earnestly and forcibly" and "gnashing his teeth" in a frenzy of righteousness. Kenko's is not an arduous faith. In speaking of the Buddhist and Shinto gods and the lives of the saints he on one occasion confesses to the unorthodox counsel: "Treat them generally as if they were true, but do not altogether believe them; and do not cast ridicule upon them by expressing your incredulity. It is useless to refute a falsehood which entertains everybody."

"There is no life so undesirable as that of a priest", he writes in a moment of misgiving at the very opening of his book, and he criticizes his brothers in Buddha for "their savage violence and loud shouting". Under his tonsure he bore the uncanonical ideal: "A man should preferably have pleasing features and a good style; one never tires of meeting those who can engage in a little pleasant conversation and who have an attractive manner, but who are not *too* talkative. One who is quick and clever at writing and sketching, who has a pleasant voice, who can beat time to music, and who does not refuse a little wine—even though he cannot drink much, he is a good man." It is pleasant to see that the monastic confusion of values was never able completely to destroy the freshness of Kenko's native preferences, permanently to sour his temper, lastingly to acidify the sweetness of his blood. "Generally speaking", says the pagan in him, "uniformity in anything at all is bad; it is better to leave a little imperfection, and thereby our lives, being more natural, will be prolonged."

The Reverend Kenko in fourteenth-century Japan—remote indeed does he seem when presented in these terms. But most of his book might have been written by a Japanese of today; much of it by a modern cosmopolitan. With a kind of unconscious prophecy Kenko

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indulges the phrases "in these modern times", and "among us moderns", to the point of Arnold's "damnable iteration". Modernity to him was synonymous with crudity, with barbarous innovation, and he had historical justification for his mating of terms. Among all the periods of her history it is in that in which Kenko lived that Japan finds most for which to blush. In his conservatisms he was true to the best traditions of the Japanese character. The atrocities of his times made him an antiquarian in reaction. All relics of the past interested him, and the "Tsure-zure Gusa" spends many sections on the customs of other times. And among the enormities of civil strife his was the abiding Japanese anxiety for faultless manners; to the end was he a connoisseur in niceties of etiquette, a high priest in the ritual of codified behavior. There is no interest more persistent in Japanese literature and in Japanese life: Chesterfield and Castiglione are after the Oriental tradition. The intricacy, the subtlety, of Japanese courtesy has in the West been more fruitful of laughter than of insight and imitation; and for the obviousness of our amusement Japan has a low bow and a non-committal smile. But it is questionable how long Japan can hold this attitude. For Young Japan, in its eagerness to appear westernized, is showing in its youth a tendency to make an ostentation of bad manners a sign of liberalized westernization. Kenko's distaste for "these modern days" still has its edge.

Kenko's celebration of the Japanese enjoyment of nature promises less likelihood of an immediate reversal. The Japanese are perhaps the only "civilized" people on the face of the earth who can take nature naturally. The Occident has lost since Kenko's day—if not long before—what Japan has succeeded in keeping uncorrupted. Our attitude toward nature, when not one of frank disavowal, has too frequently been a rococo affectation, or else a reaction into savagery. Doctor Johnson hated mountains, after the approved manner of his age; though he confessed to the psychology of his loathing with a frankness peculiar to himself. Mountains, he said, gave him an unbearable sense of his own personal insignificance. Dryden, addressing Calvinism, wrote:

> What though your native kennel be but small,
> Bounded betwix a puddle and a wall,

the puddle being the lake of Geneva, the wall the Swiss Alps. Because Japan has produced no Drydens, Popes or Johnsons, she has been graciously spared the need of a Byron or a Rousseau. The conditions of Japanese life make it possible to live in a close intimacy with nature that our more substantial stone and iron civilization will not permit. The Japanese sentiment for nature is essentially classical: the delight of Horace in his farm among the Sabine Hills—an unaffected contentment in groves and streams and moss-grown rocks and rustic peace. Horace and Kenko would have been equally ill at ease either at Versailles or "camping" in the Rockies. The modern man is usually self-conscious in the presence of nature; he cannot understand the unpremeditated unanimity with which the whole Japanese population turns out of doors for no other reason than to see a few blossoms, a fringe of iris, a clump of crimson maples. There is the taint of a pose in our approval of sunsets and nightingales and summer dawns; we cannot accept them with that simple delight, that almost religious seri-

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ousness that sends Japanese villages out into the fields with seasonal regularity to "view the August moon". Kenko loved nature with an intimate and naïve affection: "the songs of the birds of spring; the plants of the hedges sprouting anew in the sunshine; the mists spreading abroad as the season advances; the blossoms bursting into fragrant bloom; the pale evening gourds and the smoke rising from the low, thatched cottages; the crimson maple leaves scattered across the snow". "It is not only when we look at the moon or flowers with our eyes that they give us pleasure", says Kenko in another place. "On a spring day, though we do not leave our house; on a moonlight night, though we remain in our chamber, the mere thought of them is a keen delight." Long before Wordsworth had Kenko enjoyed

> that inward eye
> Which is the bliss of solitude.

In his plea for tenderness toward animals Kenko shows a sentimentality similar to Chaucer's Prioress and to our latter-day anti-vivisectionists: that widespread tendency of the Japanese—and others—to indulge a luxury of pity for the mere sake of the emotion itself. "Of those animals which we keep and feed it is pitiable to torment horses and cattle by tying them up", protests Kenko; and the thought of clipping the wings of birds and shutting them up in cages where they "pine for the clouds, and with endless grief think of the wild mountains": such thoughts as these, he says, he can hardly bear. "A man who can take delight in killing living animals and causing them pain by making them fight for his amusement is no better than the beasts which prey upon one another. If we consider the condition of the countless birds and beasts, and even the tiniest of insects, we find the parents thinking fondly of their little ones, who in turn pine for them in their absence. So can it be other than grievous to cause them pain or to deprive them of life?" This pathetic fallacy of Kenko's he might have found sanction for in the Buddhist belief in metempsychosis. For according to this doctrine the chance dog that one meets on the highroad may be animated by the soul of some unregenerate ancestor, and kindness to the brute kingdom is but an amplification of the virtue of filial piety not entirely flattering to our forebears. Kenko would have vastly enjoyed the bull-fights of ancient Thessaly and modern Spain, the gigantic slaughter of the Roman circus, the Elizabethan practice of bear baiting, and the equally liberal manly relaxations of the eighteenth-century British squire, for they would have offered him occasion for the pleasant shedding of abundant tears, such occasions as Buddhism has made impossible in Japan.

Kenko's love of children was more genuine than was his love of animals, but it was a love not without serious reservations, and sicklied o'er, too, with the pale cast of sentimentality. "When you deceive or threaten a little child, or make it feel ashamed", he writes, in the vein of Rousseau, "you do it doubtless only in fun. A grown-up pays no attention to such behavior, because he knows it means nothing; but the little heart of the child is pierced with horror, and its simple imagination is smitten with genuine shame. Wicked it is to find pleasure in causing pain to others." Being a priest, Kenko was in theory a celibate, and he evinced a monkish distaste for parenthood and the joys of hearth and home. He is in no sense typical of the

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Japanese passion for children. Among the "things that are in bad taste" he mentions "too many children in a house", and in this he was true to his Buddhist confession. With a frankness that has shocked the guilty agreement of many parents, he seems to have viewed children as an encumbrance, and he reserved it as his monkish privilege to dismiss as a gross counsel the Mosaic injunction to "increase and multiply". He is explicitly thankful never to have had a son, and he recounts with approval the story of how Prince Shotoku left as a deathbed command for the building of his tomb: "Break up the road and isolate the spot, for I do not want to be bothered in my grave by the pilgrimages of my descendants." Kenko allows, however, that parenthood is at least an educative discipline. Kenko tells the story of a certain wild savage of terrible appearance, who, meeting a neighbor, asked him if he had any children. "Not one!" was the reply. "Then you do not know the Ah-ness of things", replied the savage, with an unexpected insight that both surprised and delighted Kenko, "and your heart must be devoid of feeling." "It is doubtless true", is Kenko's cynical comment, "that by children men become conscious of the Ah-ness of things."

To know the Ah-ness of things (*mono no aware wo shiru*) is, as Aston has pointed out, a hackneyed phrase in Japanese literature. It means to have a sensitive, emotional nature, the *coeur sensible* of the French. It is a kind of sentimental luxury, tempering one finely to the Virgilian *lachrymae rerum.* If you would assure yourself of a sense of "the tears of things", advises Kenko, undertake to raise a family. How Kenko, in his mountain retreat, would have enjoyed "The Way of All Flesh"!

Women should not read Kenko. In the same way, women should not read Milton and the Church Fathers, Boccaccio, and Sir Thomas Browne. In his treatment of women Kenko has won for himself the distinction of a double damnation: he has been censured for the unpriestly lyricism of his appreciations; for the too-priestly frankness of his ungarnished denunciations. Woman to him was both a fascination and a torment—a predicament he shared with the Church Fathers. Woman he found to praise, to blame—never to disregard. "Though he be perfect in many ways", admits the tonsured Kenko, "a man who does not appreciate feminine beauty seems to me as faulty as a beautiful wine bowl without a bottom." Yet Kenko is forced to confess that nothing so leads astray the silly heart of man as love. "It is the lovely hair of a woman that first attracts the eye of a man", runs on the writing-brush of Kenko, "but her slightest actions, as when she is innocently taking a seat, may be the beginning of a man's ruin. With a cord made of twisted woman's hair even the mighty elephant can be easily tethered." The susceptible Kenko does his best to convince himself of the absurdity of this thraldom. "Women are, without exception, naturally perverse", he declares. "They are conceited, extremely greedy, and ignorant of right conduct; they are ever ready to change their minds about whatever takes their fancy; they will not speak, even when asked the simplest questions, in carefully chosen words; yet they will break out into the silliest chatter when not spoken to at all." It has ever been a mannerism of Japanese literature to parade with a Miltonic lack of a sense of humor the multifold sins of not be-

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ing a man. Yet these denunciations are among the best witnesses we have of the irrepressible vitality of the Japanese women: women light-hearted and pleasure-loving; witty and humorous, and incorrigibly amused at the splenetic seriousness of the Japanese male; nimble of apprehension, and voracious in their appetite to know simply everything. In Kenko's arraignments there is the deepest implied tribute. But a woman must have a sense of humor fully to relish the compliment.

Kenko's ideas upon marriage are shockingly ultra-modern. "What is generally known as a wife", he writes, "is a thing no man should have. No matter what kind of a woman she is, if he keeps seeing her all hours of the day and night his heart grows weary, and he begins to dislike her, and the woman herself begins to sympathize with his distaste. The woman is hardly improved by the business of housekeeping; and it is a nuisance, too, when babies come and she has to nurse them and dote upon them. To live apart, therefore, and to go and stay with her from time to time, is the way to form a tie that the passing of months and years can never dissever; for it will then be no affliction to go occasionally and pay her a little visit." Marriages of convenience were an especial abomination to Kenko. "How lacking in romance is it for a man fondly to take to himself a wife only by the permission of his parents and brothers!" And for marriages between girls and wealthy old men he has but the most exquisite scorn. After a man has reached forty, such is Kenko's conviction, it is offensive and absurd for him to pose as a lover. "He who is not loved for his own sake when standing in the cloudy moonlight while the night air is sweet with the perfume of the plum blossoms, had far better have nothing to do with love."

Kenko's youth lay well behind him when he wrote this, and he did not always look forward into the increasing years with the calm conviction that the best was yet to be. "In a long life", he wrote, "is increasing shame; and no life, however extended, can be better than to die at forty." Yet to the end was Kenko's a highly sociable nature, and his was a fastidious and Epicurean delight in his friends and in his books. Rare indeed are some of the moments to which he confesses: "On a moonlight night, or of a morning after a snow, or when beneath the cherry blossoms, with your heart at peace, to converse over a neat repast; or upon an idle day to cheer the heart with a little festivity with a friend who has chanced in; or in some cosy nook to sit in winter with some intimate friend, and, lingering over one's cups, to cook a morsel over the fire." Mellowed with wine in such congenial scenes, what a conversationalist Kenko must have been! Judging from some of the excellent tales in the "Tsurezure Gusa", Kenko must have had an exhaustless store of amusing and keenly pointed anecdotes, an abundance of cynical reflections upon human weakness, a deep wisdom gleaned from an active and varied life, an insatiable curiosity, a quick sense of the ridiculous: and of such stuff are brilliant talkers made. Isolated in his mountain retreat, Kenko looked fondly back upon his dead and distant friends. "Sometimes, when all others are at rest, to amuse myself through the long nights, I put in order my odds and ends; and as I throw away the rubbish I do not want to be left, if I come across any writing or amusing sketches by one who is gone, I cannot help thinking of the days now passed

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away. Even though the writer be still alive, if they were done long ago it is pathetic to recall the time and the occasion." In his books, too, Kenko found companionship. "How refreshing it is to sit by a lamp in solitude, and by means of an open book make friends with those who lived in ages we have never seen."

While Kenko was so spending his nights and days, Marco Polo, in Venice, was recounting strange tales of a fabulous island in the East named Chipangu—an island of prodigal wealth, inhabited by a race of cannibals, "white, well-favored, idolatrous, and dependent upon no one"; unfriendly hearsay that he had gleaned at the court of Kubla Khan. Since the time of Kenko and Marco Polo this far-away Chipangu has been an abiding stimulus to the myth-making faculty. Our knowledge of Japan is derived largely from trivial books of tourist impressions and from the fulminations of yellow journals. The Japanese are presented to us in no neutral tints: either pure saint or pure devil. As a matter of fact, few Japanese ever attain to such extreme distinctions. In the words of Petrarca, in his "Letter to Posterity", Kenko might plead against the charge of Marco Polo: "I was, in truth, a poor mortal like yourself". And in this plea Kenko is spokesman for his race.

RHYTHM

BY ANNE CLEVELAND CHENEY

Exquisite rhythm!
As I sit in my window—high—
Overlooking the city,
Small flights of birds curve—soar—
Against the great arch of saffron and steel;
They mount—
Little dark leaves, drawn up in a gale of wind;
They fall—
Gleamy white as wistaria petals,
Purled on satin screens.
The smoke wreathes and coils and floats;
Bridges drape their giant festoons
In pendent grace;
And the river flows—flows—
And the heavy barges move—
In slow dignity of ordered usefulness. . . .
O mighty rhythm! unceasing rhythm!

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JEREMY

By HUGH WALPOLE

(*Continued*)

CHAPTER V

Miss Jones

The day following the Jampot's departure offered up the news that, for the first time in the history of the Coles, there was to be a governess. The word governess had an awful sound and the children trembled with a mixture of delight and terror. Jeremy pretended indifference.

"It's only another woman", he said. "She'll be like the Jampot only a lady so she won't be able to punish us as the Jampot could."

I suspect that Mr. and Mrs. Cole had great difficulty in finding anyone who would do. Thirty years ago governesses were an incapable race and belonged either to the Becky Sharp or the Amelia type too closely to be very satisfactory. It was then that the New Woman was bursting upon the scene but she was not to be found amongst the governesses. No one in Polchester had yet learned to bicycle in rational costumes, it was more than five years before the publication of "The Heavenly Twins" and Mr. Trollope's Lilys and Lucys were still considered the ideal of England's maidenhood. Mrs. Cole therefore had to choose between idiotic young women and crabbed old maids and she finally chose an old maid. I don't think that Miss Jones was the very best choice that she could have made but time was short. Jeremy, aided by Hamlet, was growing terribly independent and Mr. Cole had neither the humor nor the courage to deal with him. No, Miss Jones was not ideal but the dean had strongly recommended her. It is true that the dean had never seen her but her brother with whom she had lived for many years had once been the dean's curate. It was true that he had been a failure as a curate but that made the dean the more anxious to be kind now to his memory—he, Mr. Jones, having just died of general bad temper and selfishness.

Miss Jones, buried during the last twenty years in the green depths of a Glebeshire valley, found herself now at the age of fifty, without friends, without money, without relatives. She thought that she would be a governess.

The dean recommended her, Mrs. Cole approved of her birth, education and sobriety. Mr. Cole liked the severity of her countenance when she came to call and she was engaged.

"Jeremy needs a tight hand", said Mr. Cole. "It's no use having a young girl."

"Miss Jones easily escapes that charge", said Uncle Samuel, who had met her in the hall.

The children were prepared to be good. Jeremy felt that it was time to take life seriously. He put away his toy village, scolded Hamlet for eating Mary's pincushion and dragged out his dirty exercise-book in which he did sums.

"I do hate sums", he said with a sigh, regarding the hideous smudges of thumbs and tears that scored the

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page, "I shall never understand anything about them."

"I'll help you", said Mary, who was greatly excited at the thought of a governess. "We'll do them together."

"No, we won't", said Jeremy, who hated to be dependent, "I'll learn it myself—if only the paper didn't get dirty so quickly."

"Mother says", remarked Helen, "that she's had a very hard life and no one's ever been kind to her. 'She wants affection', mother says."

"I'll give her my napkin-ring that you gave me last Christmas, Mary", said Jeremy. "You won't mind, do you? It's all dirty now. I hope Hamlet won't bark at her."

Hamlet was worrying Mary's pincushion at the moment, holding it between his paws, his body stretched out in quivering excitement, his short "snappy" tail, as Uncle Samuel called it, standing up straight in air. He stopped for an instant when he heard his name and shook one ear.

"Mother says", continued Helen, "that she lived with a brother who never gave her enough to eat."

Jeremy opened his eyes. This seemed to him a horrible thing.

"She shall have my porridge if she likes", he said. "I don't like it very much, and I'll give her that chocolate that Mr. Jellybrand sent us. There's still some, although it's rather damp now, I expect."

"How silly you are", said Helen scornfully. "Of course mother will give her everything she wants."

"It isn't silly", said Jeremy. "Perhaps she'll want more than she really wants. I often do."

"Oh, you", said Helen.

"And if for ever so long", said Jeremy, "she hasn't had enough to eat, she'll want twice as big meals now as other people—to make up."

"Mother says we've got to remember she's a lady", said Helen.

"What's the difference", asked Jeremy, "between a lady and not a lady?"

"Oh, you are silly!" said Helen. "Why, Aunt Amy's a lady and Rose isn't."

"Rose is nicer", said Jeremy.

Miss Jones had, I am sorry to say, lied to Mrs. Cole in one particular. She had told her that "she had had to do with children all her life", the fact being that on several occasions some little cousins had come to stay with herself and her brother. On these occasions the little cousins had been so paralyzed with terror that discipline had not been difficult. It was from these experiences that Miss Jones flattered herself that "she understood children".

So audacious a self-confidence is doomed to invite the scornful punishment of the gods.

Miss Jones arrived upon a wet January afternoon, one of those Glebeshire days when the town sinks into a bath of mud and mist, all the pipes run water and the eaves drip, the horses splash and only ducks are happy. Out of a blurred lamp-lit dusk stumbled Miss Jones's cab and out of a blurred unlit cab stumbled Miss Jones.

As she stood in the hall trying to look warm and amiable, Mrs. Cole's heart forsook her. On that earlier day of her visit Miss Jones had looked possible, sitting up in Mrs. Cole's drawing-room, smiling her brightest because she so desperately needed the situation, and wearing her best dress. Now she was all in pieces; she had had to leave her little village early in the morning to catch the village bus, she had waited at wayside stations as in Glebeshire only one can wait; the world had dripped upon her head and

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spattered upon her legs. She had neuralgia and a pain in her back, she had worn her older dress because, upon such a day, it would not do to travel in her best—and then as a climax to everything she had left her umbrella in the train. How she could do such a thing upon such a day! Her memory was not her strongest point, poor lady, and it was a good umbrella and she could not afford to buy another. Perhaps they would find it for her, but it was very unlikely. . . She had had it for a number of years.

She was a little woman, all skin and bone, with dried, withered cheeks, a large brown nose and protruding ears. Her face had formed severe lines in self-defense against her brother, but her eyes were mild, and when she smiled her mouth was rather pleasantly pathetic.

"Oh, she'll never do", thought Mrs. Cole as she looked at her dripping in the hall.

"I can't think how I forgot it", said the poor lady, her mind fixed upon her umbrella. 'They said that perhaps they would find it for me, but there was a man in my carriage, I remember, who will most certainly have taken it—and it was a nice one with a silver handle."

"Never mind", said Mrs. Cole cheerfully, "I'm sure they'll find it. You must come up to the nursery—or the schoolroom, I suppose we must call it now; there's a lovely fire there and we'll both have tea with the children today so as to feel at home, all of us, as quickly as possible."

What Miss Jones wanted was to lie down on a bed in a dark room and try and conquer her neuralgia. The thought of a lighted nursery filled her with dismay. However, first impressions are so important. She pulled herself together.

The children had heard the arrival; they waited in a bunch by the fire, their eyes fairly fixed on the door, partly on the strawberry jam that they were allowed today as a treat in the new governess's honor. Hamlet, his eyes and ears also upon the door, expecting perhaps a rat, perhaps Aunt Amy, sat in front of the group, its bodyguard.

"She's in the hall", said Helen, "and now mother's saying: 'Do take off your things. You must be wet', and now she's saying, 'You'll like to see the children, I expect', and now——"

There they were, standing in the doorway, Mrs. Cole and Miss Jones. There followed a dismal pause. The children had not expected anyone so old and ugly as Miss Jones. Hamlet did not bark—nothing occurred.

At last Mrs. Cole said: "Now, children, come and say 'how do you do' to Miss Jones. This is Helen, our eldest —this, Mary, and this, Jeremy."

Miss Jones did a dreadful thing. In her eagerness to be pleasant and friendly she kissed the girls and then, before anyone could stop her, kissed Jeremy. He took it like a man, never turning his head nor wiping his mouth with his hand afterward, but she might have seen in his eyes, had she looked, what he felt about it.

She said, "I hope we shall be happy together, dears".

The children said nothing and presently they all sat down to tea.

It was unfortunate that there was so little precedent on both sides. Miss Jones had never been a governess before and the children had never had one. Of course, many mistakes were made. Miss Jones had had a true admiration for what she used to call "her brother's indomitable spirit", her name for his selfishness and bad tem-

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per. She was herself neither selfish nor bad-tempered, but she was ignorant, nervous, over-anxious and desperately afraid of losing her situation. She had during so many years lived without affection that the wells of it had dried up within her and now, without being at all a bad old lady, she was simply preoccupied with the business of managing her neuralgia, living on nothing a week and building to her deceased brother's memory a monument of heroic character and self-sacrifice.

She was short-sighted and had a perpetual cold; she was forgetful and careless. She had, nevertheless, a real knowledge of many things, a warm heart somewhere could she be encouraged to look for it again, and a sense of humor buried deep beneath her cares and preoccupations. There were many worse persons in the world than Miss Jones. But, most unfortunately, her love for her brother's memory led her to resolve on what she called "firmness".

Mrs. Cole had told her that Jeremy was "getting too much" for his nurse; she approached Jeremy with exactly the tremors and quaking boldness that she would have summoned to her aid before a bull loose in a field. She really did look frightening with her large spectacles on the end of her large nose, her mouth firmly set and a ruler in her hand.

"I insist on absolute obedience", was her motto. Jeremy looked at her but said no word.

It was made clear to them all that the new regime was to be far other than the earlier nursery one. There were to be regular lesson hours, nine to twelve and four to five. A neat piece of white paper was fastened to the wall with Monday—geography, 9-10, arithmetic 10-11, and so on. A careful gradation of punishments was instituted, copies to be written so many times, standing on a chair, three strokes on the hand with a ruler, and, worst of all, standing in the corner wearing a paper dunce's cap. (This last she had read of in books.) More of this later.

At first Jeremy had every intention of behaving well, in spite of that unfortunate embrace. He was proud of his advance in life; he was no longer a baby, the nursery was now a schoolroom, he stayed up an hour later at night, he was to be allowed twopence a week pocket money, his whole social status had risen. He began to read for pleasure and discovered that it was easier than he had expected, so that he passed quite quickly through "Lottie's Visit to Grandmama" into "Stumps" and out again into "Jackanapes". He heard some elder say that the road to a large fortune lay through "sums" and, although this seemed to him an extremely mysterious statement, he determined to give the theory a chance. In fact, he sat down the first day at the schoolroom table, Mary and Helen on each side of him and Miss Jones facing them, with fine resolves and high ambitions. Before him lay a pure white page and at the head of this the noble words in a running hand:

"Slow and steady wins the race."

He grasped his pencil and Miss Jones, eager to lose no time in asserting her authority, cried: "But that's not the way to hold your pencil, Jeremy—your thumb so, your finger so."

He scowled and found that lifting his thumb over the pencil was as difficult as lifting Hamlet over a gate. He made a bold attempt, but the pencil refused to move.

"Can't hold it that way", he said.

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"You must never say 'can't', Jeremy", remarked Miss Jones. "There isn't such a word."

"Oh yes", said Mary eagerly. "There is. I've seen it in books."

"You mustn't contradict, Mary", said Miss Jones. "I only meant that you must behave as though there isn't, because nothing is impossible to one who truly tries."

"My pencil waggles this way", said Jeremy politely. "I think I'll hold it the old way, please."

"There's only one way of doing anything", said Miss Jones, "and that's the right way."

"This is the right way for me", said Jeremy.

"If I say it is not the right way—"

"But it waggles", cried Jeremy.

The discussion was interrupted by a cry from Helen.

"Oh, do look, Miss Jones. Hamlet's got your spectacle-case. He thinks it's a mouse."

There followed general confusion. Miss Jones jumped up and with little cries of distress pursued Hamlet, who hastened into his favorite corner and began to worry the spectacle-case, with one eye on Miss Jones and one on his spoils.

Jeremy hurried up crying, "Put it down, Hamlet, naughty dog, naughty dog", and Mary and Helen laughed with frantic delight.

At last Miss Jones, her face red and her hair in disorder, rescued her property and returned to the table, Hamlet meanwhile wagging his tail, panting and watching for further game.

"I can't possibly", said Miss Jones, "allow that dog in here during lesson-hours. It's quite impossible."

"Oh, but Miss Jones——" began Jeremy.

"Not one word", said she, "let us have no more of this. Lead him from the room, Jeremy."

"But, Miss Jones, he *must* be here. He's learning too. In a day or two he'll be as good as anything, really he will. He's *so* intelligent. He really thought it was his to play with and he did give it up, didn't he, as soon as I said——"

"Enough", said Miss Jones, "I will listen to no more. I say he is not to remain——"

"But if I promise——" said Jeremy.

Then Miss Jones made a bad mistake. Wearied of the argument, wishing to continue the lesson and hoping perhaps to please her tormentors, she said meekly:

"Well, if he really is good, perhaps——"

From that instant her doom was sealed. The children exchanged a glance of realization. Jeremy smiled. The lesson was continued. What possessed Jeremy now? What possesses any child, naturally perhaps of a kindly and even sentimental nature, at the sight of something helpless and in its power? Is there any cruelty in after life like the cruelty of a small boy, and is there anything more powerful, more unreasoning and more malicious than the calculating tortures that small children devise for those weaker than themselves? Jeremy was possessed with a new power.

It was something almost abstract in its manifestations; it was something indecent, sinister, secret, foreign to his whole nature, felt by him now for the first time, unanalyzed of course but belonging, had he known it, to that world of which afterward he was often to catch glimpses, that world of shining white faces in dark streets, of muffled cries from shuttered windows, of muttered exclamations half caught, half understood. He was

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never again to be quite free from the neighborhood of that half-world; he would never be quite sure of his dominance of it until he died.

He had never felt anything like this power before. With the Jampot his relations had been quite simple; he had been rebellious, naughty, disobedient and had been punished and there was an end. Now there was a game like tracking red Indians in the prairies or tigers in the jungle.

He watched Miss Jones and discovered many things about her. He discovered that when she made mistakes in the things that she taught them she was afraid to confess to her mistakes, and so made them worse and worse. He discovered that she was very nervous and that a sudden noise made her jump and turn white and put her hand to her heart. He discovered that she would punish him and then try to please him by saying he need not finish his punishment. He discovered that she would lose things, like her spectacles, her handkerchief or her purse and then be afraid to confess that she had lost them and endeavor to proceed without them. He discovered that she hated to hit him on the hand with the ruler (he scarcely felt the strokes). He discovered that when his mother or father was in the room she was terrified lest he should misbehave. He discovered that she was despised by the servants, who quite openly insulted her. . .

All these things fed his sense of power. He did not consider her a human being at all; she was simply something upon which he could exercise his ingenuity and cleverness. Mary followed him in whatever he did —Helen pretended to be superior but was not. Yes, Miss Jones was in the hands of her tormentors and there was no escape for her.

Surely it must have been some outside power that drove Jeremy on. The children called it "teasing Miss Jones" and the aboriginal savagery in their behavior was as unconscious as their daily speech or fashion of eating their food—some instinct inherited perhaps from the days when the gentleman with the biggest muscles extracted for his daily amusement the teeth and nails of his less happily muscular friends.

There were many games to be played with Miss Jones. She always began her morning with a fine show of authority, accumulated perhaps during hours of Spartan resolution while the rest of the household slept. "Tomorrow I'll see that they do what I tell them . . . ."

"Now, children", she would say, "I'm determined to stand no nonsense this morning. Get out your copybooks." Five minutes later Mary would begin: "Oh, Miss Jones, I can't write with this pencil. May I find a better one?" When she was granted permission, her head and large spectacles would disappear inside the schoolroom cupboard. Soon Jeremy would say very politely: "Miss Jones, I think I know where it is. May I help her to find it?" Then Jeremy's head would disappear. There would follow giggles, whispers, again giggles; then from the cupboard a book would tumble, then another, then another.

Then Miss Jones would say: "Now, Jeremy, come back to the table. You've had quite enough time—" interrupted by a perfect avalanche of books, Mary crying: "Oh, Jeremy!" Jeremy crying: "I didn't, it was you!" Miss Jones: "Now, children—"

Then Jeremy, very politely:

"Please, Miss Jones, may I help Mary to pick the books up? There are

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rather a lot." Then, both on their knees, more whispers and giggles. Miss Jones, her voice trembling, "Children, I really insist—" and more books dropped and more whispers and more protests and so on *ad infinitum* . . . . A beautiful game to be played all the morning.

Or there was the game of not hearing. Miss Jones would say: "And twice two is four". Mary would repeat loudly: "And twice two is five . . . . ."

"Four, Mary".

"Oh, I thought you said five"—and then a second later Jeremy would ask:

"Did you say four or five, Miss Jones?"

"I told Mary I said four—"

"Oh, I've written five—and now it's all wrong. Didn't you write five, Mary?"

"Yes, I've written five. You did say four, didn't you, Miss Jones?"

"Yes—yes, and three makes—"

"What did you say made five?" asked Jeremy.

"I didn't say five. I said four. Twice two."

"Is that as well as 'add three', Miss Jones? I've got twice two and then add three and then twice two—"

"No, no. I was only telling Jeremy—"

"Please, Miss Jones, would you mind beginning again—"

This is a very unpleasant game for a lady with neuralgia.

Or there was the game of making a noise. At this game, without any earlier training or practice, Jeremy was a perfect master. The three children would be sitting there, very, very quiet, learning the first verse of "Tiger, tiger, burning bright—": a very gentle, creaking sound would break the stillness—a creaking sound that can be made, if you are clever, by rubbing a boot against a boot. It would not come regularly but once, twice, thrice, a pause and then once, twice, and another pause.

"Who's making a noise?"

Dead silence. A very long pause and then it would begin again.

"That noise must cease. I say, Jeremy, what are you doing?" He would lift to her, then, eyes full of meekness and love.

"Nothing, Miss Jones."

Soon it would begin again. Miss Jones would be silent this time and then Mary would speak. "Please would you ask Jeremy not to rub his boots together? I can't learn my verse—"

"I didn't know I was", said Jeremy. Then it would begin again. Jeremy would say: "Please, may I take my boots off?"

"Take your boots off? Why?"

"They will rub together and I can't stop them because I don't know when I do it and it is hard for Mary—"

"Of course not. I never heard of such a thing. Next time you do it you must stand on your chair."

Soon Jeremy is standing on his chair. Soon his poetry book drops with a terrible crash to the ground and five million pins stab Miss Jones's heart. With white face and trembling hands she says:

"Go, and stand in the corner, Jeremy. I shall have to speak to your mother."

He goes, grinning at Mary and stands there knowing that his victim is watching the door in an agony lest Mrs. Cole should suddenly come in and inquire what Jeremy had done, and that so the whole story of his insubordination be revealed and Miss Jones lose her situation for incapacity.

How did he discover this final weakness of Miss Jones? No one told him

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—but he knew, and as the days passed rejoiced in his power and his might and his glory.

Then came the climax. The children were not perfectly sure whether after all Miss Jones might not tell their mother. They did not wish this to happen, and so long as this calamity was possible they were not complete masters of the poor lady. Then came a morning when they had been extremely naughty, when every game had been played and every triumph scored. Miss Jones, almost in tears, had threatened four times that the Powers Above should be informed. Suddenly Mrs. Cole entered:

"Well, Miss Jones, how have the children been this morning? If they've been good, I have a little treat to propose."

The children waited, their eyes upon their governess. Her eyes stared back upon her tormentors. Her hands worked together. She struggled. Why not call in Mrs. Cole's authority to her aid? No, she knew what it would mean—"I'm very sorry, Miss Jones, but I think a younger governess, perhaps—"

Her throat moved.

"They've been very good this morning, Mrs. Cole."

The eyes of Mary and of Jeremy were alight with triumph.

They had won their final victory.

I know what Miss Jones suffered during those weeks. She was not an old lady of very great power of resistance and it must have positively terrified her that these small children should so vindictively hate her. She could not have seen it as anything but hatred, being entirely ignorant of children and the strange forces to whose power they are subject, and she must have shivered in her bedroom at the dreariness and terror of the prospect before her. Many, many times she must have resolved not to be beaten and many, many times she must have admitted herself beaten as badly as anyone can be.

Her life with the people downstairs was not intimate enough, nor were those people themselves perceptive enough for any realization of what was occurring to penetrate.

"I hope you're happy with the children, Miss Jones", once or twice said Mrs. Cole.

"Very, thank you", said Miss Jones.

"They're good children, I think, although parents are always prejudiced, of course. Jeremy is a little difficult, perhaps. It's so hard to tell what he's really thinking. You find him a quiet, reserved little boy?"

"Very", said Miss Jones.

"In a little while, when you know him better, he will come out. Only you have to let him take his time. He doesn't like to be forced—"

"No", said Miss Jones.

Meanwhile that morning descent into the schoolroom was real hell for her. She had to summon up her courage, walking about her bedroom, pressing her hands together, evoking the memory of her magnificent, iron-souled brother who would, she knew, despise such tremors. If only she could have discovered some remedy! But sentiment, attempted tyranny, anger, contempt—at all these things they laughed. She could not touch them anywhere. And she saw Jeremy as a real child of evil in the very baldest sense. She could not imagine how anyone so young could be so cruel, so heartless, so maliciously clever in his elaborate machinations. She regarded him with real horror and on the occasion when she found him acting kindly toward his sisters or a

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servant, or when she watched him discoursing solemnly to Hamlet, she was helplessly puzzled and decided that these better manifestations were simply masks to hide his devilish young heart. She perceived meanwhile the inevitable crisis slowly approaching when she would be compelled to invite Mrs. Cole's support. That would mean her dismissal and a hopeless future. There was no one to whom she might turn. She had not a relative, not a friend—too late to make friends now.

She could see nothing in front of her at all.

The crisis did come but not as she expected it . . . .

There arrived a morning when the dark mist outside and badly made porridge inside tempted the children to their very worst. Miss Jones had had a wakeful night struggling with neuralgia and her own hesitating spirit. The children had lost even their customary half-humorous, half-contemptuous reserve. They let themselves appear for what they were—infant savages discontented with food, weather, and education.

I will not detail the incidents of that morning. The episodes that were on other mornings games were today tortures. There was the torture of losing things, the torture of not hearing, the torture of many noises, the torture of sudden alarm, the torture of outright defiance, the torture of expressed contempt. When twelve o'clock struck and the children were free, Miss Jones was not far from a nervous panic that can be called without any exaggeration incipient madness. The neuralgia tore at her brain, her own self-contempt tore at her heart, her baffled importance bewildered and blinded her. She did not leave the schoolroom with the children but went to the broad window-sill and sat there looking out into the dreary prospect. Then, suddenly, for no reason except general weakness and physical collapse, she began to cry.

Jeremy was considered to have a cold and was therefore not permitted to accompany his mother and sisters on an exciting shopping expedition which would certainly lead as far as old Poole's, the bookseller's, and might even extend to Martin's, the establishment of the pastry-cook who made lemon biscuits next door to the cathedral. He was therefore in a very bad temper, indeed, when he returned sulkily to the schoolroom. He stood for a moment there, unaware that there was anybody in the room, hesitating as to whether he should continue "A Flat Iron for a Farthing" or hunt up Hamlet. Suddenly he heard the sound of sobbing. He turned and saw Miss Jones.

He would have fled had flight been in any way possible; but she had looked up and seen him and her sudden, arrested sniff held them both there as though by some third invisible power. He saw that she was crying; he saw her red nose, mottled cheeks, untidy hair. It was the most awful moment of his young life. He had never seen a grown-up person cry before; he had no idea that they ever did cry. He had, indeed, never realized that grown-up persons had any active histories at all, any histories in the sense in which he and Mary had them. They were all a background, simply a background, that blew backward and forward like tapestry according to one's need of them. His torture of Miss Jones had been founded on no sort of realization of her as a human being; she had been a silly, old woman of course, but just as the battered, weather-beaten Aunt Sally

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in the garden was a silly, old woman.

Her crying horrified, terrified, and disgusted him. It was all so dreary, the horrible weather outside, the beginning of a cold in his head, the schoolroom fire almost out, everyone's bad temper including his own, and this sudden horrible jumping-to-life of a grown-up human being. She, meanwhile, was too deeply involved now in the waters of her affliction to care very deeply who saw her or what anyone said to her. She did feel dimly that she ought not to be crying in front of a small boy eight years old and that it would be better to hide herself in her bedroom, but she did not mind—she *could* not mind—her neuralgia was too bad.

"It's the neuralgia in my head", she said in a muffled, confused voice. That he could understand. He also had pains in his head. He drew closer to her, flinging a longing, backward look at the door. She went on in confused tones:

"It's the pain—awake all night, and the lessons. I can't make them attend, they learn nothing. They're not afraid of me—they hate me. I've never really known children before—"

He did not know what to say. Had it been Mary or Helen, the formula would have been simple. He moved his legs restlessly one against the other.

Miss Jones went on:

"And now, of course, I must go. It's quite impossible for me to stay when I manage so badly . . ." She looked up and suddenly realized that it was truly Jeremy. "You're only a little boy but you know very well that I can't manage you. And then where am I to go to? No one will take me after I've been such a failure."

The color stole into his cheeks. He was immensely proud. No grown-up person had ever before spoken to him as though he was himself a grown-up person—they were always laughing at him like Uncle Samuel, or talking down to him like Aunt Amy, or despising him like Mr. Jellybrand. But Miss Jones appealed to him simply as one grown-up to another. Unfortunately, he did not in the least know what to say. The only thing he could think of at the moment was: "You can have my handkerchief, if you like. It's pretty clean—"

But she went on: "If my brother had been alive he would have advised me. He was a splendid man. He rowed in his college boat when he was at Cambridge but that of course was forty years ago. He could keep children in order. I thought it would be so easy—perhaps if my health had been better it wouldn't have been so hard."

"Do your pains come often?" asked Jeremy.

"Yes. They're very bad."

"I have them, too", said Jeremy. "It's generally, I expect, because I eat too much, at least the Jampot used to say so. They're in my head sometimes, too. And then I'm really sick. Do you feel sick?"

Miss Jones began to pull herself together. She wiped her eyes and patted her hair.

"It's my neuralgia", she said again. "It's from my eyes partly, I expect."

"It's better to be sick", continued Jeremy, "if you can be—"

She flung him then a desperate look, as though she were really an animal at bay.

"You see I can't go away", she said. "I've nowhere to go to. I've no friends, no relatives, and no one will take me for their children if Mrs. Cole says I can't keep order."

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"Then I suppose you'd go to the workhouse", continued Jeremy, pursuing her case with excited interest. "That's what the Jampot always used to say—that one day she'd end in the workhouse and that's a horrible place, *she* said, where there was nothing but porridge to eat and sometimes they took all your clothes off and scrubbed your back with that hard, yellow soap they wash Hamlet with."

His eyes grew wide with the horrible picture.

"Oh, Miss Jones, you mustn't go there!"

"Would you mind", she said, "just getting me some water from the jug over there? There's a glass there."

Still proud of the level to which he had been raised but puzzled beyond words as to this realization of Miss Jones, he fetched her the water; then standing quite close to her he said:

"You must stay with us, always."

She looked up at him and they exchanged a glance. With that glance Miss Jones learned more about children than she had ever learned before, more indeed than most people learn in all their lives.

"I can't stay", she said, and she even smiled a little, "if you're always naughty."

"We won't be naughty any more." He sighed. "It was great fun, of course, but we won't do it any more. We never knew you minded."

"Never knew I minded?"

"At least, we never thought about you at all. Helen did sometimes. She said you had a headache, when you were very yellow in the morning, but I said it was only because you were old. But we'll be good now. I'll tell them to—"

Then he added: "But you won't go away now even if we're not *always* good? We won't be, I suppose, and I'm going to school in September, and it will be better then, I expect. I'm too old *really* to learn with girls now."

She wanted terribly to kiss him and then, had she done so, the whole good work of the last quarter of an hour would have been undone. He was aware of her temptation: he felt it in the air. She saw the warning in his eyes. The moment passed.

"You won't go away, will you?" he said again.

"Not if you're good", she said.

* * * * *

Half an hour later, when Mary and Helen returned from their walk, they were addressed by Jeremy.

"She was crying because we'd been so naughty and she had pains in her head and her brother was dead. Her brother was very strong and he used to row in a boat forty years ago. She told me all about it just as though I'd been Aunt Amy or mother. And she says that if we go on being naughty, she'll go away and no one else will have her because they'll hear about our having been naughty. And I told her about the workhouse and the porridge and the yellow soap that the Jampot told us of, and it would be awful if she went there because of us, wouldn't it?"

"Awful", said Mary.

But Helen said: "She wouldn't go there. She'd take a little house like the Miss Humberts and have tea-parties on Thursdays—somewhere near the cathedral."

"No, she wouldn't", said Jeremy excitedly. "How could she take a little house if she hadn't any money? She told me she hadn't and no friends nor nobody and she cried like anything—" He paused for breath, then concluded, "So we've got to be good and learn sums and not make her jump. Really and truly we must."

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"I always thought you were very silly to make so much noise", said Helen in a superior fashion. "You and Mary—babies!"

"We're not babies", shouted Jeremy.

"Yes, you are."

"No, we're not."

Miss Jones was no longer the subject of the conversation.

That same day it happened that rumors were brought to Mrs. Cole, for the first, through Rose the housemaid or some other medium, of Miss Jones's incapacity.

That evening Jeremy was spending his last half-hour before bedtime happily in his mother's room, in a corner with his toy farm. He suddenly heard his mother say to Aunt Amy:

"I'm afraid Miss Jones won't do. I thought she was managing the children, but now I hear that she can't keep order at all. I'm sorry—it's so difficult to get anyone."

Jeremy sprang up from the floor, startling the ladies, who had forgotten he was there.

"She's all right", he cried. "Really she is mother. We're going to be as good as anything, really we are. You won't send her away, will you?"

"My dear Jeremy", his mother said, "I'd forgotten you were there. Rose says you don't do anything Miss Jones tells you."

"Rose is silly", he answered. "She doesn't know anything about it. But you will keep her, won't you, mother!"

"I don't know—if she can't manage you—"

"But she *can* manage us. We'll be good as anything. I promise. You will keep her, won't you, mother?"

"Really, Jeremy", said Aunt Amy, "to bother your mother so! And it's time you went to bed."

He brushed her aside. "You *will* keep her, mother, won't you?"

"It depends, dear", said Mrs. Cole, laughing. "You see—"

"No—we'll be bad with everyone else", he cried. "We will really—everyone else. And we'll be good with Miss Jones."

"Well, so long as you're good, dear", she said. "I'd no idea you liked her so much—"

"Oh, she's all right", he said. "But it isn't that—" Then he stopped; he couldn't explain—especially with that idiot Aunt Amy there who'd only laugh at him, or kiss him, or something else horrible.

Afterward as he went slowly up to bed he stopped for a moment in the dark passage, thinking. The whole house was silent about him, only the clocks whispering.

What a tiresome bother Aunt Amy was! How he wished that she were dead! And what a bore it would be being good now with Miss Jones. At the same time the renewed consciousness of her personal drama most strangely moved him, her brother who rowed, her neuralgia, her lack of relatives. Perhaps Aunt Amy also had an exciting history! Perhaps she also cried! . . .

The world seemed to be suddenly filled with pressing, thronging figures, all with businesses of their own—

It was very odd. . . .

He pushed back the schoolroom door and blinked at the sudden light.

(*To be continued*)

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A ROUNDUP OF WESTERN STORIES

BY H. W. BOYNTON

Authorities seem to agree that whatever else may happen to the "fiction market", the demand for frontier stories remains almost constant, year in and year out. You may say that so many people like that kind of thing as to be relatively indifferent to its quality; or, if you are a hopeful soul, you may guess that the quality must be pretty good to maintain so steady a demand. Anyhow, the demand is there, and the supply to meet it pretty satisfactory on a whole. So there is no use pretending to ignore it, no matter how snippy and lofty your critical habit may be. It's a kind of thing many of the people want much of the time, and the chances are they're not altogether fooled either in wanting or in getting it. Largely, no doubt, it is a fiction for the sedentary and the city-bound, a magic casement, some four inches by seven, opening on perilous peaks and icy trails forlorn. . . . Does it open?—That, after all, is the fair question. For it is frankly meant to give people a glimpse of a sort of robust fairy-land, full of red blood and ozone, in which youth, courage, and huskiness have things pretty much their own way, within limits. Beauty is there too, but mostly as a property. Things doing in the open are what we must have, and if they are the same old things, that doesn't seem to worry us, so long as the author contrives for them the slightly fresh twist, the necessary bluff of novelty, which we willingly take at its face value, to save our own faces.

I wonder if anybody has ever kept tally of the number of frontier yarns printed and well patronized since Bret Harte and the others set the ball rolling half a century ago. For a guess, they would run to twenty per cent of our whole "output" of fiction, British and American, during that period. There haven't been many masterpieces among them. "The Virginian" is the one that stands out, head and shoulders, from the rest. Perhaps Mr. Wister was right, in a way, in thinking that he had said there a last word on a phase of American life already obsolete and done for. As a realistic chronicler he had, but as a romancer (three-fourths of him) he had merely opened the casement a trifle wider. Our appetite for cowboys and miners, greasers and desperadoes, gun-play and high gambling, has grown by what it fed on. The truth is, we don't want much novelty in this kind of story. The old stuff is thrilling enough to the ten-year-old in us, who doesn't mean to grow up if he can help it, or to admit that he has grown up. The old stuff is at least more skilfully handled than it used to be. Nobody tries very hard to disguise it, but almost everybody takes pains to flavor and decorate the dish so that it may be presentable in good company. It is surprising how "well-written", in the minor sense at least, many of these current stories of the Wild West are. They are not aimed at the office-boy and the shop-girl, and must plainly be hitting a different sort of audience.

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One thing they always bank on is the inexhaustible piquancy of the contrast between East and West. Without the tenderfoot, the Wilds would be a wilderness indeed to the imagination. We shall see how many of the group of stories we are rounding up here pivot on this point. "Venus in the East" uses, as it were, the reverse English in making the shot. A frontiersman on Broadway is admittedly as tenderfooted as a broker on the range, and the spectacle of either triumphing in the other's bailiwick is equally exhilarating. Mr. Irwin, like many another story-teller, takes a youngish Westerner who has made his pile and brings him East in search of romance. More especially this one is in pursuit of a famous society beauty of New York to whose face (in the Sunday Supplements) Buddy McNair has succumbed in far away Axe Creek, Colorado. Buddy is not a dialectic cowboy or a herculean miner. Mr. Irwin is bold enough to present him as a slender, not very young man of five foot seven, who has laid the foundations of a great fortune by inventing a "supercyanide process" of refining gold.

The author takes further chances by cynically thrusting on us the fact that Buddy has never "packed a gun" or had first-hand experience of the real wild-western sort of thing. . . . "You must have sombreros and flying lariats and gun-play up and down your main street?" wistfully asks the first young lady Buddy meets on his eastward progress. . . . "Lots of it", he grinned. . . . "We have two moving picture theatres. They're very popular with the boys round the camp. Cowboy scenes and holdups are the favorites. We've even learned a lot of rough words, like *pronto* and *hombre*, off the captions. The only people who ever give the sheriff any trouble are the boys who think the movies are real and shoot up the town. But life would be pretty slow sometimes without the pictures." However, this is really a piece of chicanery on Mr. Irwin's part; for having impressed us with his preference for plain truth, he goes on to tell the kind of movie-like story of New York that is unreal enough—sufficiently unlike what happens to any of us in fact and like what happens to all of us in fancy —to be equally popular in Axe Creek and on Broadway. It is a farcical romance, very funny in detail (see Buddy at his first dinner-party), and sliding easily toward a pleasant curtain. First and last, Buddy is much "had" but, thanks to his honest heart and royalty contracts, much "having" as well, even at the end of his metropolitan suckership.

"The Pirate of Jasper Peak" is a little more toward the juvenile in that its hero is a tenderfoot of sixteen; but it is not written in the salad style of the usual "boy's book". Hugh Arnold is too young for college or war-service, and when his father goes over with the Medical Corps, he sets out to visit some friends at a little mountain town in Minnesota. When he gets there, the friends have vanished, lost in the mountains. There is a bad man in the neighborhood (see title) who is supposed to have had something to do with their disappearance, but there is no telling. The region has been searched in vain, and hope abandoned by the well-meaning villagers of Rudolm, who are chiefly Swedes. They are thrifty and industrious people, but their little holdings of land near the village are barren, and their road to fertile lands beyond is blocked by the ferocious "pirate", who will let nobody settle near his domain. One

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young Oscar, however, has dared his wrath, for the sake of establishing a precedent and eventually opening the country to the people. To his distant cabin in the wilderness, with the aid of an Indian guide, young Hugh makes his way, and the two set out to find the missing brothers. The upshot, of course, is their rescue, the undoing of the pirate, and the return of Hugh to civilization with the promise of going soon to France, as one who has won his spurs. The idea is nothing wonderful, but the workmanship is uncommonly good.

In "The Peace of Roaring River" the tenderfoot is a girl. Here the stock situation of the youth and the maiden alone in the wilderness is given a novel turn by the way in which the situation is brought about. On his mining claim in Ontario dwells alone the sturdy youth Hugo Ennis, a well-bred fellow content to rough it for a purpose. The daughter of a storekeeper in the neighboring town is enamored of him, but he hardly sees her; hence her anger of a woman scorned, and her plot to avenge her pride. She puts a notice, in his name, in an eastern matrimonial paper, the replies being easily intercepted by her as postmistress. One of these she follows up. It is from a girl who has vainly tried to make her way alone in New York and already approaches that fatal forking of the way, with the river on one side and the street on the other. A forged letter summons her to Hugo, and she has courage to "take the chance". When she reaches his lonely snow-bound shack, he is utterly in the dark as to why she has come (lost telegram, and so on). So there we are, in a very pretty mess: reproaches, misunderstandings, prides, withdrawals, contingencies, devotions, revelations, *rapprochements*, and the final and satisfactory kiss curtain, all put through at a temperature (atmospheric) of fifty below zero. I state it unsympathetically, for this story, also, is so well told that a situation which might easily have been farcical maintains from the beginning the necessary romantic dignity for a tale of this unexacting type.

Shirley Sumner, in "The Valley of the Giants", is a feminine tenderfoot of more familiar kind—the fine lady of the East in contact with that rude though handsome article, all-outdoors. This is a tale of Big Business alfresco. Shirley's uncle is the wicked financier, Bryce Cardigan's father is his opponent and almost his victim—a veteran of the Redwoods who has won his way fairly, if ruthlessly at times, and now but for Bryce *and* Shirley, would have gone down to defeat at the hands of the unscrupulous rival. Of course Bryce and Shirley are for each other; even the author admits it after he has had a long enough inning to make a story out of them. I don't feel that this extended narrative has the effectiveness of Mr. Kyne's short stories; he has little luck in concealing his machinery and might as well have let it work more swiftly and freely in this instance. And the heroic figure of old Cardigan is more than once fairly bogged in "sob stuff".

The girl in "Six Feet Four" is another niece of a rascally uncle, this time of the murderous, thieving sort. Here we stroll comfortably into the complete movie world, with plenty of whisky and gambling, holdups, ambushes, villainous gangs, corrupt sheriffs, virtuous murderers, and all the rest of it. Buck Thornton, six feet four and one of the finest, has a hard time of it for a while. He has the bad men against him because he is good, and the good men because he is

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supposed to be bad. He attracts the maiden very much one moment, and she is hating him the next. There are in fact some very queer things about him, and if it were not for the friendship of that dry-mannered little sleuth, Two Hand Billy Comstock, our hero would hardly survive to be vindicated and to win his Winifred. The prop of the whole plot is that handy man of mechanical romance, the hero's double—in this case as bad a lot as screen or back-stage could desire.

With "Skyrider", that veteran trafficker in western goods, "B. M. Bower", whose sex is not trumpeted by her pen-name, has produced a new situation. She takes our fine, honest, stalwart youth, the same fellow under various aliases in most of these stories, and sets him on a ranch convenient to the Mexican border. He is more or less in love with his employer's daughter, the flower of the rancho once again. She is a saucy quean, but inclines to him in secret. But he has a more earnest aim than love, namely, to be a flying man. Things work for him pretty handily. His employer sends him alone to a part of the range a few miles from where, on the other side of the border, a pair of army aviators have abandoned a perfectly good war-plane in the desert. Some horse thieves who know of his mania virtually give him the plane to play with, while they lead his master's horses over the border to market. He has read quite a little about aeroplanes, sends for some parts he finds to be missing, and when he goes over for them to the nearest station, finds stranded there a well-known flying man out of a job, who comes in very well indeed in the double rôle of mechanic and instructor. He is so good a teacher that after one lesson Skyrider sees the flower of the rancho home in his new bus without mishap; and after that he is all over the lot, to the discomfiture of the fellow cowboys who have laughed at his aspirations, and the total undoing of the horse thieves, who have no luck hoofing it away from an aeroplane. It is all very absurd and pleasing for the reader who approaches it, as he ought to approach this kind of yarn (of course he is at liberty to turn away from it with a sniff if that is more comfortable), with the mind of a little child.

In truth, I have more respect for it than for a mongrel effort like "Once on the Summer Range", with its coarse and turbid sensationalism clumsily veiled by a pretentious and fanciful manner. To the plain man out for a trail-story what more irritating than knowing generalizations about "that most ancient and flagrant of springtime miasmas, that universal blanket stencil—Love", or continued affectations of the intimate style—"You won't for a minute think that——" or "I leave it to you to judge if——"? And *why* label the heroine at the outset as "a star-hounded young creature"? This languid and mincing style ill consorts with the crude substance of the tale. It concerns a pair of tenderfeet, male and female, whom careful chance has brought together in a remote sheep country of Montana. The male is an architectural draughtsman from Pittsburgh who has been sent West for his health; the female is the daughter of a famous but now cracked scientist who (for our warning) has capped a passion for Wild West fiction by running away to that romantic rendezvous. His daughter finds him happy in a mountain cabin, and determines to tend him there for his few remaining days. Why not? Because two

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dastardly sheepmen presently penetrate her boyish disguise. They make a foul attempt upon her at night, are foiled by our draughtsman and a friend, and vanish into space. After a reasonable amount of backing and filling, the reformed tenderfeet marry, and here you might think the matter would end. Not so: the original dastards now appear and kidnap the young wife; the younger kills the elder and makes her his mistress, though she is already with child. . . . and so on. The rest of the book is offensive, for all its trimmings. It will not please the addict of western fiction, with his rigid standards, and I don't quite see what other sort of reader it is to please. As for any serious quality as a study or interpretation of place, character, sex, or anything else whatever, I for one do not find it between these covers.

The Northwest has a prominent place in this group of romances: thither indeed we must now turn for a real frontier on this continent. Here are three new yarns by very well-known performers. Harold Bindloss is one of the most reliable as well as easily the most productive among chroniclers of the Canadian "Bush". He always has a fairly good story to tell, and a more than respectable way of telling it. He is sure of his formula—does not sacrifice the main thing in this kind of story—action—for the secondary things, common sense and characterization. And he has his own human field. The main people in his stories are never children of nature, the uneducated (though noble) cowboys and miners, who are good enough for the heroines of our democratic fiction; they are civilized persons adventuring in the wild. This is something like this writer's thirtieth novel of the "Bush". It concerns a young woman, a Canadian schoolmistress, whose father has made a wonderful gold strike in the wilderness, and died. She has only slight clues as to the whereabouts of the lost claim, but is determined to go in search of it. Chance throws in her way a friend and fellow-voyageur in the person of a young mining engineer. There is a villain in the offing who also knows about the lost mine and means to find it. Any reader who does not know what happens after these conditions have been set forth would be pretty dull; but the thing is to pretend that you don't until the right moment comes, the gold is found, the villain drowned, and the pair irrevocably bound. Agatha is quaintly British, a prim creature compared with the breezy and good-fellowish plainswoman of our current American mode. But she suits the worthy Stormont, which is all we ought to ask of her.

Gold is the magnet in the new stories of Ridgwell Cullum and Rex Beach, also. The scene of "The Triumph of John Kars" is laid in a fur country of the Yukon. But the plot turns on the secret of a golden river defended by a tribe of Indians who are under the domination of a white man. Two white men have been in the secret, but one has been betrayed by the other and slain by the river Indians. The murdered man was the original discoverer of the treasure, nominally a fur-trader in a lonely post some distance from the gold-bearing river. He leaves a widow and two grown children to the care of the man who has betrayed him. This Murray McTavish is an unusual sort of villain, and Mr. Cullum makes him really interesting. He is a fat man with a homely face, a conventional smile, and wonderful eyes. He is everything he

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does not look—of great strength and courage, a lover, and a rascal—a sort of "master mind" of crime in the wilderness. But he has against him a masterful one who is not to be outdone in the long run. John Kars has all the physical bulk and comeliness and bravery, all the mental astuteness and resource of the official hero on his side, and his triumph is predestined from the outset. However, the author gives him a hard row to hoe, in war if not in love, and the entertainment in which he has the title rôle is spirited enough to satisfy anybody who is capable of being satisfied by this kind of thing at all.

But for "Venus in the East", which, to be sure, is not properly a western story, these novels are all pretty solemn. They make play with the conventional humor of the cowboy vernacular as she is wrote, but their main business of love and fighting *is* solemn. We want it to be: if there is anything funny about red blood, conceal it from us. Romance has to be taken seriously, or it ceases to be romance. Mr. Beach is strong with the vernacular, and he offers for comic relief, in "The Winds of Chance", a pair of old miners whose quarrels and whimsical dialogues are amusing enough by way of diversion. But the main story is no joke. It is a story of the early Chilkoot trail. There are two heroes, the tenderfoot adventurer Pierce Phillips, and the older Canadian voyageur and lover of the wild, 'Poleon Doret. They are both strapping fellows, though the mighty 'Poleon has a little the better of it in thews. Pierce Phillips, full of youth and high spirits, reaches Dyea at the moment when the Canadian edict has gone forth that none of the thousands pushing upward from the States shall cross the line without a thousand dollars and a ton of provisions to qualify them for the foodless Yukon. Pierce has a hundred and thirty-five dollars which he promptly hands over to the first thimble-rigger he meets. However, this does not greatly dash him. He becomes a packer for hire over the back-breaking and heart-breaking Chilkoot, and in time earns his stake for entrance into the great gamble farther North. Once on the trail for himself, his adventures begin with a countess who is "on her own", playing (despite her name) a bold masculine game among the rest of the gold-seekers. A treacherous pal tries to throw the blame of a road-robbery on Pierce, and nearly succeeds. The countess and 'Poleon Doret between them save him at the last moment from the vengeance of some impromptu vigilantes. The real criminal (the traitor) is discovered and punished. The next important episode involves a clash with a notorious gambler who with his beautiful and virtuous daughter is northward bound with a saloon outfit to make his pile in his own fashion among the gold-drunk miners of the Yukon. He has a sure thing, if he can get his cargo through; and has sworn to his daughter that it is his last throw and that he will be good ever after when he has raked in his winnings this time. We have a notion for a while that it may be this girl "Rouletta" who is to fall to Pierce's portion when the time for real love-making arrives. But no: there are other ladies in the action. First, there is the countess, for whom the boy conceives a high romantic passion which her somewhat battered heart returns. But the discovery that she is married flings him into a bitter revulsion of feeling, and all is over between them but the friendship which develops later. Remains the

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fair and untainted Josephine, who is brought to that far wilderness, at some pains on the author's part, to set the crown upon our hero's bold and successful ventures. Here again is the real old stuff of our *genre*, handled with the skill and gusto this story-teller always brings to his performance.

The last number on our program, "Benton of the Royal Mounted", is of different quality and flavor from most of these stories. It deals with similar materials—ranchers, desperadoes, adventurers, officers of the law—but deals with them in its own way instead of the conventional way. For one thing, it is written from the inside, by one who has lived the frontier life in earnest and not for "copy". The author is an ex-sergeant in the Royal Northwest Mounted Police—to give that famous body its full official title. He tells his story without the gingerly precautions, the camouflaging of profanity and sentimentalizing of brutality, which are necessary to a literature for the average person. And he tells it very swiftly, as a series of rapid, and usually violent, episodes of the sort that (hardly so continuously, of course) may be supposed to mark "the high spots" in the day's work of that picturesque service. One odd item is the large number of South African terms used by the sergeant and several other persons whose experiences have taken in more than one corner of the great Empire. It is not a masterpiece of fiction, but it is far from being, what we have too good cause to expect in a book written out of life, as this is, a mere jumble of undigested materials, from the romantic point of view. A romance, for all its realism of detail, it frankly is; and it may be said to bear, in kind if not in quality, some such relation to the colorful regime of the Mounted Police —already passing, by all accounts—as "The Virginian" bore, and still bears, to the era of the cow-puncher of our plains.

Venus in the East. By Wallace Irwin. George H. Doran Company.

The Pirate of Jasper Peak. By Adair Aldon. The Macmillan Co.

The Peace of Roaring River. By George Van Schaick. Small, Maynard and Co.

The Valley of the Giants. By Peter B. Kyne. Doubleday Page and Co.

Six Feet Four. By Jackson Gregory. Dodd, Mead and Co.

Skyrider. By B. M. Bower. Little, Brown and Co.

Once on the Summer Range. By Francis Hill. The Macmillan Co.

The Lure of the North. By Harold Bindloss. Frederick A. Stokes Co.

The Triumph of John Kars. By Ridgwell Cullum. George W. Jacobs and Co.

The Winds of Chance. By Rex Beach. Harper and Bros.

Benton of the Royal Mounted. By Ralph H. Kendall. John Lane Co.

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EIGHT BOOKS FOR THE MONTH

THE GUN BEFORE THE MAN
BY HENRY WYSHAM LANIER

Two iconoclastic mental shocks stand out sharply from the many that experience deals a mind with the average tendency to accept the positive printed statement. The first came to a romance-saturated boy of fourteen from a Scotch-Irish teacher of mathematics. He was a real he-professor, this, with the voice of Stentor freely uplifted; an errorless first-baseman on the school nine; able to account for his right-and-left when the covey of quail rose. His judgment carried the overwhelming weight of one whose mind loved to cut circles around yours while subtly compelling you to demonstrate publicly in the classroom that even the *pons asinorum* was for a higher grade of animal than yourself. Likewise of the only "pokeyer" on the faculty capable of causing apprehensive thrills in the "seat of feeling" of hardened midnight prowlers.

His favorite reading matter was the colorful newspaper accounts of championship prize-fights; his perfect man, one John L. Sullivan. His hero had just defended his champion's title successfully once more. The professor could talk of little else that day. "Shucks!" he exclaimed. "Talk about those fellows of antiquity who've had so many books written about them. Why, I'd give a month's salary to see Hercules in the ring before John L. Sullivan—and my money'd be on John L."

So vociferously in earnest was he that for at least one listener there followed a period of comically bewildered attempt to readjust his standards of hero-worship, as between myth and present fact—an attempt never quite successful since that day.

The second upset was even more serious, since thirty more years render mental habits distinctly less elastic. This time it was an enthusiastic rifle-shooter who made a whole Pantheon of cherished idols rock upon their supposedly impregnable pedestals. Quoth he:

"All those yarns about the oldtime frontiersmen's skill with the rifle are just moonshine. Modern experts have tested thoroughly the guns they had then—and those weapons are simply a joke by our standards of accuracy."

A little investigation proved that, even as this momentarily detestable (though normally most agreeable) person declared, many careful tests had demonstrated early rifles to be widely inaccurate at ranges beyond 100 to 125 yards. It looked as if Dan'l Boone and Davy Crockett and Leatherstocking with his "Killdeer" were to be relegated to the lumber-room with the other broken toys of childhood—a loss almost unendurable to one whose keenest moments of existence have come when following a mile-a-minute duck along a gun-barrel, or lining-up on a caribou after an hour's stalk over Newfoundland barrens.

And just then there came to the rescue what should perhaps have completed the demolition of these fond ideals—Major (now Lieut.-Colonel) Townsend Whelen's superb work on

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"The American Rifle". This, by the way, is one of those rare "real" books which are occasionally added to the world's stock, frequently without ever appearing among the "best-sellers" or even among most lists of "new publications". One might divide readers into those who use books and those who get entertainment from them. (I believe, too, there are still some old-fashioned folk who hold that elevation of mind results from reading great thoughts greatly expressed.) If one of the former were asked to prune from the year's output of American publishers all the new volumes which did not really add something to a working library—well, the Paper Conservation Committee's restrictions would be mild indeed by comparison. Indeed, these irritable and unbusiness-like people have been known to declare that the desire or need to have something to sell is not a completely sufficient justification for the existence of a new book. However, all this makes it the more satisfactory to discover such a book as Lieut.-Colonel Whelen's; for it is safe to say that from this time forth anybody who wishes to know the facts of this subject up to 1918 must start with "The American Rifle".

Reading it with the desire (and lurking fear) to know the truth as to the marksmanship of the revered Leatherstocking and his disciples of real life, one large fact becomes apparent. Modern rifle-shooting is the application of exact and complicated science to weapons whose powers are beyond the wildest dreams of our forebears. If some soothsayer had told Dan'l Boone of rifles that would hurl a ball two miles and three-quarters, and shoot through ten inches of pine at a thousand yards; of telescope sights, micrometer adjusters, wind-gauge "zeros" and allowance tables, and such modern every-day matters, the old hunter would have been moved to mirth.

The established facts about the weapons of that day seem to be about as follows: the old smoothbore musket, "Brown Bess", (which was practically the universal arm for sport or war in New England and the Middle States till long after the Revolution) if held accurately, would hit a one-foot circle every time at forty yards, and nine times out of ten at sixty yards. At a hundred yards the English longbow could beat it decisively! At two hundred yards an expert could not be sure of striking an eighteen-foot square!

Early in the eighteenth century Swiss immigrants began to make rifles at Lancaster, Pennsylvania; and gunsmiths trained there carried on the tradition later in North Carolina and Kentucky. As Horace Kephart has shown, many of the frontiersmen learned to make their own rifles, away back in the wilderness where they had not even a lathe. "Black Bill" Walker told him:

"I made one . . . that put ten shots out of eleven inside a diamond of one-inch sides at fifty yards, so that nary bullet more than touched the edge of the diamond except the one I bobbled out."

And again: "I used to bet two dollars a shoot that I could hit an almanick leaf" (about 5x7) "at two hundred yards with this rifle, and I made money whenever anybody took me up."

Is there not perhaps an explanation right here of some of the feats which modern sceptics pronounce incredible? Both the making and shooting of rifles was an individual art in those days, not a science. One might test

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a hundred of these weapons today without rightly estimating the possibilities of the exceptional one produced by some native genius. That these arms did differ infinitely in value we know from the testimony of the redoubtable Deerslayer himself, upon his first examination of his famous "Killdeer":

> The piece was a little longer than usual and had evidently been turned out from the workshop of some manufacturer of a superior order. It had a few silver ornaments; though on the whole it would have been deemed a plain piece by most frontier men; its great merit consisting in the accuracy of its bore, the perfection of the details, and the excellence of the metal. Again and again did the hunter apply the breech to his shoulder, and glance his eye along the sights, and as often did he poise his body, and raise the weapon slowly as if about to catch an aim at a deer, in order to try the weight, and to ascertain its fitness for quick and accurate firing. All this was done by the aid of Hurry's torch simply, but with an earnestness and abstraction that would have been found touching by any spectator who happened to know the real situation of the man.
>
> "'Tis a glorious we'pon, Hurry!" Deerslayer at length exclaimed, "and it may be thought a pity that it has fallen into the hands of women. The hunters have told me of its explites, and by all I've heard I should set it down as sartain death in exper'enced hands. Hearken to the tick of this lock—a wolf-trap hasn't a livelier spring; pan and cock speak together, like two singing-masters undertaking a psalm in meetin'. I never *did* see so true a bore, Hurry, that's sartain."

And presently, when the treasure has been presented to him by Judith and, doubting his own return alive from the Mingos, he wills it to Chingachgook:

> "This is a new reason why you should be wary, Sarpent, and not run into any oncalculated danger", the hunter added; "for it will be victory of itself, to a tribe, to own such a piece as this! The Mingos will turn green with envy; and, what is more, they will not venture heedlessly near a village where it is known to be kept. So look well to it, Delaware, and remember that you've now to watch over a thing that has all the value of a creatur', without its failin's. Hist may be, and should be precious to you, but Killdeer will have the love and veneration of your whole people."
>
> "One rifle like another, Deerslayer", returned the Indian in English, the language used by the other, a little hurt at his friend's lowering his betrothed to the level of a gun. "All kill; all wood and iron. Wife dear to heart; rifle good to shoot."

Whereat Deerslayer not only rebukes such a heresy, but proceeds to the ocular demonstration which has thrilled three generations of young-hearted readers—the shooting of the great eagle, soaring overhead at a height inaccessible to any of the guns save Killdeer. One notices on rereading, that neither here nor anywhere else does the author give figures as to distance; the bird was merely at "a great height"—happily an incontrovertible narration.

But my mind is considerably eased. Those heroes of the long rifle are heroes still—up to a couple of hundred yards, let us say. As is so often the case, when a man's food, life and satisfaction all depended on the perfection of his tool or weapon, they undoubtedly developed at times, through individual genius, a skill born of experience which made many of their reputed exploits possible.

Nor will I brand myself by intimating that this apparent contradiction of one of its axioms is all that I have drawn from Mr. Whelen's book. On the contrary, it seems not only an "epoch-making" treatment of its special interest, but a book which ought to reach many people outside of the particular class at whom it is obviously aimed. The sportsman or "rifle crank" must have it, for nowhere else

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can he obtain such an encyclopædic treatise, from twenty-five years' enthusiastic study and experience of an expert rifleman—one who estimated for me that he had himself perhaps fired 100,000 rounds in practice, competition and experiment—though he says: "Experimental rifle shooting is often slow work as extreme accuracy has to be attended to, and I have often worked an entire afternoon on a particular experiment and only fired ten shots." That the class in which the author stands is hardly crowded, is intimated by the statement (in a volume singularly free from self-glorification): "It is my belief that there are not a hundred riflemen in the United States capable of making a reliable accuracy test of a rifle without resorting to a machine rest."

The devotee will find in these 632 pages an authoritative catalogue of the rifles in use in this country, with the virtues and defects of each model frankly stated; exhaustive treatment of such details as barrels, stocks, sights, ammunition, killing power, accuracy, adjustment and repairs; and a complete manual of the modern science of shooting, of which Lieut.-Colonel Whelen remarks: "American military riflemen have developed a system of rifle shooting that is so good that all expert shots use it, and no one has been able to improve on it for a number of years. . . . No one using other methods of his own has yet been able to excel the expert who shoots according to Hoyle". This means such shooting as ten shots at fifty yards forming a solid mass on the target that a nickel would cover; or like that mentioned by the author in a letter in which he refers to the marvelous accuracy of the finest hand-made rifle barrels of today: "I have seen 30 shots from a Pope rifle in a ⅝-inch circle at 50 yards"; or his own score in winning the 1,000-yard championship in 1909 of nineteen shots out of twenty well within the three-foot bull's-eye—though, as should be remembered, a stiff wind alone may cause a deflection of a bullet at 1,000 yards amounting to *thirty feet.* The sportsman, too, will find much common sense and many valuable hints on the use of the rifle in woods and wilderness.

And, as stated, there is a much wider appeal than either of these. The more deeply we rejoice at the ending of the World War, the more earnest our determination to banish forever the possibility of a similar catastrophe in the future, the clearer must it become that it is almost a requisite of individual good citizenship to be individually prepared at least to this extent. There seems almost no alternative save a degree of militarism quite inconsistent with the ideals of a democracy. That is to say, in the absence of an adequate World Supreme Court, America has had to join a vast international Vigilance Committee; and since no man knows how long it may be before we become truly civilized as between nations, it behooves everyone who holds democracy dear, to gain some personal control over this applied force which meanwhile is the "final argument" against injustice and aggression. (Not that this would make possible any of the silly statements about raising an army overnight — modern armies aren't that kind. But it would both shorten the term of training, and increase the final efficiency.)

This involves no such temptation to use professional skill against some enemy as seems to be inseparable from great national armament. It is truly democratic—for many social philoso-

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phers have pointed out the leveling effect of the invention of gunpowder, whenever the people really avail themselves of this new force.

The movement has lately reached large proportions, after many years of persistent labor by such men as General George W. Wingate. There are now more than 2,000 rifle clubs in the United States, affiliated with the National Rifle Association, with an aggregate membership of more than 100,000. Great government ranges are now open to all comers, and it is planned ultimately to have a range in every state of the Union. A huge ten-million-dollar Infantry School of Arms is being constructed at Columbus, Georgia, capable of turning out expert rifle instructors at the rate of 144,000 a year; and the issue of free rifles and ammunition to local clubs will probably be resumed now that war conditions are over.

In short it looks as if America were about to reestablish the tradition of a nation of marksmen—in the new scientific art of rifle-shooting, to the amazing development of which Mr. Whelen's volume is so worthy a guide.

And it may be worth while, for the encouragement of the novice, to add the author's dictum that "any man of ordinary intelligence, who is not physically handicapped, can become a good shot". He gives as an illustration "the case of the man who made the highest score in the course in rifle shooting of the 10,000 men attending the Plattsburg camp of 1916:

"He was a man of about thirty years of age, and had never fired a rifle before in his life. He had only about four days of preliminary instruction, perhaps two hours a day."

The American Rifle. By Lieut.-Col. Townsend Whelen. The Century Co.

AN INDISPENSABLE SPANISH HISTORY

BY GEORGIANA GODDARD KING

For the first time we have now in English, in a single book, a just and competent history of Spain. The work enjoys a gentle and complimentary introduction by Professor Altamira himself, and contains three chapters done independently: XXXII, which deals with Anglo-Spanish relations in the reign of Charles III, and the closing two, XXXIX and XL, which continue the history, from the point at which the Spanish historian dropped it, down to 1917.

It was a great undertaking and in itself meritorious, to condense the four close-printed volumes of the original into one, and it has been done rather better than one could have expected. There are drawbacks: as that by reason of the method you get no notion of persons and by limitation of space you get little notion of processes, at any rate before the eighteenth century. Quaint consequences of rigid condensation may be remarked in the shortness of chapters and the slightness and generality of sections, inevitable as the piece has shrunken; and with this an odd effect of cutting out grammar to save space, though indeed the English is sadly slipshod everywhere. The number of mistranslations is not large, and seems confined to the earlier parts where Dr. Chapman was less at home: a *Juglar* or *Jongleur* is not a juggler, nor is *mester de clerecia* the office of the clergy; *oscura, persigueron,* and *noticias* means something else in English than the words they most resemble, nor does *penurious* mean poor. Baja California, Bobastro for Barbastro, and San Domingo for Santo Domingo, are mere misprints prob-

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ably. A graver consequence of the compression is where the omission of what modifies or amplifies and explains, leaves an impression quite unlike the original. Taking for instance the page (88-89) which represents six or eight of Altamira's (Volume I, page 554 seqq.), the translator is found while condensing facts to add sneers, and by omission to falsify even the literal transcription of sentences. The original says expressly that while little washing was done at home, this was offset by the public baths operated by the towns and regulated by law, with appointed hours for men and women; again, that men lived *more* (not *still*) in the open, though still not so much as in Roman times: and, after referring to legislation that tended to keep women indoors, devotes more than a page to the power and influence of the mother in the family, the important rôle of heroic wives and of royal and noble ladies in mediæval history, and the fact that when councils met and laws and privileges were adjusted, along with the nobles figured their wives. So in a sentence on page 108 Dr. Chapman has substituted, perhaps unawares, Viollet-le-Duc's account of cathedrals for Altamira's. Again, the sentence at the foot of page 330 conveys the opposite to the page in Altamira (Volume III, page 722) that it represents.

It would be true perhaps to say that every sentence in the book (three chapters excepted) may be identified in Altamira's, but it is more true, and more important, that the effect of the whole is quite unlike the Spanish. It lacks that large and serene and essentially humane outlook which is the great grace of the historian, and it wants what is called the relative spirit. In short, an admirable achievement is marred by the characteristic American vice of being "down on" foreign things and old things: where, for instance, the Californian historian says (though the original did not) that the thirteenth century history of Alfonso X "was defective from the historiographical standpoint because of its lack of proportion, its inclusion of epic poems in the body of the narrative, and its manifestation of an ardent patriotism"!

The style grows better, freer and more agreeable, in approaching the periods and matters wherein the author's experience, and therewith his interest, lies. And while it is perhaps true that none of this is quite so good as Altamira, yet certainly the original chapters are better than the adapted; fair, wise, and significant. The concluding summary of the state of Spain today is on the whole just, and for the rest amusing. The last word should be that for everyone (excepting perhaps the profound and polyglot scholar), for schools and colleges and for the ordinary cultivated reader, the book is simply indispensable.

A History of Spain founded on the Historia de Espana y de la Civilizacion Espanola of Rafael Altamira. By Charles E. Chapman, Ph.D. The Macmillan Co.

WHO LOVE THE SEA?

BY MARTHA PLAISTED

Is it possible that the British and those of their blood are the only true lovers of the sea?

This question came to my mind as I turned the pages of an anthology compiled by Lady Sybil Scott "in memory of the officers and men of the Mercantile Marine and the Auxiliary Services who have died at sea during the war". Perhaps the collection isn't inclusive enough to supply the answer to

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the question it provokes; but, as it contains a careful selection of poems and occasional prose passages from the Greek, Latin, Italian and French, as well as from the English, I reflected that, if it be true that poetry holds a mirror to life, I might make shift to answer it myself, although I have to confess at the outset that I can't read the Italian.

I turned first to "The Wreck of Odysseus". This, with its refrain, "the wine-dark deep", "the unharvested deep", contains wonderful imaginative description. But to the ancient Greeks, the ocean wasn't a thing to be reckoned with in itself. When they wished to travel, they got a safe-conduct from one divinity or another, if they could. Otherwise they resigned themselves to a watery grave. Compare the story of Odysseus's despairing residence on the far-off isle of Calypso until the friendly Deities manœuvre him home—with the legend of the burial of Scyld.

> There at the harbour stood a ship with curving prow, all icy, eager to depart, meet for a prince. And in the ship's bosom, hard by the mast, they laid their dear lord, the giver of treasure, that famous hero. Upon his breast lay many precious things which were to go out with him to the realm of the waters. Moreover they set up a golden banner high over his head, and let the sea bear him away, giving him over to the deep.

There is not much use in matching epithets, although "the whale-way", "the foam-dashing currents", "that bark like a bird with breast of foam" seem more spirited designations than "the wine-dark deep" and others. But to a people with such myths as the burial of Scyld in their background, the sea is something more personal than a battle-ground of opposing fates: it is mystery, lure, romance.

Next, I opened to the boat-race scene in the "Aeneid". This picture must always be dear to us because it presents one of the rare occasions on which the melancholy Trojans threw back their heads and laughed. There is much blue sky and the flashing of pleasant waters. But the sport is safe. Contrast the spirit of it with the fierce joy of strife against a hostile element displayed in the swimming contest of Beowulf.

Lady Sibyl gives other passages from the Ancients. They show great friendliness for the sea when it is well-behaved, but small zest for adventuring on a stormy main.

> When winds that move not its calm surface sweep
> The azure main, I love the land no more;
> The smiles of the serene and tranquil deep
> Tempt my unquiet mind. But when the roar
> Of ocean's grey abyss resounds, and foam
> Gathers upon the sea, and vast waves burst,
> I turn from the drear aspect to the home
> Of Earth. . . .
>
> —Moschus of Syracuse.

> For beneath the spray-beaten reefs, nigh the disastrous main, I found a grave at the hands of strangers, and forever do I wretchedly hear roaring even among the dead the hated thunder of the sea.—Archias.

> The greedy sea is the destruction of those who go in ships.—Horace.

The preferences expressed in the following passages are very different:

> Yet the thoughts of my heart now are throbbing
> To test the high streams, the salt in tumultuous play.
> Desire in my heart ever urges my spirit to wander,
> To seek out the homes of the stranger in lands afar off.
>
> —"The Sea-Farer".

and

> The full sea rolls and thunders
> In glory and in glee;
> O, bury me not in the senseless earth,
> But in the living sea.
>
> —Henley.

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And Masefield's "I must go down to the seas again".

The French lyrics, plaintive and mellifluous, show a great deal of love for the sea. The poets often depict storms; they are filled with reverend awe at the vastness and majesty of the deep; they even recognize that a death by water is a good, clean death to die. But they evince very little of the wild joy in hand-to-hand conflict with tempestuous nature, so common in the English. On the whole they prefer calm weather. Their desire is rather to come home than to set sail.

De nous à la tombe il n'est qu'une planche:
Pêut-etre ce soir, dans un lit amer,
Sous un froid linceul, fait d'écume blanche,
Irons-nous dormir, veillés par l'éclair!

Fleur du paradis, sainte Notre-Dame,
Si bonne aux marins en péril de mort,
Apaise le vent, fais taire la lame,
Et pousse du doigt notre esquif au port.
—GAUTIER.

Another evidence besides this particular kind of passion I have emphasized, which convinces me that the sea means more to Anglo-Saxons than to other races, is that, in subject-matter, the poetry of the sea bulks so large in the volume of English verse. Whatever the temperament or mood of the poet, he is bound to try his hand at it. If he be a ballad-monger, he finds his drama in the grim hardihood of those who dare the perils of the wave, and in the agony of those who wait on shore.

And lang, lang may the maidens sit
Wi' their gowd kames in their hair
Awaiting for their ain dear loves,
For them they'll see nae mair.

If he be a poet of delicate fantasy, like Shakespeare, he can gratify it in the visualization of the weird horrors and splendors of the remote sea-bottom.

Methought I saw a thousand fearful wracks;
A thousand men that fishes gnawed upon;
Wedges of gold, great anchors, heaps of pearl,
All scattered in the bottom of the sea.

Or a visionary like Shelley—

Thou
For whose path the Atlantic's level powers
Cleave themselves into chasms, while far below
The sea-blooms and the oozy woods that wear
The sapless foliage of the ocean, know
Thy voice, and suddenly grow grey with fear,
And tremble and despoil themselves: oh, hear!

If he be a moralist like Wordsworth, he can find a text in the deep. If he be a romantic self-analyst like Byron, he finds in it his analogy and his balm. If he be a passive adorer of beauty or an adventurer or a mere jolly jinglist, he has only to go to the confines of his little kingdom for inspiration. His imagination is forever intrigued by the eternal mysteries of the deep: whales and monsters—a sizeable anthology could be made of these poems alone—sea-shells, and the haunting echo in their tiny caverns; ships, their clean beauty, the silence of their comings and goings, and always the enigma of their destination.

Perhaps one of the best proofs of the continued vitality of this English sea-spirit is the miracle by which it lodged itself in the breast of an inland-born foreigner and so guided his pen that he gave it back to us in the most magnificent portrayals of its workings on human character that have ever been produced in any language.

He drank.
"Ah, the good old time—the good old time. Youth and the sea! The good, strong sea, the salt, the bitter sea, that could whisper to you, roar at you and knock the breath out of you."

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He drank again.

"By all that's wonderful it is the sea, I believe, the sea itself—or is it youth alone? Who can tell? But you here—you all had something out of life: money, love—whatever one gets on shore—and, tell me, wasn't that the best time, that time when we were young at sea; young and had nothing, on the sea that gives nothing except hard knocks—and sometimes a chance to feel your strength—that only—what you all regret?"—CONRAD.

A Book of the Sea, selected and arranged by Lady Sybil Scott. Oxford University Press.

BLACKWOOD THE MYSTIC

BY GRACE ISABEL COLBRON

When the earth is apportioned to the novelists, yielding to each his own chosen territory, then certainly to Algernon Blackwood must be given undisputed right to the territory of the occult. Hovering ever, in form, on the border-land between fiction and prose phantasy, so does he hover ever in content on that vague border-land between the actual and the unseen.

But there is a great difference between the Blackwood of "John Silence" and the other earlier works, and the Blackwood of today as we learn to know him in "The Garden of Survival". The forces of the world around and beyond the known world, of the Unknown—always the true protagonist of a Blackwood story—were, in the earlier works that brought fame to their creator, forces either directly inimical or at least cruelly indifferent to man. Here, in this exquisite tale, we find a force emanating from the Unknown which strives benevolently for man's good. And, again a difference, it is not some primitive force that was before man, and will be after man has passed from the earth, but it is a force which exerts itself through the souls of those who have gone before. It is an eternal force, the force of love, but it works through the reawakened memory of the lost ones.

It was not easy to tell in cold words the "plot" of this least definite in action and most charmingly simple in style of all Blackwood stories. It is told in the first person, by an Englishman of position, a soldier and later the governor of an African colony. He tells us that he is, or was before the awakening came, very much the average Englishman of good family—a healthy, clean-minded, physically strong and active male animal, satisfied with things as they are and not at all inclined to searchings of the spirit. His tale is told to a twin brother, a creative writer, who, we realize as the story nears its close, has gone beyond. The soldier tells of his marriage with a beautiful girl whose love he did not return, although carried away physically by her charm, and also, more spiritually, by some strange element in her singing. She is killed by an accident a short month after marriage, and the husband feels almost a relief following his remorse at the realization that he could not give her what she gave him. Her strange parting words, explained by nothing in their known lives, follow him long in memory, then are forgotten in the press of worldly affairs.

But finally, some years later, he comes to see that some good influence follows close on his footsteps, guiding him to decisions that are always the right ones, decisions that bring him responsibility, confidence from those around him, name, and fortune. Through moments of recognition of natural beauty—the only avenue of his spirit that is open, he modestly confesses—the "guidance" comes. It

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brings a searching of the spirit strange to this man, as to all of his species. But slowly out of it his soul awakens to a sense, piercing, overwhelming, and almost unendurably sweet, of the great beauty of life and of all created things, the force of love and beauty that is back and beyond and above all things. Through the all-abiding love of the woman he has lost, working after her death, this force is revealed to him.

The beauty of the thought and the writing in this simple tale is exquisite exceedingly. It is like the mother-of-pearl flush on a cloud at sunrise in comparison to the lurid strength of Blackwood's earlier works. But, although it purports to be a man's belated understanding of a woman's love, it is in reality a man's understanding of the love and the soul of his lost brother. In this it is a true Blackwood book. The love of man for man he can beautifully depict. The love of man for woman, or woman for man, in its human side, is a sealed page to him.

The Garden of Survival. By Algernon Blackwood. E. P. Dutton and Co.

JOHN MUIR'S LAST BOOK

By WALTER PRICHARD EATON

America is deeply in debt to John Muir, just how deeply can probably never be determined. But in "Steep Trails", the title given to his last, posthumous work, his editor, William F. Badé, has collected published papers and letters of his going back to 1874, or almost half a century, and we can plainly see from them how much a pioneer he was, not in the exploration of glaciers and mountain summits, forests and plains, but in the conscious cultivation of a love for wildness as wildness, for the sheer beauties and rejuvenating delights of nature. There were other scientists before John Muir, and other explorers, and other mountain scalers, and there have been many since. After all, his attainments in these lines were neither unique nor particularly impressive. For the one wild night of storm on Shasta, when he and a guide lay on the steam and gas jets, one half scalded, the other half frozen, Archdeacon Stuck spent sixty nights on Denali without any steam jets and the thermometer at times 70° below zero. David Douglas, the Scotch botanist who reached our northwest coast in 1823 and discovered the great spruce which bears his name, and the royal sugar pine, and such a host of wild flowers that the English gardeners went mad over them for a decade, endured more privations and faced more dangers on that one trip than Muir faced in his entire life. It was Muir's great contribution to have a large and a pioneer share in the work of spreading enthusiasm for mountains and forests, for all the lovely and inspiring manifestations of the wilderness, an enthusiasm which has not only resulted in our great national parks (with one of which, especially, the Yosemite, his name will always be associated), but in countless outdoor clubs, in a considerable literature, and, above all, in what is a steadily growing army of individual nature lovers who seek the wilds for vacation and solace.

There is something totally different in this, of course, from any artificial eighteenth century "return to nature", and something distinctly American. Indeed, among our distinctive contributions to literature must surely be classed what, for want of a better term, we call "nature writ-

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ings". The "Natural History of Selborne" is a delightful book, but when you turn from it to the pages of Thoreau you are in a different atmosphere, a different world. You are in a world where a wild bird, a wild flower, yes, even a wild apple, is held in a kind of still, passionate affection just because it is wild, because it removes the beholder—though he take his science with him—out of a man-dominated universe into a region of wonder and of spontaneous beauty, a beauty from which he seems to draw strength and comfort. Thoreau's wanderings did not take him to the great West, more's the pity. But John Muir, a true pioneer, came into the high Sierras while they were still but imperfectly explored, and with every sense tuned to their infinite allure, he hymned them to the world. Your true Briton, setting out resolutely to risk neck on a Welsh rock, or the Matterhorn, your American member of a "sportsman's club" going joyously to the Carolina sounds to slaughter two hundred wild ducks, or into New Brunswick to kill a moose, of course has no connection at all with this wilderness love of which we are speaking. The former is harmless to all but himself and his guide, the latter is its primitive foe. The eager spinster at the summer boarding-house who makes timid dashes into the woods armed with her pocket guide to the birds is nearer to it. At least, her feet are set in the right direction.

You have only to read Muir's description, in this his last book, of his ascent of Shasta in late summer, in 1874, when he spent nearly a week entirely alone, and most of the time snuggled in a little shelter at timberline while snowstorms raged, to sense the profound difference. He had the natural human ambition to scale the peak, of course, and he had various scientific interests in snow crystals, the formation of slides, and the like. But above all was his profound delight in the spectacle of the outspread world below, in the daily contemplation of the majestic sweeps of the mountain, in the solitary grandeur of earth's lofty places. Alone? Not a bit of it! John Muir might have been alone on Broadway at Forty-second Street, but in an Oregon forest, on top of Mt. Shasta, anywhere in the true wilds, he could not be alone. All his ordinary five senses, and a few extra ones such favored mortals as he possess, were a host of eager, chatty companions, and above all their voices he heard, too, the whisper of the great Earth Spirit which does not use any language written in books.

Some of Muir's letters from Utah and Nevada, written to the San Francisco "Evening Bulletin" in the 'seventies, form an interesting commentary on a vanished era or a vanishing era. That concerning Nevada's "dead towns"—towns built in a day and abandoned as quickly—could have been better written by Bret Harte, though we like this picture: "Coyotes now wander unmolested through the brushy streets, and of all the busy throng that so lavishly spent their time and money here only one man remains—a lone bachelor with one suspender." We recall such a town in the Rockies, without even the lone bachelor. The ruins of one house were more imposing than the rest, and when we asked the explanation, our cowboy guide was covered with confusion and made an inarticulate reply. Later, when the women were out of earshot, he whispered that it was the home of the pretty ladies. Muir is not rich in these human

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touches. His real interest is elsewhere.

Still more, perhaps, the record of a vanishing order are his glowing descriptions of the Washington and Oregon coastal forests. Nobody has ever appreciated trees as individualities more keenly than Muir, and nobody has put the essential outline and splendor of a first growth sugar pine into words as successfully as he, in his chapter on the forests of Oregon. But, he adds, "unfortunately, the sugar pine makes excellent lumber". Long before the war, these great forests were going fast. Since the war began, their destruction, of course, has increased in pace. We shall need another John Muir—a host of John Muirs—to fight for a saving remnant, and to preserve even what small proportion we have denominated as government forests. To the lumberman, there is no coming generation.

The last chapter in the book is a paper on the Grand Cañon, contributed to "The Century" as late as 1902. In some ways the contributor to F.P.A.'s "The Conning Tower", who said that the Grand Cañon was the best place he ever saw to throw old safety-razor blades into, achieved the most eloquent description yet penned. It acknowledged, with a grin, the utter inadequacy of rhetoric, of the attempt at eloquence. Muir, in this chapter, cannot quite escape the taint of attempted eloquence. We like him better in his earlier years, when he was simpler, his eye more on the object than the effect of his description. However, he hits upon one truth of the Cañon view that denotes his keen perception—it is not the depth of the gorge, nor the drop under foot, nor the colors, that give the beholder that terrific and awesome sense of swimming on the crust of a star—it is the endless, vast exposure of the opposite wall.

But the Grand Cañon needs no John Muir to excite appreciation. His real work has been less specific. It has been to excite appreciation of the multifold life and beauty and spiritual companionship of the wilderness everywhere, to lead men into it not for mere adventure, not certainly to hunt and kill, but to learn humbly and lovingly its secrets, to find solace in its quietudes and new strength and vision in its beauties, new health in its simple, rugged, strenuous physical demands. America has responded to his call. Other writers have taken up his work, great expanses of our finest and wildest scenery have been preserved as a national asset, and the kind of wilderness vacation of which he could approve is more and more becoming, not a fad, but a deep spiritual necessity for hundreds of Americans. Perhaps something in our pioneer ancestry makes us peculiarly susceptible; certainly, we have superb physical opportunities. But still we cannot and must not take from John Muir, grand old hardy plodder that he was, with his pocketful of dry bread and raisins and his singing, happy heart, one jot of the credit which is his due.

Steep Trails. By John Muir. Houghton Mifflin Co.

NEW HISTORIES OF ENGLAND AND ITALY

BY DAVID S. MUZZEY

I

Believing that the union of the various nations which compose the British Empire is the type and prophecy of world league to which increasing thousands are looking for-

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ward today, the authors of "Imperial England" have wished to describe the growth of that Empire as an illustration of the successful substitution of the encouragement of local liberties and the toleration of spontaneous institutions for the policy of arrogant dictation and harsh repression. After a brief introduction on the foundations of English liberty in Magna Carta and the beginnings of English sea power, the book proceeds in a lively, well-balanced narrative to the history of the various colonies of England in America, India, Africa, and the South Seas. The conclusion of the authors is that Britain's success in empire-building is attributable to three things—the inborn capacity for administration (illustrated especially in the cases of Egypt and India), her tolerance of diversity, and her progressive recognition of local liberties.

The chapters on Australia and South Africa are especially good, and the description of the work of David Livingstone is the best in its compass that we have seen. It is gratifying, in these days when present sympathy with our "ally" Great Britain is tempting so many to distort our relations with the mother country a century and a half ago, to find in Mr. Payne an author who unqualifiedly defends the American Revolution.

Allowance may have to be made for the enthusiasm of the authors at some points. For example, many will doubt whether England's rule in India has been "the most successful and most courageous experiment in the rule of an alien people of which the world has any record" (page 273). There are errors of statement, too, here and there. To speak of an alliance between King John *and the people* against the barons of Magna Carta (page 5) is misleading; Pope Alexander's bull was issued in 1493, not 1494 (page 39); the accession of William III certainly did not "inaugurate the limited monarchy of England *as we know it*" (page 62); the line quoted as Juvenal's on page 65 is Lucan's, and the Latin is not exactly quoted; the Virginia colony did not "take root" in America in 1606 (page 65); the division of colonies into those governed by a charter and proprietary colonies (page 70) is misleading, for proprietary colonies like Maryland and Pennsylvania also had charters; it is doubtful if the dispatch of the tea ships to America in 1773 was "solely in the interests of the [East India] company", and the colonists did not "everywhere" refuse to allow the unloading of the tea (page 125); recent monographs on the Northwest Territory have minimized the influence which George Rogers Clark's conquest had on England's cession in 1783 (page 133). But these occasional slips detract little from the general excellence of the work.

Imperial England. By C. F. Lowell and C. E. Payne. The Macmillan Co.

II

The purpose of this work as announced in the preface is "a general sketch of Italian history from the barbarian invasions to the present day, which can be recommended as an introduction to more detailed study". The authors have accomplished their purpose with that mixture of success and failure which is almost inevitable in a book of quadruple authorship. This is the fourth of the historical works in this Oxford series on which two or more authors have collaborated; and except in the case of Marriott and Robertson's "Evolution of Prussia", the result has not been very satisfactory.

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A book is finally judged by the degree of fidelity with which it fulfills its purpose. As a text-book the present work is far too allusive to be serviceable, and for a stimulus to further study it is too minutely factual. It seems as though the authors of the mediæval and Renaissance sections were unwilling that a single name should escape mention—even if there were room for mention only. Every little court of the Italian Renaissance has to have its annals. The result is a bewildering succession of names and dates; the wood is entirely lost for the trees—or the underbrush and brake. This kind of inventional history was aptly characterized a few years ago by a reviewer of Stanley Leathe's chapter on Italian politics in the first volume of the Cambridge Modern History as "the writhings of a jar of leaches".

As contrasted with the chapters on the internal politics and administration of Italy in the period 1528-1789 (rather arbitrarily chosen), the sections on social and intellectual history in the same period come as a relief. They are done with a sense of proportion and leave something to the imagination of the reader. Part IV of the work, tracing the evolution of Italian unity from the French Revolution to the present, is just what we should wish from its allotment of 150 pages. The narrative is interesting, the balance is good, and the development is natural and easy. It makes one regret that the hand that wrote this part of the volume was not entrusted with the whole.

From the point of view of scholarship there is little to be criticized in the book. We think the authors are mistaken in calling the French Parlement's assertion of the rights of the Gallican Church against the Papacy a "popular movement" (page 301), and in postponing the Church's disquietude and the study of nature until "the Inquisition discovered the pitfalls lurking in the Copernican system, 1616" (page 320). Certainly Roger Bacon disturbed the priests in the thirteenth century as Galileo did in the seventeenth. The authors, too, must have entirely forgotten the Civil Constitution of the Clergy, when they say of the Siccardi Laws of 1850, "nowhere since the Reformation had such reforms been carried without the Papacy's concurrence" (page 423).

The book is provided in the appendix with elaborate genealogical tables of Italian ducal houses, a complete list of the popes, and a bibliography, the most conspicuous feature of which is the omission of William R. Thayer's biography of Cavour.

Italy, Mediæval and Modern. By E. M. Jamison, C. M. Ady, K. D. Vernon, and C. S. Terry. Oxford University Press.

AN INTERNATIONAL AUTOBIOGRAPHY

BY STARK YOUNG

Once Mr. Chesterton, omnivorous leviathan of journalism that he is, in a moment of paradoxical modesty spoke of himself as lazy. That moment meant relief for every uninspired essayist, critic, and envious heavy-weight. They had now a way of summing up Chesterton. In his Autobiography Henry Adams likes to speak of himself from time to time as a failure. From that, many of his editors and critics have found their starting-point. Time and time again reviewers of the book have spoken of the writer as a failure. Spaces too short for the exposition of such a book have been filled with discourses and

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regrets on this accomplished man's failure to his country and his deplorable shortcomings. They of course beg the question of sociological and philosophical values. But perhaps they are right. They both avenge themselves and evade the issue with this man who has defied most of their systems of values, neglected their triumphs, or forgotten their easy standards of excellence in the pursuit of his ends.

Henry Adams judged himself hardest of all, more strictly and closely and steadily. His book is a record of the attempt to educate himself. He is a student his life long, driven from one subject to another. The Autobiography begins with the early days in Boston and Quincy under the shadow of the Boston State House dome and the Adams ancestry. For Boston and that family it would seem to be as much a case of the old Adam as the old Adams. The feuds between that clan and State Street still went on. Colonial aspirations, courage, hatreds were there. The eighteenth century lives in these first pages of the Autobiography. Then Harvard College and the years in Germany and Italy, to be followed by America again and the secretaryship at the American Legation in London, where his father was to play one of the most distinguished parts in all diplomacy in keeping off the recognition of the Confederacy by Great Britain. Here in England and later in Washington and abroad Adams came to know more or less at short range the leaders of the day.

But in reality the author's meaning for education is never quite stated. At times it means the broadening of culture, at times the fitness for a career or for public office, at times the understanding of history and the problems of the universe, at times a better adjustment and response to life. But at times his dwelling on the word *education*, his denial of having it, amounts to a whimsy, to riding a hobby. The denial is a part of the Puritan's delight in abasing himself, heaping proud ashes on his bowed and introspective head. Education with him really means the process of incessant absorption with the world and with Henry Adams, and the relation of the two. He is neither a philosopher nor a statesman, but a philosophic student and friend of public affairs. He studied history and taught others how to make it.

This Autobiography is a good place to learn all over again that we learn from history that we learn nothing from history. It teems with information, national and cosmopolitan. Perhaps Adams is more often concerned with his reaction to circumstances and people than with recording the circumstances and people themselves. And it is nearly always true of his pages that only those who can run can read. But nothing could show better the history-proof nature of human affairs than the fact that we will go right on being the same, thinking the same things and doing the same things, the same Washington, the same colonialism, the same illusions, the same hot little editorials, in the face of page after page of cool, honest, impersonal analysis and fact given us by this singular and brilliant observer.

Portraits and sketches so excellent that one jumps with recognition, portraits steady, seen in leisure, sure in tone: but in spite of the accounts of Gladstone and Lord Palmerston and Swinburne and Mr. Lodge and President Grant and scores of others, the Autobiography is not a book of information. Its distinction is most of all literary. Whatever we may think of

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the views of history or progress or education set forth, the literary workmanship is impeccable. Within the limits of his personality the revelation is secure and inevitable. It may vary in interest or appeal but never in execution.

It is the story of an aristocratic mind certain of its own integrity, carrying its democratic obligations to their source in science, just thinking, and history. Here we have a Puritan example quite, as a friend of mine used to say, as incapable of a passion for righteousness as he was of an unrighteous act. The book is a remarkable history of a man whose instincts were starved from babyhood. His thinking or at least his understanding of life is constantly thwarted by his never being able to trust simple and direct living. This is one of the few things that Henry Adams shows no sign of detecting in himself. One feels perhaps that he is at home in more courts and more philosophies than souls. His brain tells him that he and Romain Rolland live in worlds apart; and having thus abased himself he proceeds not to follow the other man but to revel in the analysis of his own limitations.

One gets a picture of Henry Adams, discreet, never yielding to any excess but that of mental indulgence in the profundities, the byways and perversities of thought. He believes that a man has few friends, one, perhaps two or three in a lifetime; but his mind needs comradeship. He is as poorly fitted for solitude as he would be for passionate intercourse: a mind that champions order, the French measure and intelligence, the Italian line, reviling that rag-bag of chaos and bric-à-brac that he knows the English mind to be; but keeping his own peculiarity and his own penetrating anarchy of thought and knowing it; seeing the whole thing with humor, and loving it. Surely Henry Adams got beneath the surface of the life he knew; but there were whole surfaces themselves that he never knew. Objecting to colleges as uneducative and to courts as empty, he makes in reality a college and society of the world, as he goes about at good hotels, great houses, and in good and celebrated company. His is a well-oiled, well-buttered engine for attacking life's battlements; sure of dinner at seven, of tea at five, of next year's income, and of the decency of its own record: kind, trenchant, assiduous and energetic, tender, thoroughbred, delicate rather than intense, almost poetic and afraid of it, getting his salt from the wit, never from tears.

Coming up as he did without the languages of art about him, and even deprived through the Unitarian and Protestant services of whatever education a richer and more complete religious form would have supplied him, Henry Adams was troubled all his life by the problem of the complex that appears in the simple. The lesson of Garibaldi seemed to teach him the extreme complexity of extreme simplicity; but one could have learned this, he says, from an earthworm. One need not have journeyed in July heats to learn that simplicity is complex. It is Adams's lifelong trouble—and one of the reasons for the book's existence and fascination—that he did not learn early and instinctively to know that there are many languages by which life is expressed. He strove all his life for the articulation of all things that came to his experience. He wished to use words where words were not the language.

He was the fastidious outcome of a Cromwellian, bourgeois, restricted cul-

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ture that came with the Puritans westward. Henry Adams, like all Puritans, had the instinct for a fight, for reforming something; an odd tangent, I fancy, perhaps, from their mistrust of pleasure. Where the Catholic churches allow franker pleasures, Puritanism is the chief religion that permits to its flock the more veiled and exquisite pleasure of being gloomy and disagreeable. Henry Adams, being of all things a gentleman and a thoroughbred, spent his life generously studying from others and reforming himself.

Henry Adams himself would have found it food for thought that in the year when the market was flooded with war books, mostly crude and worthless, red blood and big sales, this book should appear: this cool, biting, thoroughbred intelligence, this urbane and almost courtly glass turned on all the tumult and noise and beauty and vulgarity and profound passion of the day. He is as far from the beauty and the splendid passion of it all as he is from the scrambling vulgarity, and so is the book. But the Autobiography is a kind of book that Europeans like to call un-American, meaning, with superior malice, that they do not expect such cosmopolitanism, and easy approach, such scientific and sophisticated honesty, such elegance and point, such security of comparative acquaintance. If this is to be the last service of the Adams family to their country, it is at least as distinguished as any they have rendered.

The Education of Henry Adams. Houghton Mifflin Co.

THE A. L. A. IN PARIS

BY AN OVERSEAS LIBRARIAN

"A little piece of America in France" is the way one soldier described the recently established headquarters of the American Library Association in Paris. We have tried, in fact, to make our reading-room and circulating library as much as possible like the public libraries the men were accustomed to using at home, and in addition to the service we are able to give the soldiers on duty in Paris and those passing through the capital, we have added services which have never been required of the Library Association in the United States.

First, a word about the transference of the American public library system to France.* It grew out of the necessity of furnishing books to the men of our army and navy, books not only for recreation but as weapons with which to build a modern and thoroughly efficient fighting machine. Every training camp, both in Europe and America, is a university where the science of modern warfare is studied. The two million men who have landed in France at this writing—late October—are men who have undergone intensive education in some branch of war science. Over here they take post-graduate courses. Never in the history of the world were so many men

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*(*This article was written in late October. As the A. L. A. will continue indefinitely in France for the benefit of the troops who remain abroad, the work described by the author is still going on and will probably be broadened in its scope rather than curtailed.* —THE EDITORS.)

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going to school at the same time. Never in all history was the demand for text-books so great.

Recognizing this, General Pershing gave the representatives of the American Library Association the same facilities as have been accorded the Red Cross, the Y. M. C. A., the Knights of Columbus, the Y. W. C. A., the Jewish Welfare Board, and the Salvation Army. The American Library Association was made a part of the American Expeditionary Force overseas; it was given the privilege of furnishing books to the men of the army and navy, fifty ships' tons' space a month being allowed in the army cargo transports for the shipment of the books.

Six dispatch offices, located at Hoboken, New York, Philadelphia, Newport News, Boston, and Brooklyn divide the work of handling this immense traffic, and up to October 12, 1918, half a year only since the overseas work was inaugurated, 1,250,062 books had been shipped for the use of the American army and navy.

The American Library Association would never have been content merely to dump a lot of books in army camps and naval stations in France. The object has been to establish a real library system, and to perform the special library vocation of getting the special book into the hands of the special man. With this end in view we established in Paris a central library, as much as possible like the ones at home. We were fortunate in obtaining for our headquarters two floors of a magnificent old mansion in the Rue de l'Elysée. The main floor serves as a library and reading-room, with a large, private office for the librarian, while the basement furnishes an ideal place for packing and stock-rooms.

If all the thousands of men and women in the United States who have contributed toward this library service could, only for a moment, get a glimpse of that reading-room in the Rue de l'Elysée, it is certain that they would rejoice over their part of the general happiness it has created. Outside, the autumn rain is falling and people hurry along the wet pavements. Within the big reading-room, the blazing hearth fires are reflected in the huge French mirrors that line the walls. From early twilight until ten o'clock the room is crowded with American soldiers, with here and there a sailor's blue uniform. The content and happiness on the faces of these readers is good to see. Their gratitude is open and outspoken. It is not too much to say that every book these men label and take away is looked upon as a special godsend.

Libraries like this one will soon be opened in Tours, in Dijon, and in other cities where our men are stationed in large numbers. They will serve as central distributing points, as book centers for large districts surrounding. Thus gradually, and as expeditiously as possible, our library system will be built up in France.

At the base of the structure we have built and are building is our service of book collections to Y. M. C. A., Knights of Columbus and Salvation Army huts, Y. W. C. A. hostess houses and nurses' clubs, Red Cross hospitals, officers' clubs, and other recreational centers. We now have these collections in 600 Y. M. C. A. huts, in all the Salvation Army cabins, in every Y. W. C. A. house and in half the Knights of Columbus huts. The difficulties of transportation alone stand in the way of supplying all recreational centers with books.

It is our purpose to supply the army and navy wherever duty calls them.

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The combat troops of the army are served through the huts of the Y. M. C. A., of the Knights of Columbus and other huts, through the long line of billets, to the trenches: likewise the training camps and schools, the lines of communication, including construction men, guards, stevedores, and so on. Through at least forty towns and villages in northern France our book collections have been distributed. In central and southern France are scores of towns which have practically been taken over by American soldiers. There are towns which have been built by Americans, substantial towns with paved streets, electric lights, telephones, sewers, built by American engineers for the use of our army. Sometimes the town is an aviation camp, sometimes it is a hospital. One hospital built by and for Americans has room for a population of 35,000.

These American settlements in France must have their libraries, and since nearly all include schools of various kinds, they must have technical libraries. In one of these army schools overseas the curriculum includes anti-air craft, camouflage, carrier-pigeons, dentistry, engineering (several divisions), gas, infantry specialties—such as bayonet, machine gun, marksmanship, sniping—signal corps, tanks, trench mortars, and a few others. An aviation camp is a school of flying, but to every eighteen flyers there are 150 mechanics, and the pilots themselves have a term of ground work, while specialists are trained in the photography of aeronautics, in aviation artillery, and a dozen other subjects.

Besides the army camps there is a great area known as the S. O. S., the Service of Supply. In this area are concentrated all the activities and occupations essential to the life of an army thousands of miles removed from its base of supplies. Here are the army bakeries, the repair shops, the salvage depots, the vast warehouses and cold storage plants. Near one city we have the third largest ice factory in the world, a great machine producing daily ice for the cold storage of eleven million pounds of meat. The plant is housed in a series of buildings six and a half miles long.

Near another old French city there is a quartermasters' distributing camp for a million men. In still another city in this area the medical supplies of the army are concentrated for distribution. In the woods for miles around are the forestry units and the sawmill units and the cement sections which have been the foundation of all the wonderful building and engineering on which an invincible army must rest.

Library War Service has reached the hundreds of thousands of men working in the S. O. S., and it has gone still farther and has covered the Base Areas, which include the ports where the army transports dock, and where the enormous quantities of supplies are unloaded. In one of these Base Areas there are concentrated 12,000 laborers, many of them illiterate negroes from the southern states. They are having their first chance to learn to read and write, in their work camps, and the American Library Association is furnishing the books.

In the same area there are thousands of engineers and constructors, highly educated men to whom the library service has been a veritable boon. Their work is arduous, their lives barren of interest outside the work which occupies them ten to twelve hours a day. The glory and excitement of war never reaches them. How absolutely necessary to their

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health and happiness is the relaxation, the stimulation of good books, none but themselves, perhaps, can possibly know.

A very important undertaking of the Overseas Branch of the American Library Association has been the special technical book collections placed at the direct disposal of the A. E. F. These collections cover all subjects connected with military technique. We have, for example, collections of fifty books on each of the following subjects: aeronautics, railway engineering, automobile construction and repair, sanitary engineering, military hygiene, and military science in general, as well as small collections on army paper work, electricity (searchlights), telegraphy, telephone and wireless, railroad and bridge building, water supply, sewage and sanitation, carpentry and painting, photography, water analysis.

These book collections were made with the assistance of the best advice obtainable and the book-lists were submitted, for criticism and additions, to the chief of each army service covered. On the advice of the commander-in-chief the book collections will, when complete, be placed in army schools and centers of instruction throughout France, as well as in the library of the General Staff at headquarters.

The cap-sheaf of our pyramid is the individual mail service whereby any soldier, sailor or marine may write in to our headquarters in Paris, or to a second reservoir at Gievres, state his book needs and get the book or books by mail, postage free. The need of such a service is plain. Frequently a man can find on the shelves of the Y. M. C. A. or K. of C. hut library exactly the book he wants, but more frequently he cannot. This question was taken up with General Pershing last summer, and the privilege of franking books through the American postal service was asked. General Pershing, who has done everything to encourage the Library War Service, readily granted the request, and the thing was done.

It needed only a short notice in the English language newspapers published in Paris to start the new mail-order service. Letters began to pour in, and when, a week later, "The Stars and Stripes" gave the central library a write-up, the flood became a deluge. Within a few days we were getting two hundred letters a day. Soon we shall be getting a thousand a day, for the number is steadily increasing. Of course we cannot fill every order, but we fill seventy-five per cent of them, and shall increase the proportion.

Book requests from individual soldiers fall into four classes, the same four that are found among the patrons of the camp libraries. The men write in for books relating to their special branch of service; they write for books which will help them to keep up with a former trade or profession; they ask for French grammars and French histories; they want books of fiction and poetry.

The demand for mathematics is constant. We have difficulty in keeping up with requests for algebras, geometries and trigonometries. A letter from a soldier in a naval radio detachment, an isolated post, is typical. "The three of us have been here for the better part of three months", writes this lonely man. "We are the only English-speaking inhabitants here, and to make a long story short we are very much in need of reading matter to while away the time between our radio work. We don't, for the world, wish to monopolize any books that are needed for the soldiers, for as far as

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comfort is concerned we are very well situated. But if you do happen to be able to give us a shipment occasionally they will certainly be appreciated."

An ambitious man studying for a commission asks for a book or two, "if they can be spared", dealing with intelligence work—"anything authoritative on observation and reconnaissance, target and landscape sketching, map making and reading". This soldier is the son of a well-known public librarian. He grew up in an atmosphere of books, and knows exactly what books he needs.

A lieutenant in the office of the Judge Advocate of the First Army wishes to perfect his knowledge of German. He writes for a German grammar and a dictionary, books which are rather difficult to buy in the open market in France just now.

Driving an army motor-truck gives a man a chance to think, and the sergeant in a certain motor-truck unit who wrote us for a text-book on modern banking, or failing this an advanced text-book on bookkeeping, was thinking, it is plain, about the good time when the war would be a thing of the past.

Thousands of men in the army think of the future almost as often as they think of the present. They give us something to do to keep them supplied. Here is an order that recently came by mail: "Ancient History of Peru" (Pre-Incan); "Ancient History of the Basques of the Pyrenees"; "Legends or History of the Island of Atlantis". This officer wanted the books in connection with writing he was doing before the war.

There is no doubt that more Americans are reading French history today than within the confines of the past fifty years. The same is true of the study of the French language. Every soldier picks up a kind of an argot called trench French. In time the average American learns enough of this extraordinary lingo to fraternize comfortably with French soldiers, and to make his wants known in the shops and *estaminets*. The ambitious soldiers, however, want to speak correct French. Every mail brings us requests for French grammars, dictionaries, or books on conversational French. "Soldiers' Spoken French" by Helene Cross is very popular. "Army French" by Wilkins and Coleman of the University of Chicago Press is another book frequently requested.

Some of our book orders contain queer combinations. "Kindly send me readings from 'Modern Painters' by John Ruskin, a book of quotations for all occasions, and a Latin grammar", was one of our earliest requests. Another soldier, in an aero school, wrote to know if we could supply him with a good book on agriculture, "not too elementary". If we had nothing on agriculture he would take a good advanced work on photography, chemistry being his next choice. As he was in the photography section of the air service these two choices were comprehensible. The puzzle was contained in the postscript to his letter. "If you have none of the above", he wrote, "send a good modern missionary book, preferably a foreign missionary one."

"Please send me one of the following books, or some other good book containing real stuff about soldiers' life. Name of books, 'Private Peat', 'Over the Top', 'Under Two Flags'." Imagine this man's feelings if we had sent him the last named.

Our most appealing letters come to us from the hospitals. Ultimately

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every ward of every hospital will have its library, but events have moved so fast that we have not yet been able to supply all the new hospital units. Individual requests, however, we make haste to answer. The following is a typical letter:

Dear, kind, and helpful friends:

As I lay in bed reading the current events in today's "Herald", I was pleased to read about the arrangements made in reference to reading matter, which I crave for a good deal. I've made inquiries and tried to get books here, but inasmuch as it is a newly established base you can easily understand why I wasn't successful in satisfying my desire. My ailments will keep me here some time, so please don't overlook me. My preferences are "The Life of Abraham Lincoln", "The Wandering Jew" (Sue), and some up-to-date novels. There are many of us boys here in the ward who will appreciate whatever you will send.

We are glad to pass this letter on to the American people, who, after all, are the "dear, kind and helpful friends" to whom it is addressed. It is their books and their money that keep the Library War Service the big, vital, inspiring thing it has grown to be. On their generosity and patriotism we rely to keep the work going in behalf of the men of our army and navy, whose generosity and patriotism in our behalf none of us can ever hope to equal.

ANOTHER TYRANNY

BY STELLA BENSON

This is an English outsider's idea about America—that everyone in the world ought to pay her at least one visit, and that it would do a great many people good to pay her two visits or even more. Of course one might carry the thing further and say that it would do everyone in the world good to visit everyone else in the world all the time, but this, like many theories expressed in platitudes, would be a little unwieldy and tiresome to put into practice.

At any rate I should like everyone who possesses children to come to America for a while, from the King of England down to the New Guinea cannibal chieftain. I cannot really sustain the pretence of knowing much about the cannibal chief's method of bringing up his children, beyond the suggestion that there is probably room for improvement even in New Guinea. So perhaps I had better narrow down my statement to the limits of my knowledge and say simply that I wish every English parent would cross the Atlantic and on his return, fired with fanatic enthusiasm, murder his Nana. Almost all that is reactionary in England, I think, may be traced to the influence of the Nana. One might say, for instance, that Queen Victoria was the Nana of her people. Some day English children will take the matter into their own hands, the red flag of revolution will fly in every nursery, and the tyrant Nanas will be ground under the tires of enraged perambulators. We English talk about Ireland being under the thumb of the priest; how dare we talk about thumbs with the imprint of the Nana fresh upon us? Already our more

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progressive children are turning their eyes westward across the Atlantic for encouragement and example.

For the question of the bringing-up of children is approached by Americans in a unique way, or rather it is not approached at all—it is successfully evaded. The expression "bringing-up" seems entirely the wrong one here, since bringing-up conveys the arbitrary adjustment of the child to the grown-up level. To say that a child has been well brought up has hitherto meant simply that its nature has been so carefully distorted that it can now be kept in the house without acute discomfort to its elders. You pay your Nana—a person of inhuman refinement—to teach your child pretty tricks; to put it on stilts, so to speak; to add, in defiance of nature, a quite superfluous cubit to its normal stature. You thus have the satisfaction of seeing upon your hearth an exact replica of yourself, or more often an imitation Nana in miniature, growing more and more identical as the years pass. And when you die, you feel serenely confident that all your immortal prejudices survive unaltered in the next generation, and that you have done all that was possible toward keeping the world standing still. But, alas for your hopes! the world betrays an irreverent impetus. Someone bigger than you, or even your Nana, set it spinning long before you were born, and your little brake must sooner or later fail to act.

In America, it appears, no self-respecting child allows itself to be brought up. There is no country in the world where children cause more discomfort to their elders than they do in America; there is no country in the world where elders cause less discomfort to the children. There is something reminiscent of Peter Pan in the parentlessness and the Nanalessness of America—if I may be allowed rather unwieldy terms. The American baby seems, to an English eye, to throw itself out of its cradle into a life of incredible adventure. It drives its own Ford car, it sails its own boat, it revels among edged tools and explosives, it spends its summers in camps, hundreds of miles away from the eye of its family, it makes itself gloriously sick on ice-cream whenever it likes. At least, this is the impression made on the stunned stranger. I have never heard anybody presume to tell an American child to be a little lady or a little gentleman. Indeed, who should voice such a reactionary heresy, since in America there are no Nanas?

I do not even know whether the (to me) portentous word Nana conveys anything like the truth to the emancipated American ear. I therefore append a word-portrait of the Nana in whose substantial shadow a part of my own childhood was passed. She was a square person of pronounced figure, with a suggestion of creaking strain about the waist. She always wore grey, decorated down the front with little black buttons in single file and close formation, from the jet brooch at her collar to the much-tried hook and eye at her waist-belt. When we walked decorously in the park, she wore an incredibly small black bonnet, shaped like a trowel without its handle, astride across her parting.

Her soul was saved, clamorously saved—she was an enthusiastic non-commissioned officer in the Salvation Army and burned with heavenly militarism. I and my brothers very wisely decided to be saved at once—Nana spared us no detail of the fiery

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alternative—although for my part I confess to a private longing to see, from a safe distance, the lake of brimstone about which I had heard so much. I always imagined it with an exquisite breathing bloom of heat upon it, like the faery radiance of a red-hot poker. However, I put this wish behind me as a temptation, and atoned for it, under Nana's directions, by singing hymns in a saintly and almost inaudible treble to other people's astonished Nanas in Kensington Gardens. I remember also pursuing elderly strangers along the Broad Walk to ask them if they had Heard the Call, or to press a tract into their indulgent hands. Nana's penetrating eye could always see who, among the passers-by, was in need of a Word in Season, and who was not. Our own parents were once weighed and found wanting. I was obliged to warn them once or twice that they were on the broad and easy downgrade path, because they went occasionally to the theatre and the other name for the theatre is the Devil's Portal. Then again they rashly worshipped in the Temple of Baal—in other words, in the Church of England—they even obliged us to accompany them there. We always prayed for forgiveness on our return. If we had enjoyed an anthem we had to pray harder still, for an anthem was pure papistry. Once I remember I had to report a Sevenfold Amen, and Nana turned actually scarlet with horror.

I remember once rebelling against some petty manifestation of the nursery austerity of outlook and Nana, in consequence, found the Devil under my bed. It was a shocking scene. White and sickened, I watched Nana dragging my obviously reluctant and struggling satanic visitor from his hiding-place, and pushing him out of the door. Then she opened all the windows to let out the smell of brimstone. Such a demoniac intrusion was not worth risking a second time, and I became more saved than ever. Learning from Nana that my innocent habit of brushing my hair before the mirror (or Devil's Picture-frame) was likely to bring upon me the wrath of heaven for the sin of vanity, I turned morbidly to the other extreme, and felt that I had fallen from grace if I so much as saw accidentally my small passing reflection in a shop-window. The Last Trump was held like a sword over our heads. If, in a mood of unwonted frivolity, we refused to put our stockings on at the word of command, Nana would prick up her ears ominously, as though hearing the first breath of the Last Trump, and ask us whether or not we dared to Meet Our Judge without our stockings on.

I admit that mine is an extreme case of Nanocracy. I have known other Nanas whose influence, though equally strong, was much more benevolent. But of this I am sure: I have never known a progressive Nana; I have never known a Nana who dreamed that there could be anything good in the natural impulses of the child. Nanas stand for the eternal negative, for Not Messing Up Your Frock, for Not Making a Noise, for Not Letting Go of the Perambulator, for Not Getting Your Feet Wet. The Nana is the enemy of nature and of instinct — "Certainly Not" is her motto. It is the translation into nursery terms of the implacable autocracy now at bay before the onslaught of several millions of older children, who have invented a freedom of their own. The doors and windows of the world are open, and

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the winds blow unchecked into stagnant places. I like to think of the dissolving of all tyrannies in this new atmosphere. I like to think of the Kaisers and the Nanas of the world crumbling in a common ruin. Just as the Kaiser has given democracy a greater impetus than it ever had before, so such Nanas as mine have, in their homely way, done more toward the saving of souls than they knew.

BALLADE OF WAR BOOKS

BY CAROLYN WELLS

I seem to wander in a world of books,
With titles such as, "'Neath the Trumpet's Blare",
And "Sammy Fire-Away!" and "Private Snooks",
And "Hank, the Yank", and "Danny Do-and-Dare!"
And though the war is over, Over There,
Yet must be published books already penned:
They pour from presses daily! I declare
Of making many war books there's no end!

And, somehow I opine—the way it looks—
That for an aftermath we must prepare:
Adventure yarns of wartime cranks and crooks,
And lives of heroes who have done their share.
True tales of noble deeds of courage rare;
Histories of events, as yet unkenned:
Journals and diaries, and such small ware—
Of making many war books there's no end!

And there'll be messages from soldier spooks,
Transmitted through a wily medium's care;
Telling of waving trees and limpid brooks
Where rove the souls who've climbed the Golden Stair:
And poems! "Lyric Lines To France, the Fair",
"Red Poppy Fields", "My Faithful Four Years' Friend",
"Heroic Feet", "A Lock of Lemuel's Hair"—
Of making many war books there's no end!

L'Envoi:

Publisher, Printer, Editor, forbear!
Nor longer than you must, your lists extend:
Do let this gushing output stop *some*where!
Of making many war books there's no end!

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BOOKS IN DEMAND AT PUBLIC LIBRARIES

The following lists of books in demand in November in the public libraries of the United States have been compiled from reports made by two hundred representative libraries, in every section of the country and in cities of all sizes down to ten thousand population. The order of choice is as stated by the librarians; the titles have been scored by the simple process of giving each a credit of six for each time it appears as first choice, and so down to a score of one for each time it appears in sixth place. The total scores for each section and for the whole country determine the order of choice in the tables herewith.

NEW YORK AND NEW ENGLAND STATES

FICTION	*NON-FICTION*
1. The Rough Road.	1. The Kaiser As I Know Him.
2. Greatheart.	2. A Minstrel in France.
3. The Amazing Interlude.	3. The Education of Henry Adams.
4. A Daughter of the Land.	4. Out to Win.
5. Dere Mable.	5. Rhymes of a Red Cross Man.
6. Joan and Peter.	6. My Four Years in Germany.

SOUTH ATLANTIC STATES

1. The Rough Road.	1. A Minstrel in France.
2. Joan and Peter.	2. Out to Win.
3. The Amazing Interlude.	3. My Four Years in Germany.
4. A Daughter of the Land.	4. The Glory of the Trenches.
5. Greatheart.	5. Carry On.
6. The Four Horsemen of the Apocalypse.	6. The Land of Deepening Shadow.

NORTH CENTRAL STATES

1. The Amazing Interlude.	1. Private Peat.
2. A Daughter of the Land.	2. My Four Years in Germany.
3. The Rough Road.	3. A Minstrel in France.
4. Dere Mable.	4. Over the Top.
5. Greatheart.	5. Rhymes of a Red Cross Man.
6. Joan and Peter.	6. Carry On.

SOUTH CENTRAL STATES

1. The Amazing Interlude.	1. A Minstrel in France.
2. A Daughter of the Land.	2. My Four Years in Germany.
3. The Rough Road.	3. The Kaiser As I Know Him.
4. Greatheart.	4. The Education of Henry Adams.
5. The Unpardonable Sin.	5. Carry On.
6. The Tree of Heaven.	6. History of the World War.

WESTERN STATES

1. Tarzan.	1. A Minstrel in France.
2. A Daughter of the Land.	2. My Four Years in Germany.
3. The Amazing Interlude.	3. Over the Top.
4. The Rough Road.	4. Private Peat.
5. The Magnificent Ambersons.	5. The Glory of the Trenches.
6. The U. P. Trail.	6. Out to Win.

FOR THE WHOLE UNITED STATES

1. The Amazing Interlude.	1. A Minstrel in France.
2. The Rough Road.	2. My Four Years in Germany.
3. A Daughter of the Land.	3. Out to Win.
4. Joan and Peter.	4. The Kaiser As I Know Him.
5. Greatheart.	5. Private Peat.
6. Dere Mable.	6. Over the Top.

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THE GOSSIP SHOP

A recent number of "The Strand" contains opinions by various celebrities on the question, Is Dickens a "Washout"? "Washout" "The British Weekly" takes to mean an exploded person, but it is not sure, and the gentlemen who have responded are also uncertain. Mr. Gosse says, "If the word implies depreciation, I can only say that no person whose judgment is worth a rush doubts that the fame of Dickens is as durable as a rock". And "The British Weekly" continues: "Mr. B. W. Matz, of Messrs. Chapman and Hall, gives the most practical reply. He says that the sales of Dickens have been almost doubled during the last three years. Some of Dickens's novels sell more than fifty thousand every year, and he has been dead forty-eight years. His sales during the last ten years have been larger than those of any three famous novelists put together."

The attention of historical students should be called to the existence of the Bibliothèque et Musée de la Guerre established by the French government in Paris, and to the fact that they can assist in making it a valuable library for future historians by sending documents, periodicals, newspapers, and clippings bearing on the history of the war to Professor Adolphe Cohn of Columbia University, who represents in the United States this valuable institution. It may be well to communicate with Professor Cohn by letter before making any shipments, so as to avoid duplication of material, but if it will lessen the labor of contributors to ship without any previous correspondence, he will be none the less grateful.

There is a little town in New Mexico called Leupp, whose population is about in the proportion of one white man to ten Indians. Its name is, in fact, a standing testimonial to the man who as Commissioner of Indian Affairs probably did more than any other to work out a basis of mutual understanding and friendly feeling between the red men and the white of the Southwest. He was the late Francis E. Leupp, writer, authority on Indian affairs, and public official. For many years Washington correspondent of the New York "Evening Post" and of "The Nation", Mr. Leupp finally occupied a high position in government circles, both officially and personally. At the time of his death two works from his pen had just been published—"The Life of George Washington", and "National Miniatures", a collection of intimate sketches of the people in and about Washington whom Mr. Leupp knew so well. The latter volume was issued under the pseudonym of "Tattler", and the different sketches appeared first under that name in "The Nation". Mr. Leupp gave permission for his name to be disclosed as that of the author just before his death.

Edith Wharton's new war novel, "The Marne", has as its central figure an American boy who is only fourteen years old at the opening of the story, but who, after America's entry into the conflict, comes back to do his bit

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at Château-Thierry. In the story Mrs. Wharton seeks to show how the attitude of luxury-loving Americans was transformed from apathy and unconcern to whole-hearted support.

"The keel of the career of the Honorable Josephus Daniels, Secretary of the Navy", remarks "The Sunday School Times" in its nautical way, "is laid in three books. All are works of fiction." The books given are: "Adam Bede" by George Eliot; "The Circuit Rider" by Edward Eggleston; and "Put Yourself in His Place" by Charles Reade.

A group of Americans now in Italy earnestly desiring, in the interest of future international relations, to promote a fuller knowledge of America in that country, are establishing in Rome an institution called the Library for American Studies in Italy. It is hoped that large subscriptions toward an endowment and many gifts of books suitable to such a purpose may be obtained. In the provisional organization first formed, the trustees are the American Ambassador, Major James Byrne, and Comm. H. Nelson Gay. Books may be sent to the last-named gentleman, at the Palazzo Orsini, in Rome. They may best be sent singly, by ordinary post.

That very highly esteemed contemporary of the Gossip Shop, Clement K. Shorter, writing in "The Sphere" of the "great variety of literary material which makes very pleasant reading" in recent numbers of THE BOOKMAN, remarks: "The literary notes, called 'The Gossip Shop', were never better done."

Those who follow closely the currents of American poetry have long been aware of the fact that Aline Kilmer is a poet no less perhaps than was her now widely famous husband, though her talent is more restricted in its field. She writes, in her lyrical and whimsical verses to her children, of "the gold and blue and radiant rose" of childhood. She expresses the blended sunlight and shadow of old gardens. And though the verses written after the death of little Rose, and while her husband was fighting in France, are tinged with sorrow and the sadness of parting, there is a deep undercurrent of love and prayer in the poems, redeeming even those great sorrows from tragedy. The tentative title of Mrs. Kilmer's book of poems, to be issued some time in the spring, is "Candles that Burn".

The Gossip Shop takes pleasure in printing the following communication to THE BOOKMAN from an estimable Gossip in Reading, Pennsylvania:

Gentlemen:

There is nothing subversive in the rewards of which Joseph Hergesheimer boasts in "Some Veracious Paragraphs" in the September BOOKMAN. By a mental quirk not uncommon in autobiographies of success he confuses causes and effects. He takes no account of the furore which sometimes seizes groups of the reading public and makes certain writers "all the rage", a queer reaction from the normal in which persons are impelled to declare that they read a chapter of Herbert Spencer's "First Principles" before breakfast every morning or that they do so love to read Henry James. Also Mr. Hergesheimer fails to recognize or refuses to acknowledge his supreme gift. He is a master hypnotist. Anyone who could write and sell "Java Head" could commit murder and get a million dollars and a medal for it.

I, too, have won a considerable success along preposterous literary lines, but by no such stupendous and immortal achievement as "Java Head". I have just penned the last word in the task of putting a mail order catalogue in form for dramatic production in New York early next spring.

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". . . and just the scribbling!" O, pantalettes and panatelas! Go to it, Joe; treat 'em rough.

EDWARD HUGHES.

An important group of French publishing houses has recently created a society whose aim is to increase the sale abroad of the publications of its members. The Society of Exportation of French Publications, numbering at present thirty of the chief publishing houses, is established in Paris, Rue de Tournon, No. 13, and aims principally at the following: to bring the foreign booksellers into connection with its members, from which they will derive manifold advantages; to publish a periodical report of the new books issued by its members and to supply their correspondents with it as cheaply as possible, in order to make its circulation wider, to their mutual interest; to send at regular intervals well-chosen and capable agents to visit the foreign customers; to train skilful salesmen, either Frenchmen or men of other nationalities friendly to France, and to place them on the staff of booksellers who are anxious to enlarge their French department or to create one; to establish in the most important countries, as soon as circumstances permit, a special depot of the publications of its members, where the foreign booksellers may find quick and cheap supply.

To many people the word, bibliography, has a dull sound. It suggests a very technical aspect of literature. "But", writes Clement K. Shorter in "The Sphere", "those who have the good fortune to possess the series of bibliographies prepared by Mr. Thomas J. Wise will know that it is quite otherwise, and that bibliography is full of romance. Mr. Wise has given his friends from time to time bibliographies of Coleridge, Landor, Ruskin, Tennyson, Wordsworth, and others, and he announces as in preparation similar books on Byron, Pope, Gay, Prior, Shelley, and Swinburne. The book before me, 'A Bibliography of Elizabeth Barrett Browning', I find thrillingly interesting. Only a hundred copies are printed."

"I saw Arnold Bennett this morning in Kingsway about 10 o'clock. He looked big and sturdy and important, with something of what you call a hustle on him." Such is the impression of Mr. Bennett directly after his appointment as Director of Propaganda given by Shan F. Bullock, London correspondent of the Chicago "Evening Post".

In Volume III of his "Early Egyptian Records of Travel", "Annals of Thutmosis III", Mr. David Paton describes a journey which Thutmosis made through Palestine; and the route followed is that over which General Allenby led his army to victory.

Commenting upon the amazing productivity of Arnold Bennett, that admirable dealer in literary gossip, A Man of Kent in "The British Weekly", declares: "But I met with a novelist of some mark the other day who assured me that twenty-five days' work sufficed him for a full-length novel."

Berlin, shortly before the ceasing of hostilities, had an exhibition of a library of literature of the Great War, assembled by an anonymous German millionaire, and including 38,000 war books and pamphlets in various languages, 2,500 newspapers, including many of those published in the German and allied trenches, and hundreds of placards, proclamations, food

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tickets, and the like. An English millionaire has made a similar collection, of perhaps equal extent.

"I just can't do a thing with my hair today; it's just been washed."

In this country that remark is such an old bromide that it doesn't call forth even the ghost of a smile. But in Yunnan, China, it is breath-taking, the sign and manifest of an Event. For it means that the speaker has just been married.

Roy Chapman Andrews, who spent a year in Yunnan collecting specimens for the American Museum of Natural History, tells about the Oriental, once-in-a-lifetime hairwash in his recently published book, "Camps and Trails in China", wherein he describes his experiences in the Flowery Kingdom. He says:

"The girls wear their hair 'bobbed' in front and with a long plait in back. They wash their hair once—on their wedding day—and then it is wrapped up in turbans for the rest of their lives!"

Speaking of the unsalability in any popular measure of books of essays, there is interest in the news that Robert Cortes Holliday's "Walking-Stick Papers" required a second printing just about a month after publication.

Sir Gilbert Parker's new novel of the Canadian West, "Wild Youth", is announced for January.

Free verse is no novelty, says Lieutenant C. E. Andrews, in his recently published study of metrics, "The Writing and Reading of Verse". Neither is it a novelty now to say that free verse is no novelty. Lieutenant Andrews, however, is interesting enough in his contention that free verse is only a new way of printing rhythmic prose such as that found in the Bible and in serious writers like Thomas Browne and Robert Bacon. Even the idea of printing it in verse form is not new. While the very earliest *vers libristes* in England, the translators of the English Psalter, wrote in prose form, men who lived as long before Walt Whitman (who is ordinarily looked upon as the father of free verse) as did William Blake, wrote the most modern looking and sounding kind of *vers libre*. Indeed some of Blake's verse in the prophetic books is as wild and sweeping in its intricately "free" rhythm as anything that Miss Lowell or Mr. John Gould Fletcher does today.

The appearance of Walter Wellman's new book, "The Force Supreme", a program for world reconstruction, recalls with point the fact that two and a half years ago this well-known journalist published his volume "The German Republic". In the form of an allegory, or history written in anticipation of events, it forecast the end of the war through an armistice accompanied by a political revolution without bloodshed in Germany, the abdication of the Kaiser, the setting up of a republican government, followed by a peace which not only found Russia democratic and set Poland and Armenia and other peoples free, but was marked by a reorganization of the world itself with a league of nations, general disarmament, an international arbitration tribunal, permanent peace, a new era. The book naturally attracted attention, but few were able to put faith in the author's forward look.

Robert J. C. Stead is a native Canadian. Born in Ontario, he was taken

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to Manitoba before he was two years of age. His boyhood was spent on a homestead more than one hundred and twenty miles from a railroad. His second novel, "The Homesteader", is a picture of this phase of western life. Mr. Stead's poems have won for him the sobriquet of "The Poet of the Prairies".

There is one publisher in New York who announces that he has published only one so-called "war book" this year. And that one appears to be what is called "different". It is "Fred Mitchell's War Story", the story of a famous jockey's three years in the war zone. Mitchell was not in any army, but after being captured with his family by the Germans, served as a spy for three years for the French.

A recent publication is "A History of Italian Furniture", by William M. Odom, principal of the New York School of Fine and Applied Arts. Pictures and descriptions of pieces from the most important museums and private collections give the evolution of furniture design.

A new edition of Evelyn Underhill's "Practical Mysticism" has just been issued.

A book entitled "The Canadian Budgetary System", by Harold C. Villard and W. W. Willoughby, published recently, defines the Canadian budgetary system which is closely modeled upon that of Great Britain, as the foremost system of the kind in the world.

"Modern Russian Poetry", translated by P. Selver, presents an anthology of representative Russian poetry of the last quarter-century. Mr. Selver has presented on opposite pages the original Russian of each poem and the English translation, which is in verse in similar metre. Ten poets are represented in the collection and in the introduction Mr. Selver discusses briefly their distinctive artistic qualities.

John T. Faris, author of "Historic Shrines of America", is editor of the Presbyterian Board of Publication for America, and the author of a number of historical works. Among his earlier books are: "The Romance of Old Philadelphia" and "Virgin Islands", written in collaboration with Theodoor de Booy, earlier in the year.

Joseph C. Lincoln recently returned to New York from Cape Cod, where he spent the summer and early fall writing his new novel, "Shavings", a story of a genial, toy-windmill maker.

"Getting Together with Latin America", by A. Hyatt Verrill, sets forth the result of the author's observations gained in several months' traveling through Latin America for the purpose of finding out why commercial relations with Latin America have not been better and how they could be improved.

Elmer Russell Gregor's "Running Fox" is a story of the Indians before America was discovered by the white man. The principal characters are Delaware Indians. The author wrote the story at his cabin near the site of the old Delaware village, now Port Jervis, New York.

"Silver Lining" is a story of a young war-bride, a girl whose honeymoon was cut short by her husband's immediate enlistment, and whose devotion to him had to stand the test of separation.

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"German Submarine Warfare", by Wesley Frost, American Consul at Queenstown, Ireland, throughout the early years of the war, covers the situation of the sinking of the Lusitania and gives Mr. Frost's personal story of the disaster.

"In the argot of the Underworld", says Henry Leverage, author of "Whispering Wires", "the detective is known under any number of names. The polite and modern sleuth would hardly be impressed with the titles given to him by the people whom he pursues. 'Teck' is an abbreviation of 'Detective' and is much used by confidence men. 'Dick' comes under the same category. But when we find such words as 'Bull', 'Flatty', 'Eye', 'Mug', 'Fly-Mug', 'Elbow', 'Pink', we must journey some little way in the realm of yeggs and crust-floppers and lesser-lights without the law."

In "Ambassador Morgenthau's Story", as told to the American Ambassador in a burst of confidence by the German Ambassador, is an account of the terms which a victorious Germany was to impose upon a beaten France. Among other things France was to be forced to surrender all her art treasures and pay an indemnity of $20,000,000.00.

One of the most successful of Robert W. Chambers's earlier novels was a breezy story of Middle Europe called "The Conspirators". This season Mr. Chambers has written in the same style "The Laughing Girl", said to be a satire on the extraordinary situation in Switzerland, where intrigue is rife. The book is the first volume by Mr. Chambers in several years, which has not had previous serial publication.

A large third edition has been printed of Heywood Broun's account of Pershing's army in France, "The A. E. F."

William Winter's "The Life of David Belasco" has been recently published in two volumes.

"Were I to desire the hanging gardens of Babylon or the electric metallic marvels of Mars, I could invent and realize them almost immediately—so has my self-confidence grown with the help of war—the great electrifier that banishes all conventionality, and stimulates passion, imagination, free thinking and free acting, till the land of war becomes a land of living poems and poets' dreams of anything you want to make—so supple and various does war make a country." This, from Jack Wright's "A Poet of the Air". It strikes the Gossip Shop as what might be called free prose.

A manuscript volume of exceptional interest has just been presented to the University of Chicago Libraries by Dr. William Allen Pusey, of the faculty of the College of Physicians and Surgeons, Chicago. It includes "William Brown's Journal of His Journeys from Virginia to Kentucky, by the Wilderness Road in 1782, by Fort Pitt and the Ohio River in 1790".

A portrait by the famous Spanish artist, Sorolla, of Blasco Ibáñez, author of "The Four Horsemen of the Apocalypse", hangs in the galleries of the Hispanic Society in New York City, at 156th Street and Broadway.

Marjorie Bowen, author of several historical romances, was married some months ago to Captain Arthur L. Long, of a London regiment. Her first

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husband, Signor Zefferino Costanzo, to whom she was married in 1912, died three years ago. In private life before her first marriage she was Gabrielle Margaret Campbell. Her last novel, "The Third Estate", is a story of the French Revolution.

The work which Canada has been doing in assimilating immigrants through education is described in a new book, "The Education of the New Canadian", the work of Dr. J. T. M. Anderson, inspector of schools at Yorktown, Saskatchewan.

A. Maurice Low, who has written "Woodrow Wilson: An Interpretation", was born in London, educated there and in Austria, and was the recipient of the degree of Master of Arts from Dartmouth College. Since 1906 he has been the chief American correspondent of the London "Morning Post", and a frequent contributor to the leading English and American reviews. He is the author, among other works, of "The American People: A Study in National Psychology".

Henry Adams, author and hero of "The Education of Henry Adams", accepted the task of teaching the young students at Harvard with hesitation and a tremendous sense of responsibility. Education he considered the most delicate and serious problem of life. "He knew enough to be ignorant. . . But education was a serious thing. A parent gives life, but as a parent gives no more. A murderer takes life, but his deed stops there. A teacher affects eternity; he can never tell where his influence stops . . . He makes of his scholars either priests or atheists, plutocrats or socialists, judges or anarchists, almost in spite of himself."

"With the Help of God and a Few Marines" by Brigadier-General A. W. Catlin, which will be published about the first of the year, is the story of the American Marines up to and including Belleau Wood and Château-Thierry. The author was the Colonel of the Fifth Regiment of Marines until, after being wounded by a German sniper at Belleau Wood, he was promoted to the rank of Brigadier-General.

It is announced that the limited subscription edition of 1,200 numbered copies of George Moore's "A Story-Teller's Holiday" has been practically exhausted. Copies of the limited English edition of the book are selling at a very great premium over the original subscription price.

It is announced that Kipling's "Jungle Book" has passed its fiftieth edition.

Charles M. Schwab's book, "Succeeding With What You Have", has recently gone into a seventh edition.

That our "Jackies" have been neglected—at least in dramatics—as compared to our soldiers, is declared in some notes about her War Camp Community Service furnished her publishers by Miss Constance D'Arcy Mackay, who daily gets up at an unconscionably early hour for anyone in the theatrical line, and works till late in her W.C.C.S. office at 1 Madison Avenue. She writes that, "curiously enough, although a great deal has been done by the soldiers themselves, along the lines of drama, very little has been done in the Naval Stations. We are, therefore,

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sending out a brief list of carols, songs, chanteys, operettas, and plays suitable for Christmas. Many of the songs and plays are about the sea. For instance, through the courtesy of Mr. Eugene O'Neill and his managers, Messrs. Lewis and Gordon, we have been able to secure 'In the Zone' for use in Naval Stations, without payment of royalty."

Dorothy Canfield's "Home Fires in France" went into a fourth large edition almost before the third was off the press.

Rudyard Kipling's American publishers, who have recently brought out his "The Eyes of Asia" (the letters of a wounded East Indian officer to his people at home) announce that they have just discovered through a disclosure from Hayden Church of London, the identity of "Stalky" of schoolboy-story fame. It appears that General Alex Dunsterville of the British Army, who not long ago captured the fabulously rich oil-fields of Baku, is none other than the redoubtable "Stalky".

Students of after-the-war problems will find much to interest them in a recently published work by Alfred E. Zimmern, author of "The Greek Commonwealth". In his new book, which is entitled "Nationality and Government", Mr. Zimmern discusses such world questions as nationality versus statehood, the future of industry after the war, the control of industry, capitalism and international relations, and other topics relating to domestic and international problems.

Houghton Mifflin Company announces the publication of the following books for November 8th: Frances Jenkins Olcott's "The Book of Elves and Fairies", stories which will delight the hearts of fairy-loving children; Mary Austin's "The Trail Book", original stories of Indian and animal life; Edith Barnard Delano's "Two Alike", a girls' story; Sara Cone Bryant's "I Am An American", a child's book of inspired patriotism; Robert Gordon Anderson's "The Cross of Fire", a novel of love and war; Jordan Herbert Stabler's translation of "The Jargon of Master François Villon"; George Herbert Palmer's "Formative Types in English Poetry", essays both charming in style and enlightening in fact; William Yorke Stevenson's "From Poilu to Yank", a description of an American ambulance driver's experiences in France.

T. Morris Longstreth in his new book, "The Catskills", recalls to New Yorkers and the East generally the too little recognized fact that the Catskill region, in spite of its nearness, is far from tame and is beautiful with a quality of its own. "Time was when the Catskills were about the only mountain country available for the fortnight vacation", Mr. Longstreth writes in his book. "The White Mountains were a little far away, and the Adirondacks an unexplored wilderness. The West was unknown. Now it is but a day from Broadway to Montreal. A trip to be talked about means at least Australia or the Ural Mountains. Therefore the Catskills are passed by. They are actually getting wilder. There are more deer in them than ever before, as many bear. Fewer people put up at the big hotels than when Queen Victoria was planning her Jubilee. Consequently a man with a map in his hand can plunge into as wild a wild as most men want, four or five hours after he has left his taxicab in New York."

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